

Stone Town Gazette

Stanton Family History

Posts with Category: Heritage by A.C. Kerr Sexton, from stone-town-gazette.com. Printed on September 10, 2021 using Print My Blog

Heritage; Childhood as a Pioneer

January 8, 2016

Categories: Heritage by A.C. Kerr Sexton

*by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton,
published in Stanton Stats March 10,
1994*

In childhood, we view our parents as stern hard monsters never allowing us to do what we wanted. Now looking back I appreciate their good qualities and their discipline. They were the product of their parents' discipline. A parent's training follows a child through life and only in rare cases does a child forget it. . . .

[Father] loved to hunt; often [he] took a boat to Whitewater Lake and spent the day there shooting ducks. He often shot badgers and skinned them. He made me take a cured skin to school to put

under my feet on the cold floor. I was humiliated, [and] would have preferred having cold feet. . . .

When I was around seven years old a circus came to Deloraine. They put posters on our buildings . . . gave us tickets. Father borrowed a democrat (a two seated buggy) and took us all to the circus. Who can describe the marvelous thrill of their first circus. I never forgot it.

When we were old enough Father had us take music lessons. His great hope was that we could learn to play the "Irish Washerwoman." We never did. A few teachers came to our house to give lessons. Finally we took from a teacher in Deloraine. I remember driving there in

Winter. My hands were too cold to play my lesson properly. My teacher kept lamenting that we didn't have a piano instead of an organ. I couldn't see why.

A Methodist minister from Deloraine drove a horse and buggy to our Bidford School on Sunday mornings for service. Frequent 'Revival Services' were held there for a week. Generally the speakers at these meetings stayed at our house. One couple, the husband a preacher and the wife a nice singer, endeared themselves to us. Another young man we thought queer because he preferred his sponge bath in our very hard well water instead of some of our precious rain water.

Heritage: Life on Our Manitoba Homestead

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*by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton,
published in Stanton Stats March 10,
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Housework was [Mother's vocation.] She had a well organized schedule, from which she seldom departed. She rose at dawn. Each day of the week had its appointed tasks. Friday was bake day when she baked enough to last all the next week. Some of the [baking] was pretty dry by the end of the week but it wasn't put in the garbage. Mother baked bread for many of the bachelors [who

settled nearby] thereby getting some money. She was an expert at baking bread and must have made thousands of loaves during her life time.

Her work was generally finished by noon. After dinner she washed, combed her long hair, put on a clean apron and sat down in her small rocking chair to do various jobs such as mending, knitting [or] piecing quilt tops. The knitting caused me misery [since] wool then was harsh and the long black stockings she knit were horrid. At first

sign of Fall we had to put them on and how I cried. When I had to stand in line for school classes the itch of that wool was misery. Now I realize we couldn't have managed without their warmth.

When I was two years old, my sister Sadie took scarlet fever and died. For some reason the rest of us escaped the disease. As there were no cemeteries then, she was buried near our house. Many years after with the Government's permission (\$5,000) she was moved to Deloraine cemetery.

The first animals [my parents] owned were oxen. When Father got horses, he built a stable of poles, covered with pressed straw. Inside it was divided into stalls. In the centre there was a bin for oats, [and a] shelf to hold curry combs and brushes. At one end of the roof there was a hole through which to put in loose hay.

The stable held together until 1910 when Father had a big frame barn built. He had it double nailed so it would last a life time. It was decided to paint it light gray so it would be different from all the red barns. When all was complete, we had a country hoe down in the loft – a very gay event.

Near the stable, a shallow well with grand drinking water was dug. A wooden casing around the walls was put in. Water was dipped out with a pail and long rope. Many people got water at this well, especially in threshing time when tanks of water were required for steam engines. Years later a pump was put in, and later still a windmill. As the well was so far from the house a barrel was filled, put on a stone boat and drawn to the house. We children had to make frequent trips to carry small pails of water for cool drinks. It was a job we disliked but with my parents you didn't dare protest or you didn't get any pay for jobs.

We had a big pasture – sixty-two acres. By now we had a couple of cows that stayed in the pasture. Father always milked them near the house. There was usually a young calf tethered near the house. In addition to milk, it got vitamins from mangels, a sort of beet grown in the garden. I had to pull these, slice them up and carry [them] to the calf.

There was a big rack with shelves in the cellar where the milk was put in big tin pans. When Mother was sure the last drop of cream had risen to the top, she skimmed it into a jar, [and] when the jar was full of sour cream she churned it. Her butter was super and we didn't waste it. Although the price was low, it still brought in a few needed dollars.

I was a big girl before I ever tasted whole milk or cream. One day I was sitting out of doors when a man and wife were driving by. They asked if they could have some milk for their baby. I said I was sorry but there wasn't any milk skimmed.

Nearby our house there was a small building for a few pigs. There was a swill barrel beside it. All the refuse from the house went into the barrel as well as grain. This was the feed for the pigs. There was a couple of acres of virgin soil fenced in for the pig pasture.

A pig had to weigh between three or four hundred pounds before Father would butcher it. Then the meat was cut up and put in a heavy brine. During week days we had fried pork. Saturday Mother boiled a piece to have cold on Sunday. She thought it wrong to cook on Sunday. Father loved this cold fat meat; [he] put molasses on it.

When we children were young, he taught us to box. When a pig was butchered the bladder was saved, blown up and hung from the ceiling for a punching bag.

We had lots of wild geese and ducks when they came to the Lake in the Spring and Fall, [as there was] no closed season then. They were delicious, somehow they don't taste the same now. . . Sometimes when we had only one goose cooked and visitors dropped in, Father had to do some smart carving to make [enough] to go around.

We always had a big patch of potatoes. When these were dug in the Fall it was a very tiring job picking them up. [It] always seemed to be a cold nasty day for the job. We also had horseradish and as soon as it was ready in the Spring grating big quantities of it was an eye watering job but, we loved it on meat.

Then [there were] the red, white and black currants that always were ripe in school holidays. I fervently wished those bushes would die. The big patch of raspberries was the worst [as there was] no sitting down on the job. One

year Mother canned a hundred quarts. I still remember those luscious raspberry pies.

Our fuel was wood drawn from Turtle Mountain to the South. This was brought in winter time when the lake was frozen over and could be crossed. Trees had to be cut down in the mountain, then loaded on a flat sleigh. At home it was sawed with a buck saw by hand, then split. When we were big enough we carried arm loads to [the] house. We also had to gather the chips and take [them] in. They made a quick fire for a light meal. None of us dared to forget those chips.

I can't remember Father working fields. He always had hired help [which was] cheap then. Father used to tell the men "If your fork is in the air when you hear the dinner call, leave it there and come running. Mrs Kerr likes meals on time."

Soon threshing machines with steam engines came. One outfit covered a big territory. Neighbours working on it had to go a long way from home and spend their sleeping hours in a caboose. Father was usually engineer, with a fireman to keep engine fueled with straw, and a tank man to keep water for the steam. Quite often they were threshing all fall and until January. Father was also a good mechanic and he got many calls to fix binders.

Threshing time was a great event for us meal wise. There were anywhere from fifteen to twenty men for three meals a day. The long table took up much of the kitchen. Not to be outdone by the neighbours, Mother went all out. Roast beef and gravy was a must and I think I gorged on it. In later times we even had pie and pudding both at noon and cakes for supper.

Meantime my parents were helping out the population A son, two years younger than I was born named Walter; then after another two years a daughter named Susanna.

My sister Susie was four years my junior. Naturally we three younger ones did a lot of quarreling, always two

against one. It always annoyed Mother and quite often the rod was used.

Heritage: My Birth

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by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats March 10, 1994

Finally on February 25, 1889, when my eldest sister was eight years old, I made my appearance. It was a cold stormy day. Mother needed a doctor so a bachelor who owned a team of horses drove to Deloraine, 13 miles to get one.

Father was very happy to have a new baby – had a bottle of brandy to treat anyone who came.

It fell to my sister to help take care of me. She said I was very cantankerous – always crying. One day, when out of mother's sight she gave me a good spanking. Another time she just let me drop on [the] ground. No doubt these things straightened me up.

A young minister from Deloraine came and stayed overnight to go on next morning for a service in a home five miles away. He was to christen me. Mother had made a special dress for me but, he couldn't wait in the morning for me to be dressed – I wore my nightgown.

Heritage: My Parents' Early Years

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by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats March 10, 1994

Father was born 8:00 a.m. August 4, in 1850. He started school but only went four days. The teacher was going to strap his sister and Father said: "Strap me instead" whereon a fight took place with the teacher and that was the end of father's formal education.

In his early twenties he started working in a cheese factory. As accounts had to be kept, he taught himself to read and write. During his life he became a great reader. . . He also became a pretty good writer; some words he spelled as they sounded but on the whole most were correct.

He spent much time hunting and fishing. He also hunted deer every winter. [He] always had a deer and fox hound. During my childhood I heard him relate these hunting trips innumerable times, especially when relatives or friends from Ontario visited us.

Father also had an eye for the ladies. One time he had dates with two girls for the same evening. To get out of the tangle he took a boat and went hunting. Somehow the gun discharged and he got a nasty wound on the side of his hand. No anaesthetic [was used] then so while the doctor sewed up the wound, Father chewed buck shot.

Father must have done some farm work . . . In winters he worked in lumber camps and had many stories of his riding logs. The other men were mostly French Canadians and Father learned to talk and understand French. . . He loved to tell of fights, a great pastime then, and he always had himself the victor.

My mother, Sarah Noonan, was born September 25, 1859, in Newboro. She must have done her share of work at home because she was well grounded in the housekeeping art. She saw Father for the first time at a dance and asked "Who was the man with the big head?" She was a very pretty girl and [he] seemed to be attracted at once.

The courtship followed. Why it was allowed I don't know, as when Father proposed marriage the family answer was "No." But that didn't daunt Father. He got a horse and buggy, had Mother meet him, and they eloped, going to Frankville, Ontario where the Rev. Oliver married them April 14, 1880. Father was thirty and Mother twenty-three.. They lived with grandfather Kerr, then a widower.

This marriage meant Mother was estranged from her family for several years. In letters they always tried to win her back to her Catholic faith. At least outwardly she remained Protestant, attended church, taught us prayers, [and] learned hymns without accompaniment Sunday evenings. Mother said her own prayers differently but when I asked her she never answered. I think at heart she was always a Catholic.

In 1881 my sister Millie [Matilda] was born. In [the] latter part of January, 1883, [Father] and Mother and Millie came West to Brandon, Manitoba. They stayed in a boarding house there and on

February 1, 1883, my sister Sadie was born.

The landlady washed and dressed the baby the first morning and took Father's last five dollars for doing it. The next morning when she came to look after the baby, Father said "Oh no, I can do it." He then looked after mother and baby. I can't picture Father in that role; I never saw him do any domestic work.

They managed to live on in Brandon until early summer. Then they came to Whitewater Lake where they lived in a tent.

In the Fall, mother and little girls went back to Elgin, Ontario and lived there in a rented house. I think that during the winter, [Father] helped look after these cattle that Mr. Morton had brought from Ontario with the idea of starting a diary and a cheese factory.

The following summer he walked miles helping in a land survey. He also told of walking to Old Deloraine on [the] edge of Turtle Mountain to get letters from mother.

[Father] must have gone back to Ontario and in the Spring worked on the railroad

being built along Lake Superior. I think he lived in a cabin there and Mother must have been with him. He often told us of the rough crew of many nationalities. He learned swear words in all the [languages].

Somehow he got back to Manitoba and acquired a quarter section of a homestead. The homestead was a mile and a half north of Whitewater Lake and was known as Section 4-4-22. . . . [Later] Father acquired the adjacent quarter section [by] pre-emption.

Heritage: Grandparents, Aunts & Uncles

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by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats March 10, 1994

As the Irishman said "I have a good memory, but short." With my short memory I'm recording what I can remember of my ancestors. My great regret is that I didn't get written records from my parents.

My grandfather, John Kerr, was born in County Cork, Ireland. . . . He acquired a small farm near Clear Lake, Ontario. . . . He was a very stern parent and a very devoted Methodist. . . . He had a very good singing voice. (My father couldn't sing a note.) He must have grown grain . . . because he would carry a sack of grain forty miles to Brockville and carry back the flour. His years of hard work left him with sciatica rheumatism and he suffered agonies from it before he died.

He married a local girl, Matilda Stanton, when she was sixteen years of age. Her English grandmother lived to be 103 years old and smoked a corn cob pipe to the end. Grandmother [Matilda] Kerr was a happy, easy going person. [My father] inherited his mother's disposition.

[Matilda] developed a tumor in her stomach and at that time there was no cure. The doctor would drain off the fluid and that was the only relief she got. She died at an early age.

John and Matilda, had five children, three sons and two daughters. One daughter Susanna died young. One son, Jim, died in early manhood. Sarah Anne, Uncle George and Edward (my father), grew to manhood and womanhood.

Sarah Anne was a big, strong, fun loving girl. She married a widower with two boys from New York State, town of

Oneida. He was a train engineer. They had four sons; then she fell a victim to diabetes and died at age thirty-four. Before she died, she made Uncle Bill Harding promise to marry a woman she knew and whom she thought would be a good mother to her children. The woman wasn't unkind but was untidy and a very poor substitute for capable Aunt Sarah Anne.

Uncle George married and settled down as a cheese maker. Later on, with their two boys and two girls, they came to Manitoba. Aunt Matilda opened a hat and dress shop at Sinclair, Manitoba. Uncle George worked at any job he could find. This shop didn't do well and they moved on to Carlyle, Saskatchewan, where again they had a hat shop and Uncle George was a janitor in the school. They ended their days at Carlyle.

Heritage: Our Manitoba Farmhouse

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Categories: Heritage by A.C. Kerr Sexton

by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats March 10, 1994. The house described was on the

homestead Section 4-4-22 a mile and a half north of Whitewater Lake in Manitoba.

[Father] built a small house [with] not the best of lumber, [and] between the two walls he put groat, [which] was a

mixture of sand and lime. It was warm but often seeped through the cracks in the boards. There were two windows and a door on the south side and one window on the north. There was a small pantry on the west side and stairs in the north west corner.

Upstairs there were three very small bedrooms, each with a small window. One was kept as and called the “spare room” and Mother did her best to keep it pretty.

A trap door in the floor led to an earth cellar. During the early years they were persecuted with bed bugs, a menace in the country. Father often had to get up at night and go around spearing them. After trying many things, they found Insect Powder a remedy. Mother had a life long dread of them. . .

When finances got better, Father added a lean-to kitchen and a bedroom large enough for two beds. Much later he added another lean-to to the kitchen. Lean-to's were his idea of architecture.

Somehow Mother managed to get wall paper. That same paper stayed on for years. She always had window sills full of potted plants, mostly geraniums. I don't remember the curtains except there were window shades.

In [the] early days she sewed whatever rags she had into long strips and when she had enough she got a woman to weave them in to a rag carpet. That was on the floor of what we called the “other room.”

The “other room” was then very important. Piece by piece Mother managed to get odd bits of furniture. Father bought an organ. We had enlarged pictures of Kerr grandparents and grandmother Noonan on the walls. The “other room” was heated with a big heater with Ising glass sides and it was fueled with soft coal.

With a real good fire that Ising glass would have glowed so nice, but, it never did [because] Mother never allowed anyone else to fuel the stoves and she was most careful of coal. A long string of pipes went from the stove, across the room and through the upstairs. The upstairs never suffered from heat. The heater was moved in the summer to an outside shop.

Heritage: The Hunting Accident

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by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats March 10, 1994

[Father] was a very strong man and overcame several bad attacks of sickness. One time he was hunting near the Lake with a party of men. One man had a hammerless gun and when he picked it up out of the long grass it accidentally discharged and Father got the charge in the neck.

He was taken in a wagon to a house a mile away. He was bleeding profusely; knew what the others were saying but couldn't speak. Someone had to drive to Deloraine for the doctor and someone came for Mother.

He lost a great quantity of blood and it was touch and go with him for several days. Some of the bullets the Doctor never did get out. The Doctor said he was too much of a bulldog to die, but I think the very efficient English Doctor

played an important part. The man who owned the gun was very upset and paid all the bills. Luckily my eldest sister was able to look after our home as Mother had to stay with Father.

Heritage: My Sister's Romance

January 16, 2016

Categories: Heritage by A.C. Kerr Sexton

by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats February 17, 1995

When my sister, Millie, was fifteen, she became engaged. The engagement was finally broken off, mostly because Millie was having a romance. This time it was Ben Topping, who worked for us. When

Father found it out, he put his foot down. He sent Ben away, [and] arranged for Millie to go to Uncle Bill Harding's in Oneida, New York. At my Uncle's she went to school and helped with the housework. After [a] couple [of] years there, she went to Ontario, visited with relatives there [and] loved them all. She came home in the Fall, a pretty girl with

nice clothes, new ideas and many new recipes.

Ben was living on a rented farm four miles away. Their romance hadn't died; it was just kept under cover. Our teacher was a friend of them both, [so] I carried Millie's notes to Ben to the teacher and she gave them to Ben. His notes were

carried the same way. They decided to marry. We were all going to the Christmas Tree and Millie concealed needed things in her clothes. [She] let me in on the secret – they would steal away from the concert [and] drive to Bottineau, North Dakota to be married. This was necessary as she lacked a few months of being eighteen. After the concert she couldn't be found. We came home and Mother and Father talked in private. Next morning a neighbour came in and told us what had happened.

Father just put [Millie] out of his life, [but] Mother didn't hold any spite to her.

We were not allowed to visit her, but, a few times when Father was going to be away, somehow Mother got word to Millie and she came home for a couple [of] hours.

[Millie and Ben] bought a farm a mile and a half from us and moved there. They now had two little boys and for some reason we were allowed to visit them. Finally, we brought the boys to our house for brief visits. They must have softened Father's wrath because one day in Deloraine he met Millie on the street and spoke to her. He bitterly regretted those nine years of silence

and now couldn't do enough for her. He said the rest of us could marry Indians if we wanted to; he would never interfere again.

[Millie] was a grand cook and housekeeper and a devoted mother. Everyone liked her. At the age of thirty-four one June 1, 1915, she died from a miscarriage. My parents felt very bad and always did everything they could for Ben and the two boys.

Heritage: Santa Comes Disguised as a Hunter

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by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats February 17, 1995

Then the Fall I was eleven years old a wonderful man, a real Santa Clause, came to hunt. He was a well-to-do lawyer from New York City. He had a tent put up beside our house. From Bottineau, North Dakota he brought a chap with a team of drivers and a democrat to drive him around. They both slept in the tent but had their meals in our house. This man had two six-hundred guns requiring big shells. He hired Father to shoot for him. He

stayed six weeks and got a great quantity of fowl. I think he took them to Bottineau and shipped them back to New York.

Not having any children of his own, he seemed to like us and often he would send his driver to bring us home from school and how we appreciated that. He gave us treats, got books for me that he thought I should read, marked pieces in music books I should learn. He told my sister if she would stop chewing gum he would get her a special doll. He did and it was a very lovely doll and there was green silk to make it a dress.

He said he would send me a present and asked which I preferred, a silk dress or a gold watch. Although I would have loved either one, my upbringing kept me from saying which. After he went home he sent the gift, a dozen Sterling Silver teaspoons and three tablespoons; very lovely but I was bitterly disappointed. Today those spoons are very valuable. It was very dull after he left and for many Falls we hoped he would return, but, we never heard of him again.

Heritage: Father Tries New Things

January 17, 2016

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by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats February 17, 1995

In 1890 Bidford School District was formed. There was a Board of three Trustees and a Secretary. After a few years Father was a Secretary. Later he was a Councillor in our Rural Municipality of Winchester. Then he

became Reeve and succeeded in getting the Municipality out of the red into which a former Reeve got it. Later still, he ran for member of the Provincial Parliament in our constituency, but, this he lost.

In his mid-fifties he switched from guns to hunting dogs. He got several greyhounds, a democrat buggy and had

a cupboard put on the back with a padding in the bottom. In this he put his dogs. A string from the door on this ran to where he sat and when he spotted a wolf, fox or rabbit he pulled the string, opened the door and told the dogs to get going. Then he rushed his good driving team over fields and rough ground in pursuit. When he returned at night with his catch, his first job was to feed his dogs rabbits if he had caught

any. As well, Mother had to bake a sort of bread with cheap flour, and this was mixed with milk. He skinned all the animals he got and we certainly didn't enjoy the smell of those drying skins, especially if they were skunks. One Fall he got two hundred dollars for his furs and we were elated.

Finally, Father rented the farm, but we lived on in the old home. He built a house near the barn for the tenant.

Two Falls [Father] had a job as Weed Inspector. He drove over a big area with a horse and buggy noting the weeds on each quarter section and jotting it

down. He said he knew by the colour of the wash on a line where to stop for meals. When he had completed the survey, I copied it all into a big book, a monotonous job for which he gave me five dollars.

Heritage: My Younger Brother and Sister

January 17, 2016

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by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats February 17, 1995

My only brother, Walter, who was two years younger than I, was a studious, very religious boy and the joy of my parents' hearts. At the age of twenty he was studying Grade 12 in Deloraine and, for some reason I've never known, he took his own life. Mother was terribly

upset and thought it was a judgement on her for leaving the Catholic church. Father had to conceal his own bitter grief to console her.

[My sister,] Sue, was a happy child, but, until she was fourteen she had bronchitis every winter. She was always a good sewer, learned dress making and worked with a lady in Deloraine for awhile. She felt the urge to go out in the

world and went to Winnipeg where she sewed in a fur shop. A friend from Boissevain, D. L. McLachlan, was also in Winnipeg and their friendship culminated in marriage. He was a mail clerk on a train but later left it to follow horse races. That became the life work of them both. Their family consisted of three sons and one daughter.

Heritage: My Ambition to Teach Was Fulfilled

January 17, 2016

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by Annie Coleman (Kerr) Sexton, published in Stanton Stats February 17, 1995

My ambition was to teach school and Mother's thrift in saving pennies enabled me to attend high school in Deloraine to get Grade 11 (highest grade taught there then), and then three months of Normal School in Winnipeg. How I loved Winnipeg. I'm eternally grateful to Mother for that schooling; it enriched my life.

It didn't seem to hurt my friendships at school because my clothes were few and plain. What I missed was not being able to skate [because there was] no money for that and not being able to dance. That wasn't from a lack of money, but because Father didn't believe in dancing. However, later in life he did.

When I was on my own and earning money, I learned to skate and dance but at my age was never proficient in either one. I was also able to pay back the money to Mother and get her a few things she wanted.

My first school was Mountainside near Turtle Mountain. After two years there, I taught at Whitewater school two years. Then I taught at Percival, Saskatchewan two years where all but one of my pupils was Swedish. There were difficulties at first but I learned to understand their ways and we got along fine.

Now with all the new teaching methods I wonder what I taught them — at least they got plenty of the three "R's". My Inspectors always gave me a good report, but, today they would be out of date too.

[In the] Winter of 1916 I spent three months taking Home Economics in College at Winnipeg. I had a wonderful time. Sue was in Winnipeg. [Then] Mother refused to stay alone when Father was coming and going on his hunts and said I had to stay with her. Much as I didn't want to stay, I never thought of opposing her. [There] followed a year of unhappiness; Mother allowed no one to take over household duties and I had nothing to do.

Finally in October 1917, I married Justus Sexton, the man next door. We lived on a farm three miles from my old home. I had never wanted to live on a farm and it took a few years for me to be reconciled to it. Today when I drive through the country and understand about the crops and fields I'm glad of those farming years.

Heritage: Father Goes to Mayo Clinic

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Then, at the age of sixty-eight, [in 1918] a Brandon doctor found [Father] had cancer of the rectum. He didn't give up, [but] went to Mayo doctors in Rochester. The operation was successful. Three inches of back bone was removed to make sure no cancer was left. He was a month in the hospital [and] had wonderful care by a German nurse. Then he had to go to a convalescent hotel for a month. He

asked the Sisters who owned the hospital if he could take his German nurse. The said it had never been allowed before, but since he had been such a good patient the nurse could go. Those days at Rochester were a conversation piece for the rest of his life [and] Mother got weary of hearing them.

As the Canadian dollar was way below par then it made an inroad into his meagre life savings. At that time Mayo Bros. charge was according to what a patient could pay. What wonderful men!

He needed quite a lot of care the next year but Mother was able to do it.

In fact, she gave him very devoted care for the rest of his sixteen years. 'Ma' as he called Mother was the central figure of his life. He now had to live quietly at home but didn't lose interest in every day affairs. He read a great deal, smoked his pipe, enjoyed his meals and he enjoyed visitors and our home was truly "The House By The Side Of The Road."

Heritage: Raising My Children & My Parents Final Years

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When I was thirty-one, in the year 1920, [my first daughter,] Kathleen, was born. She was followed in quick succession by four brothers and two sisters. Ruth was born in 1930 on my parents' golden wedding anniversary. I wasn't the efficient housekeeper my Mother was, but, somehow I managed to keep all those children fed and clothed. We were indulgent parents, although I used the rod plenty.

One boy, a blue baby, only lived four days. Murray at twenty gave his life in World War II. George at seventeen years drowned in a dugout on the farm. Don

was in the Army in World War II but came home to us.

The summer when he was eighty-four, [Father] developed mild pneumonia and after two days he passed away. His funeral in Deloraine United Church, conducted by his life time friend Rev. Lousley, was August 14, 1934, just two weeks after his eighty-fourth birthday.

When Father died, Mother was seventy-eight and she went back to her Catholic faith. For a few years she lived with different relatives. Then she became a semi-invalid in a wheel chair and she spent her last three years with me. In August, 1941, she passed away at the age of eighty-three. Her last wish was fulfilled [which was] to have her funeral in the Catholic Church but to buried

beside Father in the Protestant cemetery.

Now [my children] are all living in their own homes in Canada and the United States. They are all so good to me I feel I don't deserve all their kindness. Each Winter I live with one of them and during Summer I live alone in Deloraine. Ruth and her family, who live on my farm, visit me often so I don't get lonesome.

I find this a very friendly town and I have grand neighbours. I'm now eighty-one but I'm very content and find much of interest in life.

(written October 21, 1970)