

The TIMES of **L C O T T** **VOL 50!** **SPRING 2010**



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How Halcott Got Its Name *Hilton Kelly*

John Halcott was born about 1758 in England to a well-to-do family and was one of 21 children, all others 10 sets of twins. At 18, John disobeyed his parents, ran away and joined the British Army and was sent to America to fight for King George, but after awhile he figured he was fighting on the wrong side so with his sword in his teeth, he swam the Spuyten Duyvil Creek, (the water course that separates the northern tip of Manhattan from the Bronx) and joined Washington's Army. After the war, John married but lost his wife within a year. John married his 2nd wife about 1790. John with his family came to Delaware County (Halcottsville) about 1800 or 1803. He died in 1831 in Lexington township (now Halcott), buried on a little knoll between Crosby Cemetery and the Virgil Streeter resi-



dence. A small tombstone marks his grave.

George Washington Halcott (John's youngest son) was born June 4, 1817 in Halcottsville, and died in Catskill, February 4, 1883. George lost his first wife, married his 2nd wife, lived in Lexington and became Sheriff in Greene County, 1850-1853. In 1851, the town of Halcott was taken from the town of Lexington. It was named for George during his Sheriffship. Later, George had a store in Catskill and was also Internal Revenue Collector for Greene County until his death. He and his family are buried in the Catskill Cemetery.

John Halcott was my great-great-great-grandfather and I have the Halcott Genealogy that this article came from.

The Noble Buffalo

For five weeks this past summer, Suzanna DiBenedetto and her friend Frank Mayfield camped out in the Greater Yellowstone area of

Wyoming for the sole purpose of helping the American bison. They were volunteering their time for an organization called the Buffalo Field Campaign (BFC). The idea germinated in the mind of Suzanna's dad after he learned of BFC and the work they do. For years he and Donald Bouton have dreamed about and planned for bison in the Halcott valley. Because Michael was un-



As the BFC logo says, "I'm a buffalo. I do what I want." Suzanna photographed this old bull buffalo on the way from her campsite into Yellowstone Park. He hung out near the road for days, unbothered and unconcerned by traffic or people.

able to commit time to volunteer himself, he figured the next best thing would be to get his offspring involved. Hence, the arrival of Suzanna, and by extension, Frank, on the BFC scene.

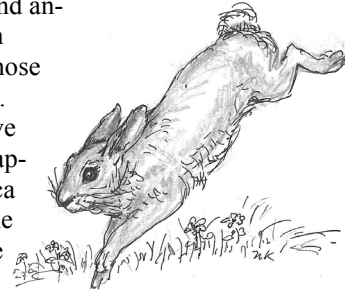
Their days were mainly spent "tabling" - which entails sitting at a table with literature and information, talking to Park visitors about the plight of the bison, taking donations and signing up new members for the Buffalo Field Campaign (BFC). Downtime consisted of occasional runs into the town of Jackson for showers and a beer, fly fishing, hiking in the Teton wilderness, and a

couple of trips up to the BFC Lodge in Montana. But most of their time centered around the bison and educating the public.

Most people don't know that only about 3200 wild bison remain, descended from the original thundering millions that once roamed America's Western grasslands. Many of these bison follow a migratory pattern that takes them outside of the Yellowstone boundaries, at which point they are either shot outright or inhumanely "hazed" and harassed back onto parkland by cattle-grazing public ranchers or agencies aligned with the Inter-Agency Bison Management Plan. About 3 million of our taxpayer dollars are spent each year for the sole purpose of keeping the bison within park boundaries at the behest of the cattlemen who graze their cattle on public lands. The mission of the BFC is to document the hazing, capture, and slaughter of the herds for the television and print media in order to inform the American public. This has proven in the past to help turn public opinion and shape bison-friendly legislation.

Look at it this way: If Africa only had 3200 wild elephants left, there would be justifiable loud and angry reaction from Americans and those around the world.

However, we have the same thing happening in America right now with the bison - one of the most iconic images from our



history - and either because people are uninformed or don't care, that number of 3200 will decline unless better protections are put into place. It is only through efforts of the BFC volunteers that there is a chance for a healthy population recovery and survival.

Suzanna arranged for the BFC organizers to be at her campus - CSU Chico - as part of their

annual West Coast informational tour when we were there visiting her in October. It was a real pleasure to meet these dedicated people, and an honor to hear how much they enjoyed having Suzanne and Frank as an important part of the team.

If you check out the BFC website www.buffalofieldcampaign.org you'll see why Donald and Michael are so enamored of these mighty beasts. **PD**

Trumpet Call

Pam Johnson Kelly:

One 'time bite' of a memory I have, still so clear to me though it was over 50 years ago, in the mid 1950's, is my older brother, Paul, practicing his trumpet lesson. I only remember him playing out on the big wrap around porch on our old farm house, now the Karen and Jim Rauter property. It is quite possible that is the only place he was allowed to play. He had the unfair advantage of being 6 years older than I and a lot bigger. I had pretty fast reflexes and could usually make the



initial escape, only to know he'd get even sooner or later.

Paul's "music" would echo off the neighboring mountains, making his "music" all the more interesting. The other point of entertainment was our old dog, Boots, sitting nearby howling his head off. Boots was a yellow lab mix, looking exactly like "Old Yeller" before "Old Yeller" ever made his Hollywood appearance. Anyway, when Boots howled, my Mom and I would laugh, but only out of Paul's sight!! The self inflicted "music lesson" would end when he got bored and when he had

enough spit accumulated to chase me around holding the spit valve open. He would invariably trip his big feet over something, giving me opportunity to escape.

Many decades later Paul's oldest son, Adam was contemplating playing an instrument in the Margaretville Central School band. Out of nowhere appeared that same old trumpet. The first time I'd set eyes on it in decades, the sight of it lying in its antiquated case caused a rush of memories. I told my Mom that the first thing that came to mind was Paul chasing me around blowing the spit out of the spit valve, and me running and screaming - my long pigtails flying straight out behind me. She was surprised to hear of this, adding that must have been one of the countless times she'd hear a commotion and yell "Don't make me come in there"!!

Paul's favorite sheet music was "The Old Lamp Lighter". It brings a tear to my eye to remember the gangly, awkward brother of mine, playing the haunting tune of "The Old Lamp Lighter" to his "audience", the mountains, and his faithful pal, Boots sitting nearby, howling away. Among my treasured keepsakes is that piece of sheet music, along with other pieces of my memories -- the Times of Halcott indeed

FISHING!

Phil Hubbard

Editor's Note: Phil Hubbard, one time resident of Halcott, former American Consul in Birmingham, England and other overseas posts, was an avid fly fisherman, and more. He wrote the following story about fly fishing. He also applied for several patents for different ideas to make a fisherman's life easier. One of these was for an invention, a "reckoner" for use by anglers in determining and indicating the best time to fish. On the assumption that fish are more likely to be feeding and, therefore, more easily caught, when the moon and sun are exerting their maximum pull, Mr. Hubbard designed a device with dials, pins, and pivots. It's an ingenious little gizmo, put together carefully and I'm certain tested by enough fisherman friends to assure its success. As far as I know, none of the

patent applications were accepted.

"...After parking by the bridge, we look first at the water, low and clear but otherwise in first-class condition. Quickly changing shoes for thigh boots, coats for fishing jackets and putting up rods, greasing lines and flies, off we go. The most enjoyable moment of all! Thrilled by the beauty of the river side, the gentle breeze and the bright sunshine, the ripple of gin-clear water, the intriguing pools, and challenged by an eight-inch trout. I walk slowly and quietly a short distance upstream, scanning every run, bay and eddy for a feeding fish. None to be seen. I decide to fish the water rather than pass these many likely looking places where trout are sure to be. A cast to the nearest of these results only in the ripple of fleeing trout. Too careless! Only initial failure can convince me how shy the fish are and how far they can see through the clear water. Now more cautious, I make a longer cast over the next likely spot. I lose sight of my fly for a moment in the pattern of light and shade on the water; but I notice a slight checking at the top of the cast. Subconsciously I tighten, and the first fish is hooked.

There is no screeching of reel, no great bending of rod, but the thrill is there aplenty. Quickly pulling in the line, the little fish comes tumbling on the run, struggling valiantly but in vain against the current and rod. He looks just keepable so he is carefully lifted out and measured. He's a fraction too short... he is dropped back without regrets and away he goes. The fly is dried on my handkerchief, then brushed with a solution of "Tet" and petroleum jelly; a few lusty puffs to open the hackle and it's again ready. Be-

tween these preparations I look at the hillsides, the pastures and fields. Such pleasant surroundings double the joys of fishing.

I walk slowly upstream, false casting to dry my fly thoroughly and to keep out line for the next pool. There's a deep one ahead, but below it is a long glassy tail. If a trout is in this part, he isn't feeding, but if I scare him, he'll dash into the pool and warn all other trout. So more in precaution than with any hopes of enticing a trout to rise, I cast into this smooth but fast flowing water, careful to put a broad bend in the cast so that the fly will be seen before the gut. My caution is rewarded after a few casts, for the fly comes within the vision of a fish. He swirls, dashes after it

without hesitating to study its appearance, sucks it in and turns to resume his stance. Poor little fellow, how surprised he must be when a tug turns him over. How he fights to regain the depths of the pool, but back he comes and is soon netted.... Each cast must be carefully gauged, not only in front,

not only in the rear, but overhead and to each side. No careless flogging of the water here; every movement must be made with care and attention. But while resting or changing a fly or replacing one which is somewhere in the top of that thorn apple tree, I enjoy a visual feast on the landscape. .. In spite of all this beauty, my eye has intermittently covered the water ahead. Ah! There's a fish feeding in the pool above. First a glance at the trees and bushes to decide the best possible line of attack. A momentary awareness of the direction of the wind, then the run of water is registered as quickly. Advancing slowly, crouching to keep out of sight, false casting to get out line,



all is ready for the first cast. The fly lands reasonably close to the spot I had aimed at. It floats lightly downstream over the fish. He's taken it; and I've soon taken him. I do not feel the slightest contempt for his lack of perception; too often in other trout it has been too keen and I have tempted them in vain. This time I've won, but it was not as easy as it sounds.

SCOTT MURPHY COMES TO TOWN

Congressman Scott Murphy came to Halcott on January 7th, as part of his goal to visit all of the towns in his district. He presented a flag that had flown over the Capitol Building in Washington, DC and listened to our concerns about the proposed health care legislation. He impressed us as thoughtful and caring and it was a chance to witness the good side of democracy in action. **IK**



Congressman Murphy presents a flag to Supervisor Kananof and Town Councilmen Walt Miller, Chris DiBenedetto and Alan Reynolds

SNOW TALES OF OLD

Pam Johnson Kelly

My great grandparents, Ward and Bertha H. Streeter, lived their lives in the head of the Elk Creek valley. Their first home burned and the 'new' house was built by my grandfather, Roy Johnson. I'm not sure of the year, but it was probably the mid 1930's. Anyone know for sure?? The Kurt Reynertson family now owns the property.

Ward's ancestor, Wm. Streeter, was

born in Sussex Co., Eng. in 1770. He ended up in Greene Co., N.Y., about 1790, with his sister Elizabeth Streeter Faulkner, and her family. One of Wm.'s sons, Anson, born in 1812, had a son named Theodore, born in 1844. The following is a story written by Theo that I love:

HEAVY SNOWFALL: Interesting Reminiscences of Life in New York State Long Ago

Thinking it might be of interest to hear of the deep snow of Apr. 1857, I am setting down my experience in that storm. When I was thirteen years of age, my home was at Lexington, Greene County, N.Y., about thirty miles west of the Hudson River in the Catskill Mountains. Our farm extended to the top of a range of mountains facing the south. All of the farmers in that neighborhood kept cows and made butter for the N.Y. market. They churned their butter by hand unless they had a good sized dog to do the work on a machine. The dog we used for this purpose died and we were very glad to accept the offer of another one from my uncle James Streeter, who came to our house about April 12th.

Uncle James came from his home in Grifins Corners, (changed to Fleischmanns, N.Y.) in Delaware Co., fifteen miles away and it was decided that I was to return with him and bring back the new dog. Uncle James had come to our house on horse-back and in returning he would ride ahead

a mile or so, dismount, tie the horse and walk. When I reached the horse, I would mount and ride ahead about a mile, then I would tie the horse to a nearby tree as Uncle James had done and start off on foot. This method of travel



was called "ride and tie" and was quite common where two people went on a journey and had but one horse between them.

During the trip home with the dog, which was on the 14th of Apr., it commenced to snow and continued the most of that night. This fall of snow was three feet deep at our house but down in the village it was only two feet deep. By the 19th the snow had settled to two feet at our house, but on this day and continuing on the 20th and 21st snow fell to a depth of five feet, making seven feet in all at our house with no drifts. Needless to say, a great many buildings were broken down by the weight of the snow. Not a fence, wall nor stump could be seen with the exception of one stump which was ten feet or so high. We had eleven cows to milk and as the barn was about 150 yards from the house, the shoveling of the necessary paths through all that snow was no easy job. Water for the cows came from a spring near the house and a path had to be made there as well. On account of the depth of the snow it was impossible to make the paths very wide -- just wide enough for a cow to make her way through. But one cow was allowed in the path at a time for fear of floundering.

Father shoveled snow from the roof of the barn until it was banked along the side so high he could not throw the snow over, but enough was removed to keep the roof from falling. Of course the barn was much lower than many barns built now. At

one point the roof was only about seven feet from the ground.

April 21, 1925 Theo. Streeter, Washington, D.C.

THE MAIL CARRIER

Pam Johnson Kelly

My dad was Garold Johnson and his mother was Neva Streeter Johnson. She was born in January of 1899 on the Streeter homestead in Elk Creek. She was a mail carrier for many years, starting around WWII, or maybe before, I'm not sure. She picked up the mail at the post office

in Fleischmanns and delivered to the mail boxes up the valley as far as the Halcott Center post office, now where Virgil Streeter lives, where the Halcott road intersects with West Settlement. Virgil's parents, Smith and Ethel Streeter ran a little store and the post office in the 1940's, 50's, and 60's. Smith Streeter was Grandma Neva's brother.

I think my grandmother was one of the first women in the area to get a driver's license. Grandma's job of delivering mail was not taken lightly by anyone, especially me when, on occasion, as a young child I had the privilege of riding with her on her mail route. Several people requested their mail be wrapped in a cloth bag, usually made of burlap or some such sturdy material. The bag would be waiting in the mail box.

Grandma would carefully check the bag for outgoing mail, and if there was incoming mail, it would be placed into the little bag and returned to the mail box. I never knew why some folks requested this, but whatever the reason, the little ritual was performed sometimes twice a day, as back then that's how often the mail was deliv-

The Halcott Propane Buying Group's deal with Suburban has our participants being charged \$2.29 per gallon. Numerous participants were being overcharged. Refunds have been made and billing levels cut, in some cases by 50%. **Former participants who have not logged in with me need to do so by writing: alanadelson@verizon.net.**

If you have a home in the town of Halcott and are buying propane from another supplier, you can sign up with the buying group by writing me your name, address, tank size, tank owned or rented, number of gallons purchased in 09, last price paid. There is no membership fee.

All this is up for renegotiation in June. Check your gas supply.

ered.

At that time, the red flag was raised to indicate incoming mail as well as outgoing. I felt very special when I was allowed to put the mail into the box and raise the red flag, announcing to the whole world that "me and grandma" had done our important job of delivering the U.S. Mail to that household.

The mail was delivered twice a day, morning and afternoon. Grandma would return home after morning mail was delivered, and do house hold chores, often bake a chicken, potatoes, whole wheat bread or crusty hard rolls. I remember her as always doing something. She reminded me of The Little Red Hen, my favorite children's Golden Book. She was industrious and independent.

In the early afternoon she would leave for the second round of mail delivery, regardless of the weather. Skipping mail delivery was not an option! After the trip up the valley from Fleischmanns, Grandma delivered the remainder of the mail to Uncle Smith and Aunt Ethel's post office. Aunt Ethel would sort it and put it into each person's little numbered post office box. Each box had a little window in it. You would turn the knob according to your own combination, and it would open. It was a thrill for me when I got tall enough to look into the little window to see if we had mail, then to open the mail box by myself.

My mom, Lena Haynes Johnson, would drive down to Uncle Smith's and Aunt Ethel's store for the mail about every day. In later years I realized how odd it sounded to say 'we went to the store to get the mail'. This trip was very much looked forward to. I could pick out a penny or even a nickel candy. My dog, Trixie, would trot behind the counter and sit up and beg. Uncle Smith would crank up the big meat slicer -- the

store also sold some deli meats and cheeses back then -- and toss a slice to Trixie, who always caught the prize before it hit the floor. That was their little routine.

The little Halcott post office was quite the hub of activity in the old days. Especially on Thursdays when the *Catskill Mountain News* was delivered there. My Mom used to laugh saying, "Today must be Thursday, there's a traffic jam at the post office".

In the late 60's you could buy a "Catskill" for 15 cents, buy 3 packs of cigarettes for \$1 (if you were a local), buy a nickel candy bar and get your mail. No wonder the Halcott Post Office was a hub of activity! I miss those Times of Halcott!!

OLDEN DAYS

Pam Kelly

I thought I'd send this info from my Gram's diary - my mom's mom - Nina Haynes. I'm sure you remember her, how could you not?? What a wonderful gram, I miss her in my life. Such wonderful memories I have of her.

This info is from the Dry Brook valley, I know it seemed like almost a different country back in the '50's, when small areas seemed more isolated from each other than nowadays. But thought it may be interesting to TTOH folks!



1/13/1958 - hair cut & wash - 50 cents
5/26/1958 - Went to Walton to cow sale. cows went very high \$260 to \$380 each.

4/30/1959 - Pancake supper at Dry Brook Community Hall - 50 cents per person.

5/4/1959 - Ort & I took 70 gallons of Maple syrup to Arkville (train station), graded 'fancy' for all. 30 cents per lb., got a check for \$235. I am certain my grandparents put that check into their savings acct. - yankee thrift. They took great pride in their syrup being

graded 'fancy'. Making the syrup was almost round the clock work while it was 'sappin' season. Like the old saying "Make hay while the sun shines", same principle applied with 'sappin' season.

TOWN PROJECTS

There are several projects that the Town Board is working on as we look forward to warmer weather.

The Catskill Watershed Corporation has awarded Halcott a grant to assess our **stormwater infrastructure**. Traditional trouble spots, areas that cause flooding in town will be studied and recommendations drawn up as to how they can be fixed. We also hope to develop a pamphlet that will give homeowners guidance on what to do in a "high water situation." Delaware County Soil and Water Conservation District is helping us with this project.

Alexandra Brock is organizing a **Community Garden**. This promises to be a wonderful project, with friends sharing information and experience as they garden together. She can be reached for more information at whalenbrock@yahoo.com

Our assessor, Gary Marks is nearing the end of the **re-evaluation** process, begun three years ago. We should be receiving notification of new assessments in the mail soon.

George Crosby's estate has donated to the Town 3 acres of land adjacent to the present **Highway Garage**. We are looking into the feasibility of building a safer, sounder building to house the highway equipment.

We are working with Margaretville Telephone Company (MTC) to apply for a grant to extend cable and **high speed internet** service into Halcott. This would be a great gift to all computer

users!

Town board meetings are the fourth Monday of the month unless otherwise advertised in the Catskill Mountain News. If you would like to receive an agenda, send your email address to supervisor@townofhalcott.org and we'll put you on the list. *IK*

SHEPHERD'S CARE

"Make yourself at home!" More than likely, all of us have heard that heartfelt invitation, especially around Halcott where the hospitality is warm and the hosts and hostesses sincere. On farms and ranches both here in our beautiful valley as well as anywhere livestock are raised, the invitation to "come in and sit a spell" sometimes extends beyond the usual human visitors to include four legged varieties during calving and

lambing seasons. Such visitations can make for some interesting tales, as the following story illustrates.

Lambing time on our farm began in late January this year. Although the temperatures were quite cold at that time, there wasn't a lot of snow or wind to contend

with and we were blessed with a lovely set of twins to kick off the 2010 season. The first lamb arrived at about 2:30 AM. That morning, I was awakened just before 2AM to the familiar sound of a ewe grunting and groaning with labor pains. Indeed, part of a shepherd's job is to sleep with both ears and one eye open and, at least on this night, my senses were compliant. As I sat up in the darkness of our room, admittedly half hoping I was just dreaming, I listened to see whether I was truly hearing what I thought I had heard. Alas, the ewe grunted again. No doubt about it, it was time to go out and check on the situation.





Corrie, one of my trusty Border Collies and a trooper who is ready for any adventure, day or night, and I stepped out on the back deck; we were greeted by frigid air that removed the last of any cobwebs from my head. Overhead, a brilliant, clear sky twinkled with starlight as well as a lovely moonlight that took my breath away. The sheer beauty of our Creator's awesome handiwork, even in the depths of the night when one might prefer to be snug in bed, makes these wee hours' jaunts one of the "perks" of shepherding. It's at these times that I often think of King David, a shepherd himself and author of many of the Psalms in the Bible, and how some of his thoughts of his heavenly Father must have come to him during the quiet evening watches of his family's sheep flocks.

With the moon and a flashlight illuminating our path to the barn, Corrie and I made our way across the crunchy, snow-covered ground. Once at the barn, we went through the rest of the flock to find the ewe, hard at work, trying to deliver her lamb. She was busily pawing at the bedding on the barn floor between bouts of alternately lying down and getting to her feet. As the flashlight cast its beam across the ewe's body, two tiny hooves became visible out the back of the soon to be mama. All seemed well.

As I stood quietly off to one side monitoring the progress, Chris joined me in the dim



light of the barn. Oh, the love of a farm husband to rise in the middle of the night! We continued watching for a while before deciding to give mama a little help. By this time the baby lamb's nose and mouth, in addition to the hooves, could be seen, so Chris gently pulled on the lamb's feet. Slowly but steadily the rest of the lamb's wet, white body came sliding forth, steaming as it entered the sub-freezing winter air. Within a matter of seconds, the ewe was on her feet, quietly nickered to her lamb while licking him off. The new lamb blinked his eyes and shook his floppy, brown-tipped ears as mama continued to clean him thoroughly from head to tail. Before long, the lamb wobbled its way to his feet and to his first meal. This miracle of birth never ceases to amaze no matter how many times we see it.

After completing the usual post-lambing protocol of penning the ewe and lamb in a lambing "jug" or pen, checking the ewe and her milk supply, dipping the lamb's navel in iodine, making sure the lamb is eating ok, and offering the ewe a bit of good hay and warm water containing a splash of molasses (the ewes love this!), Chris and I prepared to head to the house.

On the way out, we took another look at the happy pair and noticed yet another pair of tiny hooves now making their way out of the birth canal. Another lamb was on the horizon! We waited a bit and because things were progressing rather slowly, we went to

the house to warm up and to give mama a chance to do her part.

Apparently, I was a bit too snug and warm on the couch because the next thing I knew, Chris was coming through the kitchen carrying a new lamb. The second lamb had become chilled and was in need of being warmed. Shepherds have several strategies for this, depending on where they are and the severity of the situation. For lambs that aren't too chilled to begin with, simply getting warm milk into their bellies can warm some. An-

other remedy is to give chilled lambs a bit of a brandy/water mixture. Hill shepherds who take care of flocks miles from civilization find it easy and convenient to carry a flask of this useful mixture and there are no concerns of spoilage! It is said that it soon revives cold lambs. In severe cases of hypothermia some shepherds give a shot of a sugar solution directly into the gut for quick action. This is very successful and again useful in areas where the animals are far removed from a warm house or barn for shelter. Our method here, given the proximity to the house or milk house, is to bring the little critters in until they warm up. Some just need to hang out by the heat for a bit, but for others that are really cold –and this works for calves, too- a long soak in very warm water is warranted.

This lamb definitely needed the “hot tub” treatment so I put just enough very warm water in the bathtub (Yes, the bathtub in the house!) to cover the lamb’s body but not the head. Then, for quite a while, I held the lamb in the water until it

seemed warm again. For a long time, the lamb stayed curled up with its eyes closed, shivering, until all of a sudden, the lamb opened its eyes wide and began paddling its feet doing her best impression of Olympian Michael Phelps. I kept her in the water a bit longer before putting her out onto an old towel on the floor. Not wanting her to get cold again, I began drying her with an electric blow dryer. The lamb seemed to enjoy having the warm air blowing across her body and, with her wool-like coat, she was dry in fairly short order. I guess this lamb could brag to her friends about her trip to the day spa.

The next item of business was to get the lamb to eat. I heated some colostrum and tried to get her to eat but to no avail. She just wouldn’t suckle the bottle so out came the special tube feeder we have for such cases. It’s rather nerve-

wracking to tube a lamb, but it must be done to save lives. It seems no matter how many times I do this, I still hold my breath each time I start the milk down the tube. (A tube misplaced into the lung rather than the stomach will cause the lamb to drown.) Thankfully, this one went well and soon the lamb had warm milk in its belly. Feeling confident about the lamb’s condition, I put her into a box by the heat in the bathroom and went out to help with milking.

A couple of hours later, I went to check the lamb. When I had left the lamb, it was quietly curled up under a cover. When I returned to check, I could hear the box rattling even before I got all the way to the bathroom. When I opened

the bathroom door, the lamb looked at me and began bleating hungrily. She even nearly jumped over the side of the box. What a change from just a couple of hours earlier! I heated some more colostrum and this time she gladly took the bottle, draining its contents in no time. Obviously, the lamb was doing fine and was plenty warm by then so I took her back to mom. At

this point, some ewes will actually reject the lamb that has been taken away. Mother ewes use smell to identify their lambs. A lamb so removed will pick up smells from us or from the house or other items that the ewe might not accept and it will confuse her about whether that lamb is truly hers. I was concerned that since this lamb had been in the water, she might not smell quite right to mama. Happily, this dear ewe was glad to have the lamb back and she readily accepted her anyway.

Today, the “hot tub” lamb has three other lambs, in addition to her brother, to keep her company as they run and play in the sheep field. So far, no other lambs have had to come in to “sit a spell” but rest assured, if the need arises, Halcott hospitality would be the order of the day. **JD**

**HALCOTT FAIR
JULY 17, 2010**

**PLANNING MTG
APRIL 24, 10AM
GRANGE HALL**



The Times of the Halcott Methodist Church Spring, 2010

Pattie Kelder, Correspondent

The Times of the Halcott United Methodist Church

Calendar of Events

You are all invited to the following!

Lenten Supper: Margaretville United Methodist Church, 6PM March 24th. Bring a dish to pass

Holy Week Services:

Palm Sunday – 7PM March 28th, Halcott United Methodist Church

Maundy Thursday – 7PM April 1st, Halcott United Methodist Church

Good Friday – Voices from the Cross Re-enactment – 7PM April 2nd, Roxbury United Methodist Church.

Easter Sunday – 10:30AM April 4th, Halcott United Methodist Church.

Family Night Covered Dish Suppers – Saturdays, 6PM at Grange Hall – no charge. April 17th, May 15th, June 19th.

Old Testament Bible Study: Book of Joshua, meets twice monthly. Call for time and places.

Shirley's Piece

In the midst of the February sequence of storms, Shirley Bouton recited this piece to me by phone to remind us of our blessings. She believes she was three years old when she

said it onstage. The author is unknown to us:
A storm tight roof, a cheery fire;
And bread for daily need –
If this be yours, give thanks each day,
To ask for more is greed.

Light

I broke open the Chinese fortune cookie and read the slip of paper. “What is to give light must endure the burning.” Immediately I was moved to think beyond this literal truth. How many *people* have been consumed in changing the course of human events. How many have come in peace only to die from the hatred of others? People like Martin Luther King, Jr., Mahatma Gandhi; yes, even the everlasting Light of the World, Jesus Christ.

In giving light, Jesus endured all manner of burning. Throughout the burning that enabled Him to light the world, He had to endure the workings of the devil. With a whole kingdom at stake, the wily one tempted Jesus from the beginning of His ministry to the end – from the wilderness encounters to the Garden of Gethsemane. No wonder Jesus spent so much time in prayer. In the midst of it all, the devil prodded at Jesus through His enemies and quite possibly through His fickle admirers.

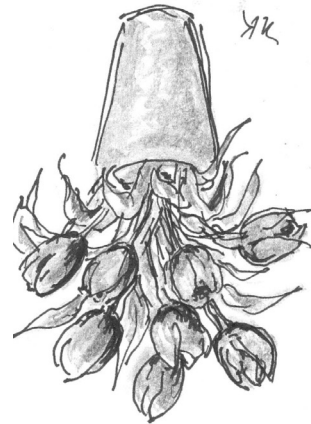
If we were to view the light as a series of concentric circles, with the center being the hottest, crucifixion would be at the heart of the heat. Designed by some to deter crime by keeping the subjugated populace in line, cruci-

fixions were conducted close to eye level along the edges of well-traveled roads where passersby could look into the pain-filled faces, hear the pleas for help, smell the stench of death. Here Jesus, the innocent, went to **our** cross for punishment and stayed there until dead. He wasn't forced to do this – He could have said "No." He didn't want to do this – He asked for the cup to pass. Yet He obeyed God and went to the cross out of perfect love for us. Somehow His eyes of compassion could see through the filth of our sinful condition to a glimmer of the divine image in which we were created. We could be salvaged! But what a price.

The next ring of light, only slightly less intense, would be the sum total of all the intentional abuses Jesus endured from the religious authorities of His day. Members of this crowd were burning with the white heat of jealousy,

self righteousness, and lust for power. They were never at a loss for ideas designed to test or discredit Jesus. They worked in concert to attack Him psychologically and to convince political leaders to harm Him physically. So much to endure from every side.

The outer circle is where the heat or brilliance is least intense. However, it is the largest of the rings, containing the misunderstandings of the masses. Here Jesus endured and still endures our fleeting attention, lukewarm loyalty, gaps in commitment. How wonderful, then, that Jesus continues to journey with us, lighting our way in the darkness. He is the Friend who sticks closer than a brother, the One who encourages rather than condemns, until we reduce the burden He endures by becoming the light He has called us to be. Let us resolve to endure our share of the burning for the One who endured so much for us.



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