

1: Obituaries | Mayerthorpe Freelancer

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He received my undergraduate thesis in April of his last year of teaching and brought it immediately, he said, "to someone downtown for a thorough reading. To this day, Donovan denies it. At present, Donovan and I are departmental colleagues at St. Those who knew MacSween would have no quarrel with that, for he is writ large in the memory of all who encountered him. And the answers, much more deeply nuanced than the usual facile "faith," may not satisfy the doctrinaire. Those who have no wish to explore the sometimes-messy contradictions of a religious vocation are forewarned. MacSween was born in in a rural, Gaelic-speaking parish in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, far from the middle class comforts of urban modernism most of us now enjoy. At the age of twenty-six, after an upbringing of poverty and paternal anger, he became a Roman Catholic priest, as much to escape the hardscrabble of his early conditions, opines Donovan, as to enter the corridors of a benevolent church. The "what if" in this regard is the question of what would have become of MacSween if he had stayed on his island to write letters for illiterate fishermen while ministering to their souls. It is a compelling question because of the ambitions of his imagination and the affection he retained for his early charges well into old age. Francis Xavier University to teach English in , a move that thrust the country curate into a career-long dialogue with the great preservers of a conservative literary tradition he loved and strove to break free of. This struggle with another kind of canonical orthodoxy imperial rather than sacerdotal is the real drama of his life, the movement, as Donovan describes it, "from a classic, if sometimes predictable, donnish conservatism, embracing primarily the high art sanctioned by a British imperial view of culture, to a wider and more inclusive view of the role of art and culture in a postcolonial, postmodern and post-religious world" He may or may not have been. One of the joys of the book is the mystery at the heart of it, an ingredient of all honest biographies. What is clear is that the Antigonish MacSween became a figure of formidable intellectual power and pedagogic influence: Though Donovan touches only lightly on the point, it is clear from the circumstantial evidence he marshalls that MacSween became one of the pillars of the university in mid century, assuming a role equal to that of Nicholson, Coady, and Tompkins. If they were the builders, he was the guardian. Where they were men of action and administration, he was a man of culture and the people. For all his reading and erudition, and his playful delight in the fear that struck in the hearts of impressionable undergraduates, he was quintessentially tribal, as all conservers are. It is this tribalism, Donovan suggests, I think correctly, that fed his faith. We see this in what he cherished deepest: It provides another way to consider the man: Perhaps he needed the old priest of True Confessions more than the high-flyers of Coady and Nicholson. His thoughts on church reform are consonant: Put him in an apartment somewhere, teach him humility. If you put a fellow in a palace you get a terrific bureaucracy, put him in an apartment you get almost nothing" About this, Donovan is raised to anger, and who can blame him, for he saw first-hand what it did to his mentor and friend. The pain of that self-denial was so powerful and practiced in MacSween that it is despairing to read about. How could a man of such intellectual range not see to its root? Chaucer or Rabelais would have been better field-guides to a more genuine happiness. So great was his need that he sometimes exhausted these friendships, sucked the life out of them too quickly. If there was tragedy anywhere in his life it was there - not in the absence of uttering a mere word, but in having so great a need of human contact while at the same time so adamantly refusing to doff the mask. That he would always remain "Father MacSween," the childless, "symbolic" father, was his tragedy. Born poor and in the wrong places, both rescued themselves through books, both retaining a child-like faith in the wonder of imagination while rejecting the orthodoxy of their salvations: Nowlan rejecting the pedantry of the bookish around him for their hypocrisy of means, MacSween discarding the abuses of the institutional church for similar reasons, and finding equivalent solace in the friendly "lay" confines of like-minded colleagues. Both also fell victim to a debilitating enervation that hastened their ends, one abetted by drink, the other by food. I make this particular comparison because the heft of similarities warrants it, even if such speculations are always fancy. But, fancy

though they may be, such speculations, followed by the realization of their impossibility neither would have allowed the other to get close , deepen our insight into the intransigence I dare say, hubris of each man. His faith was clearly elsewhere. The better question is how did he exercise his faith outside a structure whose flaws were evident to him early on, and I include the imperial literary structure he embraced that was in many ways homologous to canonical Catholicism? And here is where the example of Frye provides insight into what MacSween may indeed have become. But the costs were high and the pain excruciating. In the end, he was largely abandoned by a brethren who viewed him as maverick and a laity who, never comfortable in his presence, resented his learning. I left this book saddened by that pain, which seemed to follow him wherever he went. It is in this way that Donovan, and I presume most of his students and friends, wish to remember him.

2: Obituaries | Edson Leader

Home > Poems > by book > Remembering the rural life Poems. Theme & Occasion; Poetic Form; Remembering the Rural Life A Poem is Not Insomnia Wanda Landowska Plays.

A leak, then deluge: What eastern Idaho residents heard on June 5, , over the only reliable form of immediate communication – the radio airwaves – was incomprehensible. As the world soon learned, the foot-high Teton Dam had broken in half. Its collapse sent a wall of water cascading through the Teton River canyon, north of the town of Newdale in Fremont County. Downstream, with no canyon to contain it, the flood fanned out for miles across the Snake River Plain. The water turned south, gobbling up cattle, cars and homes on its slow march to Idaho Falls and beyond. Forty years later, many Eastern Idaho residents vividly recall the chaos set in motion that sunny Saturday morning, the Post Register reported. Eleven people died and thousands more were displaced in the flood, considered the worst man-made disaster in Idaho history. Crops were ruined and thousands of cattle were killed. And almost nobody saw it coming. In fact, when most people heard initial reports of the collapse, they refused to believe it. Porter, then-mayor of Rexburg, in a Mormon church oral history. Its mile-long reservoir was nearly full. Bureau of Reclamation billed the dam project as a way to control spring runoff and offer more consistent water supply to farmers during the summer months. Instead, it caused chaos. The first hints of trouble came as the new reservoir continued to fill in the early days of June. An inspection team on June 3 noticed water seeping from the ground at several locations downstream from the dam. June 5, the day of the collapse, workers noticed the first seep on the dam face itself. By mid-morning, a large wet spot had formed. Jay Calderwood, a heavy equipment operator, helped build the dam. After racing to the scene, he drove a bulldozer onto the top of the dam to try and stem the leaking, according to an account he gave later for the Teton Oral History Program, a joint effort to document the disaster by Ricks College, Utah State University and several foundations. A massive whirlpool had formed next to the dam, the water disappearing far beneath them. Along with other workers, Calderwood pushed boulders into the whirlpool to try and plug up the breach. Then they felt the dam shift beneath their tractors. While we were backing away, we kept thinking it was going to cave behind us and take us with it. But it never did. Grigg recounted his story in for the Teton Oral History Program. When the dam broke, Grigg was with his friend David Benson. They were fishing on a small island in the Teton River about two miles below the dam, a place they had visited many times before. Grigg and Benson had just set foot on the island when they noticed an airplane flying low overhead. The pilot was waving at them. Suddenly, the river rose by 6 feet. Grigg looked upstream and saw a foot-tall wall of water crashing down the canyon. That was the last time I have seen David. He grabbed a log to stay afloat. He cursed then prayed. As he floated downriver, Grigg heard the panicked cry of cattle and watched homes float off their foundations. His log slammed into another, breaking five of his ribs and puncturing a lung. After a three-mile ride, Grigg managed to climb a cottonwood tree. After four hours in the tree, he was rescued by friends in a boat. His body was later found about a quarter-mile from the cottonwood tree. The interviewer asked Grigg whether he supported building the dam when its construction was being debated several years prior. At first, nobody was sure whether to believe the sketchy phone and radio reports, he said. He chartered a private airplane from the Idaho Falls airport to ride to the scene. As Bower and the two pilots flew over Sugar City, there was no sign of floodwaters. But Bower spotted a plume of dust on the horizon. Minutes later, as the plane took a pass over the dam itself, Bower leaned out an open window and started snapping pictures. Over the drone of the engine, he heard a secondary roar from far below – the sound of millions of gallons of water leaving the reservoir. Bower watched as the water, now several feet high, slowly engulfed fence posts, then cattle, and then Sugar City. The water continues south Sugar City was essentially annihilated. The Post Register reported that homes were destroyed, and those that remained were under 10 to 12 feet of water. Then-Mayor Lyle Moon was near the dam making petroleum deliveries when dispatchers told him of the collapse. He thought it was a joke. Another homes in the city of Teton were leveled, according to Post Register reporting. Trees were uprooted and carried away. Ricks, president of the Rexburg Stake, would later tell church historians that word of the coming flood was spread through the city by

police who had loudspeakers and neighbors going door to door. Residents made their way to higher ground. They watched from the top of the Ricks College hill as brown water rolled into the city, flooding basements and sending floating houses crashing into trees. Ricks thought he might be dreaming. The dormitories at Ricks College became temporary shelter for beleaguered residents. At one point, its cafeteria served 30, meals in one day. The next day, Main Street was under 5 feet of water. Cleanup and recovery would take months. While hundreds of millions in reparations would be paid by the Bureau of Reclamation to the residents of Sugar City and Rexburg, it was cold comfort for many. Then, the water began to flow over the Broadway Bridge. To save the bridge, residents took drastic measures. They cut a foot wide canal through Broadway to the west of the bridge. Throughout town, residents filled sandbags to save low-lying buildings near the river. Everybody pitched in, then-City Councilman Mel Erickson said in an interview last year. There were sandbag assembly lines, and residents brought their pickup trucks and dump trucks to help in the effort. One of the most famous photographs from the disaster was taken just as a wave of water breached the Broadway Bridge. Bower said he had been standing next to the bridge for a time on June 6, watching as the water steadily rose. He sidled up to a police officer who was preventing anyone from crossing. He could feel the structure vibrating beneath his feet. But the risk was worth it.

3: Remembering Thailand's beloved King Bhumibol | Obituary | Al Jazeera

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His widespread social projects and development programmes secured him near-deity status, ensuring his legacy will persevere in a country with long-standing traditions of patriotism and loyalty to the royal family. He is the centre of Thais. His portraits, simultaneously stoic and benevolent, are displayed proudly in living rooms, shops, and public spaces throughout the country. Sansoen Phra Barami, the royal anthem, is equally prominent, playing in cinemas, on television, and at the opening of every cultural event of note. The night sky filled with floating fire-lanterns lit by crowds in honour of their "Father the King". As is the case with many monarchs, Thais initially respected King Bhumibol out of an obligation to tradition. But as his contributions to society grew in number and scale, that respect morphed into something more akin to love. When the country was on fire, he was the only person who could put it out," said Pan Buapradit, 59, a retired soldier. He had a diverse skill set and dedicated much of his reign to royal projects that developed infrastructure at the forefront of providing food and basic necessities for his people, by his people. Experiments were conducted in agriculture, forestry, and small-scale industry. Once deemed successful, projects were made available to his people and implemented all over Thailand. Since his ascension to the throne, the king made regular visits to many rural and impoverished communities and sites, resulting in the implementation of some 3,plus projects since Nobody will ever be able to do for us as much as he did. He famously became the first monarch since the Siamese Revolution of to boat down the Chao Praya River to offer robes to Buddhist temples during the year-old Thai ceremony Krabuan Phayuhayattra Chonlamak. This Royal Barge Procession ceremony took place 16 times during his reign. During deadly unrest in , he urged opposition leaders General Suchinda Kraprayoon and retired Major-General Chamlong Srimuang to find a peaceful solution, and during a televised event, the two knelt before him in respect of royal protocol. His royal intervention led to a general election that resulted in the formation of a civilian government - earning him great respect from his nation. In , the Asia financial crisis struck Thailand, devastating its economy. He was born on December 5, , in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the United States, the only king of Thailand born outside of the country. His older brother, Ananda Mahidol, became the eighth king of Thailand at the age of nine. His death has never fully been explained. The couple were engaged in July and married on April 28, Bhumibol was crowned King of Thailand on May 5,

REMEMBERING THE RURAL LIFE pdf

4: Remembering Romney's role | Otago Daily Times Online News

1. *In the vast, truncated world of the desert or outback places "in all abandoned lands this delinquent babble of sparrows could irrigate the air.*

The main difference between the two societies as under: Rural society was one which has not industrialized, whereas present day urban society is highly urbanized and industrialized. Urban Society Industrial Society 1. Life in the society was very simple and reflected in the way of living, dressing, food habits, shelter and manners etc. Life in the city is not simple but very complex and complicated. The people in the society had homogeneity and thus enjoyed more or less the same social status. The people in the city belong to different castes, creeds, religions and cultures, thus do not enjoy the same social status. In the rural society there was very little scope for occupational mobility. In cities there are many occupations, so occupational mobility is as well as frequent. Here the family played a very significant and predominant role. Its hold was very strong. In the cities hold of families is not strong, and many functions which the families used to perform have been taken away by other institutions and associations. In villages there is no fast change and as such no necessity for social adaptability. In the cities there must be fast mobility and adaptability to suit ever changing fast life. In the rural society culture was very deep-rooted. Everyone loved culture and cultural heritage above everything else. In the cities it is different to find pure culture. In a rural society there is no division of labour. In an urban community there is always division of labour and specialisation in job allotment. Rural society did not give due and proper respect to the womenfolk. In urban communities women enjoys comparatively high social status. In this society people loved nature and natural bounties. They were religious minded and afraid of gods and goddesses. In cities, people have no time to stand and gaze at the nature. They are not religious minded but more materialistic. There were very few chances of providing employment and incentives to the unemployed by the society. The cities provide both incentive and employment to the people and thus frustrated villages find solace in the cities which respects ability and judges their worth.

5: A leak, then deluge: Remembering the Teton Dam collapse - Rural Life - Capital Press

Remembering The Rural Life. by Gary Catalano. University of Queensland Press, This is an ex-library book and may have the usual library/used-book markings www.enganchecubano.com book has soft covers.

6: Remembering my school days! " AFT Voices

interviews and molds them into a story about daily life, hopes and dreams, and privation. The Depression becomes real, not just some section in a history book that everyone knows about, but a story of regular people going through hard times and surviving.

7: Remembering the Rural Life - Gary Catalano - Poem - Australian Poetry Library

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8: 10 Major Differences between Rural and Urban Societies

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