

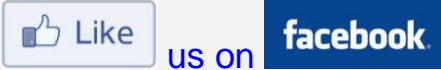


Issue Eighteen

The Bloomin' News



January 2013



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Winter Wonderland



The fresh snow made our gardens into a fun playland for boys young and old. Bowen is very proud of the friendly snowman.

Christmas Dinner 2012

I am so happy about having been present at the Christmas Dinner here at Pacific Gardens along with Maria and Iris and about thirty other neighbors and friends.

It was such a wonderful opportunity for me to let go of my preconceived notions of "how it should be". The whole event just happened as it happened. It was so free and with no judgement! I loved how David and Lulu showed up around 4 pm to help with setting the tables and how Maria joined in adding fresh greens and candles, bread rolls and butter to the tables, just as the delicious foods and people began to arrive! Mykl had the beautiful bird carved up and ready, and the whole thing went off without a hitch!!!

David set out pots of lovely hot tea on the tables a nice touch! Good friends, good food!

I look forward to being part of the set up team next year. It was a lot of fun!

Clare

Elderberries party hearty!

Last week Roz held a fabulous party for us older folk - or elderberries as she calls us - at Pacific Gardens. She said the reason was she wanted to clean out her fridge, but I know better - she just likes to party!

True, there was a slightly more serious reason. Some of us are on the cusp of elderberryness, and wanted to glean some wisdom from those in our community who have had more practice.

The food was wonderful. My favourite was the roasted root vegetables and the delicious rhubarb custard crumble - yum! Roz also followed the Pacific Gardens recycling mantra when she made some hot mulled wine with leftover vino from another party.

The best part was the conversation. We went around the table and told tales of our Christmases past, and they were both heart-warming and funny - mostly funny.

Susana told us how she nearly blew up her family's kitchen in an attempt to cook her father's favourite English dessert in a pressure cooker. The star-shaped pattern left by the exploded contents remained on the kitchen ceiling for years.

Michele recalled how the sisters at her convent got rather tipsy munching quantities of bourbon balls, while Clare described one holiday celebration where the main entertainment was making a nativity scene out of day-glo playdough - and then baking it in the oven!

Others remembered their childhood excitement waiting for the arrival of mandarin oranges that came by ship from Japan, or enjoying a Christmas dinner of succulent duck with red cabbage and apricot stuffing.

It was a great evening. We left slightly older, perhaps a little bit wiser, and definitely much merrier. Thank you Roz!

Kathryn