



Calendar

June 7

GPS Meeting at the Galway Town Hall

7:00-7:30 Social Half Hour

7:30-8:00 Business Meeting

8:00 Program

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June GPS Update

By Bonnie Donnan

Our May speaker was Tim Starr, local author and historian. His program "Saratoga County Inventions" was very informative about the importance of our county in industry and the development of new and improved devices and manufacturing methods and machinery. All predating the Malta chip plant.

The GPS members' picnic, and final meeting of the season, will be at the home of Ann and Ray David on Lake Road on June 7th at 6:00 p.m. Their home is 1 mile from the intersection of Perth and Consaul Roads. We are grateful for the hospitality of the Davids. If you haven't already signed up, please give Carolyn Baxter a call at 882-6634 about what food item you wish to bring. Table service and utensils will be provided, but please bring your own folding chairs and snack tables. We will be holding our annual auction fundraiser at the picnic, so be considering items to donate that you think someone would be pleased to own the winning bid. Thanks to Carolyn Baxter and Carol Schweizer for coordinating the picnic.

Thanks to Phyllis Keeler and the nominating committee. Their slate of officers was elected at the May meeting: Bonnie Donnan, President, Virginia Sawicki, Vice president, Evelyn Hanna, Secretary, all for a one year term. Tom Cwiakala was elected for a three year term as Trustee. Thanks also to all the officers for being willing to serve.

The village flower barrels and plantings are beautiful! Thanks to the Garden Club and the sixth grade students for their work. We have need of volunteers to water during the summer. If you are willing to sign up, we will give you a map of where all the barrels are. A good opportunity for community service.

Memorial Day will be history by the time you read this. GPS will have sold publications and water trough ornaments in the park, been represented in the parade, and the winning GPS sponsored essays will have been read at the ceremony at the school. Thanks to GERALYN De La Fleur for being in charge of the essay contest.

Welcome back to all our summer residents. You might like to take a trip to Galway Town Hall to see the display in the lobby of the Reedy family bird carvings. The water bird and songbird carvings, by the late Jim Reedy and his son Chris, have been loaned by Florence Reedy. Check Town Hall's hours before you go.

The picnic will be our last gathering until September 13th. We don't meet in July or August. The next Board of Trustees meeting is Wednesday July 14th at Town Hall, and the program committee will meet in June to plan for next season's speakers. We have already been scouting prospects.

As the song says, "See You in September".

The First Walk of Spring

By Mary J. Packer

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After a long winter I can't wait until Spring arrives-to hear the first peepers and see the first wild flowers. The day finally arrives when all the snow has melted and the sun has a hearty look on his face. I put on my old Woolrich jacket and my duckies and venture forth, carrying a stick and a basket. A favorite visitor, my neighbor's dog, goes bounding over stone walls, exploring as I do. Crossing the creek I think of the poem-

"Where the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the great trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and over the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me."

Stopping for my first treat of Quaker Ladies or bluets, I sit down on a moss acre, or more of blue flowers with yellow centers-so delicate and dainty. As I look around I see a great patch of Hepaticas. Here I stoop to pick a few and dig a root for my friend's wildflower garden as well as a small bouquet for my windowsill.

The upward climb continues. I see yellow and blue violets, bloodroot ready to open and wintergreen with

berries. Again, I stop. To pick, eat and chew on the leaves. More memories return- of times when our teacher would take us on our nature walks.

I also find pussy willows and witch hazel for my basket.

After a rest, listening to the peepers, watching robins and chickadees, pulling some watercress, Sheila and I share some molasses cookies. Then we saunter on with a kildeer running ahead making his noisy kildeer or fill deeah call.

Crossing two more streams and a mossy stone wall, then a steep hill, we come to my favorite spot and flowers. The trailing arbutus is so fragrant and rare. Each year they become more scarce. Here I lay down on my stomach to smell them, staying a while to enjoy their rare beauty. I am so grateful.

From here, I start home picking marshmarigold buds and moss for my basket. By the pond's edge I stop once more. Newly laid frog eggs, soon to hatch as tadpoles, are an intriguing study. Between the pond and the road, where I will cross back to the house, is the swamp. Here are the pitcher plants which my dear husband put in many years ago. Their spread across the swale is a constant pleasure for I can see the red and green coloring of the leaves from early spring until late in the autumn. All these small contentments pass in my mind as I make the final stop to gather a few more blooms for my friend's bouquet.

Inside, I take my garnerings from the basket and arrange them in an inkwell. There are also enough left to fill a snuff jar. My day is made and I send up a thank you to God for being able to live in the country with all its beauty.