



The Ram and Ewe

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PaSu Farm

My education was as horrific a process for the educators and my parents as it was to me, whom I considered to be a victim in an insufferable and inescapable situation.

My earliest recollections of school are still vivid. Having been brought up in a French home with a Basuto Nanny I had acquired a rather unique accent and only a rudimentary grasp of English. My parents, realizing that this might be a handicap, had sent me to English elocution lessons from the age of four so that by the time I reached school I was talking with a frightfully affected accent which earned me the reputation of being a precocious brat. The first two years passed by with relatively few incidents. However, by the time I had reached standard one or grade three, things began to deteriorate.

I was struggling with my reading and was at the bottom of the class. Literally. On warm sunny days we would go outside and read under the trees. The teacher would line us up in front of her and each one would have a turn to read. The articulate readers would be rewarded by being at the top of the line with the less proficient readers descending from there until they reached me. Being at the top or the bottom of the line did not really matter a hoot to me provided I was left alone to peruse and sometimes interact with the environment around me and share my discoveries with my classmates. This was labeled as disruptive behaviour by the teachers and was inexcusable especially if the minor disturbance was attributed to the non-achiever in the class.

The remedy for this infraction was to send me to sit outside the office of Mr. Hendry the school principal and await the inevitable caning. This buffoon, a Canadian White Anglo Saxon Protestant, whom I have described in a previous News Letter, had already crossed swords with my French Catholic Diva mother. In any altercation involving my mother as a protagonist the rules of

civilized mediation did not apply. Not having mastered enough of the English language she would decimate her adversary in a very colorful combination of pigeon English and French and no boundaries were left uncrossed especially if she perceived her opponent to be a bigoted idiot. This sadistic philistine hadn't the intelligence to separate his emotions so I became the scapegoat for his lacerated ego. Suffice it to say that half a century has gone by and I still remember this monster and my sentiments have not changed one little bit.

My character is imbued with a healthy dose of survival and whether it was this instinct or some sort of epiphany sent by a droll God, I am at a loss to explain what happened that day under trees, except to say that in all probability it was a mental correction of a dyslexic function. I remember that when my turn came to read, instead of hesitating and sounding out the words at an excruciatingly slow pace, I rendered a flawless and eloquent performance far superior to any of class peers. Needless to say after this episode I was elevated from the status of non-achiever to under-achiever which in those days was defined as indolent and disruptive. This behavior demanded even more stringent character modification to the delight of Mr. Hendry who warmed up to the task with an enthusiasm equal only to a jockey urging his mount to the finish line. Thus my behaviour was duly modified with regard to scholastic endeavours. Distrust the system, do the bare necessity and create the maximum amount of chaos without being caught.

Regrettably my torment continued outside of the school arena. My mother, being Catholic, sent me to catechism where I was to confront the religious counterpart of Mr. Hendry in the persona of Father Burn. He was a squat little Irish priest with a bigoted and myopic view of life and a zealous mission to rid his flock of greed, lust and other

RESTAURANT NEWS

During the week

Will be open Tuesdays to Saturdays for lunch and afternoon tea.

On Sunday

We will serve our buffet or plate service if there are fewer than 15 reservations.

Fine dining

will commence in April. Check our web site for times and for any new information that will be posted.

PLEASE REMEMBER

That we book up very quickly for
Easter

Mothers Day & Fathers Day

Also

Remember that reservations are essential for all events and recommended during the week.

LADIES NIGHT

Buffet Dinner & Guest Speaker

Chuck and Brian of

Paramount Orchids

4th March

Cocktails 6pm. Dinner served 7.00pm

\$20 per person Reservations Essential

Does not include GST or Gratuity

Let us do your

PRIVATE FUNCTION

OR

WEDDING

SHEEP MANURE

Dress your Spring garden with Sheep Manure ready for the spring and have a few bags in the potting shed for a great mix with potting soil. Phone first to make sure that bags are available or that there is a tractor operator if you are buying by the truck load.

Price is \$5 per bag

6 bags for \$25

mortal sins. His specialty were sins of the flesh and during confession they required a lot more detailed explanation than any other sin.

At about the age of seven, whilst being groomed for my First Holy Communion, we had a serious clash on theology. He had been teaching us about the omnipresence of God, the essence of which was that The All Mighty is everywhere, in all things created, animate and inanimate and sees and hears all things. From which I deduced that if God was in us and part of us we could be considered God ourselves and what was the practical use of confessing to someone who was already intimately connected to all the facts. Although he was not at liberty to thrash us he managed to mutilate our ears in the most excruciating manner. A trick he probably learned from the Grand Inquisitors Manual for Aspiring Irish Priests. My theological assumptions earned me a severe ear twisting and wrenching that would have brought tears to the eyes of a seasoned professional show wrestler. Furthermore, Father Burn fearing that I would contaminate the rest of his flock with further blasphemous and heretical interpretations of the church's canons never again asked me a question or allowed me to speak during catechism unless he had a firm hold of my ear. In his fervent desire to save my soul from the burning flames of hell, he frequently latched on to this appendage even while addressing the question to someone else.

He often visited my mother to discuss my hopelessness. These visits were timed between four and six in the afternoon as this was an appropriate time to indulge in my father's scotch of which he was inordinately fond. My father however, who was an Anglican and thus, by marrying my mother had disposed her from enjoying the sacraments of the Holy Church, was to be avoided at all costs. My mother accepted the infallibility of the church and all those who served therein and duly accepted and revered the little creep. On one of these visits I was duly called into the living room where Father Burn berated me in front of my mother for my lack of enthusiasm in his catechism classes and of course my disruptive nature and heretical views. Naturally I was not allowed to speak in my defense and was found guilty on all charges and sent to my room to await further admonishment. I was doomed. My mother's sense of justice was administered with a ferocity that made my other tormentors pale in

COMPLETE STORE SALE

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF CONSIGNMENT MERCHANDISE

**SOME SELECTED
MERCHANDISE
BELOW
COST
OR
BUY ONE
AND GET THE SECOND
HALF PRICE**

**APPLIES TO ALL
MERCHANDISE
WITHOUT A
SALE PRICE
ON IT
SALE BEGINS**

1 Feb. and ends 20 Feb

African Feast

with

**David Thiaw
& Domba**

An extravagant selection of wonderful African food, followed by Music, stories and dancing.

Saturday April 9

Cocktails at 6 pm / dinner at 7.15 pm

Reservations essential

\$50 per person

Does not include GST or service.

comparison. Now I knew that Father Burn was terrified to the point of absurdity of cats and other small furry animals. I had discovered this by accident when, on one of his earlier visits and before I had fallen into disrepute, I had innocently placed a small kitten on his lap. Unable to get out of his deep reclining chair he had screamed like a baby to get that damn thing off while his arms and legs flayed in all directions. If there was an instance in which a man should or could have soiled himself this was definitely it. In one of the few acts of malicious retribution I can recall, I climbed out of the window and headed for the servant quarters where I located the gardeners small friendly ginger cat. She was carefully placed in the back seat of his little Ford Prefect. The front windows, which were left half open to keep the vehicle cool, were wound up so that the cat could not escape but still allowed for some circulation. I returned to my room via the window and waited. It was getting on close to six when he emerged from the front door visibly flushed and in a hurry to make his departure. From my vantage point I could see him enter the car, slam the door and at almost the same time fire it up and begin reversing. Suddenly the car careened out of control for about thirty feet before landing down a small embankment into the flower garden. The little cat had probably been cowering in the back and being unfamiliar with the vibrations of the car's engine had leaped on the priest. Before the car had come to a full stop, the door was flung open and Father Burn dived out of the vehicle, head first landing on all fours in the dirt followed by the fleeing cat. I swear I heard the pious incantation, "F---ing Hell!" In the midst of this hullabaloo my Father returned and managed to dislodge the car and send the good priest on his way. The distraction and confusion had earned me a totally unexpected reprieve.

Primary school ended at standard six (grade eight) and my parents had been unable to get me into the leading academic school of their first choice due to my lackluster academic achievements. My mother had decided that I was unmanageable and needed to be sent away to a Catholic boarding school where there would be adequate discipline.

To be continued in next News letter.

TSUNAMI RELIEF CHARITY DINNER

And silent Auction
26th Feb.

Cocktails 6pm * Buffet Dinner 7pm
Ron Allen and Ingrid McCord were in Phuket Thailand when the wave washed right to their feet. In a modest attempt to raise money specifically for the children of this area we are having a special evening at which Ron and Ingrid will share with us by means of photographs their experiences. PaSu will provide the venue and the meal and our staff have volunteered their time.

One hundred percent of the
Ticket Price of \$50

plus the proceeds of the silent auction will be donated to this worthy cause. Reservation essential.

Bogey

In March last year we acquired an adorable 6week old Golden Retriever cross Labrador. He was the quintessential Pup and the apple of Sue's eye and the baby of all the staff.

Just like every pup he chewed the furniture , destroyed at least three pairs of shoes, ate seven pairs of the gloves (only the right hand), destroyed the most expensive socks and chewed through three leads. He also chewed up a wood deck, dug escape routes under fences and excavated some pretty big holes.

In the summer months he began to take his environment seriously and found an endless source of pleasure in crawling under the bird netting protecting the strawberries and Saskatoon's and catching birds. A trait usually attributed to cats but one that he excelled at with a ruthlessness that earned him the nickname Coyote.

On the 24th of December he complained to us of not feeling well. He was taken to the vet and a dog chiropractor but kept on deteriorating. He passed away on the seventh of January with a very rare disease akin to MS.

We miss him very much and this is a little tribute to Bogey alias Shadow alias Coyote. Lalagahle Bogey. Tina tanda maningi. (zulu)

Please note...

SPRING & SUMMER MERCHANDISE

Will be arriving the beginning of
March

Summer Fashions

Home Décor

Garden Pots

Collectables

Gourmet Food

And our new cosmetic line.

VALENTINES EROTIC GOURMET EVENING

Once again by popular request we having our special Valentine's Dinner menu where the food is daringly arranged and selected for it's aphrodisiacal properties. If you are sensitive to amorous issues this is not for you. It has been so successful in the past that we are having two evenings. Reservations absolutely essential and this is a ticketed evening.

Warm Intimate Atmosphere

8 to 9 Gourmet Courses

Flowers on the Tables

Lamb as Entrée

Plate Service

Soft Music

And a Night to Remember

Arrive between 6pm and 6.30pm

Dinner starts at 7pm prompt

Saturday 12 & 19 Feb.

Price \$50 per person

(Gst & Service
not included)

