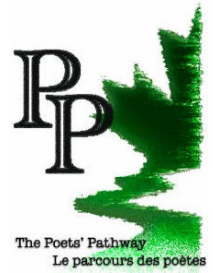


## POETS' PATHWAY NEWSLETTER February 2011



In this brand new decade, with our website and first three plaques up, feeling good, we are starting over again.

We plan to put a plaque in the Merivale area and one in the Alta Vista area. (Do you know that W. W. Campbell's last home still stands on Withrow Avenue, just off Merivale Road? He called it *Kilmorie*) We plan to have another concert, poetry readings, another garden party, walks and a bike ride, and to sell more bulbs. We will be at the Lakeside Winter Garden Party, Feb 27, at Britannia.

### Website

Our new website is online at [www.poetspathway.ca](http://www.poetspathway.ca) or [www.poetspath.ca](http://www.poetspath.ca). The history of the Poets' Pathway up to now is online at [www.greenspace-alliance.ca/poetspath](http://www.greenspace-alliance.ca/poetspath). We will post news there as well. Many thanks to YIC Development Services who gave so much time and creativity to our new site.

Many thanks to the gracious Susan McMaster and Dr. Lucie Hotte, who are allowing us to put the work they read at the Beechwood unveiling on our website.

### Lakeside Winter Garden Party!

Sunday, Feb 27, 11-2:30 in Britannia Park!  
Outdoor and indoor events! Sleigh rides, snowshoeing, a marshmallow roast, an art display, a show, chili, hotdogs, and prizes...  
You could walk to the water's edge and see the beautiful new bronze plaque we unveiled Sept. 29. Lines from Pauline Johnson's "The Song My Paddle Sings" are inscribed on it.  
This photo was taken Jan 1, 2011



### Beginning, middle, end- The Unveiling at Beechwood Cemetery

On November 9, 2010, our third plaque was unveiled on Poet's Hill in Beechwood National Cemetery. This plaque marks the end of the Pathway, in the place where so many of our famous poets lie. We breathed in the crisp fall day under a bright blue sky as we listened to Susan McMaster perform a poem she had written for the occasion, and to speeches by the University of Ottawa's Lucie Hotte, Steven Artelle, and Councillor Jacques Legendre. Arc Poetry Magazine partnered with us, and after the unveiling we all enjoyed a catered reception in the elegantly appointed reception room, and listened to the finalists for the Arc Poetry Award read their work.

We are grateful to director, Roger Boulton, and Beechwood National Cemetery, who donated this plaque. Thanks to everyone who participated in the erecting of our first three plaques at Britannia, McCarthy Woods and Beechwood. We now have a plaque in each anchor of the Pathway.

### You can help us- with a membership...

We need your support. Please consider renewing your membership, or buying one if you haven't yet. Members receive a discount at our events and the newsletter, and will be invited to a special members-only event this year. Of course, you will also be helping make the next two plaques a reality.

A membership is \$20.00, or you can buy two for \$30.00. It's easy to do if you have a credit card, since there is a link to PayPal on our website. You can also send a cheque to the address on the website, 1217 Maitland Avenue, Ottawa, K2C2C4

### ...Or by working with us

We are looking for a new treasurer. Would you like to help, or can you recommend someone to us? Please take a minute to think, and let us know. We would love to work with more people. If you are interested in any one of our activities, or the project as a whole, and you have a few days, or more, tell us. Would you like to research, plan a bike ride or a walk, write a letter, hold an event?

### Ottawa's App Competition

We entered the city app competition with an idea for an app that would have a map of the Poets' Pathway, poems about Ottawa and information on practical items like nearby buses, restaurants – thanks so much to everyone who voted for us. We came third (out of 110 ideas). We hope someone will be interested and take our idea further.

### Grant

We applied for a grant from the city in November and expect to hear in April.

### Poetry

Thank you to Frances Curry who has just donated books of poetry from her bookstore.

There is a new celebration of poetry in Ottawa. Ottawa's new poetry festival, VERSeFest, is March 8-13, 2011. Details are at <http://www.versefest.ca>

### Anniversaries

Did you know that this year, 2011, marks the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the birth of five Confederation Poets? We plan to celebrate the 150<sup>th</sup> birthdays of Archibald Lampman, E. Pauline Johnson, Bliss Carman, F.G. Scott, and William Wilfred Campbell this year.

February 10 is the anniversary of Archibald Lampman's death. He died young, just 37, of pneumonia, days after trekking in the cold and snowy uplands of Ottawa. On that trip he wrote the poem 'Winter Uplands' that is inscribed on the plaque outside McCarthy Woods at the Hunt Club Community Centre – our first plaque. The grieving W.W. Campbell wrote a moving elegy for his friend and fellow poet.

### Stanzas from *Bereavement of the Fields* by William Wilfred Campbell

Soft fall the February snows, and soft  
Falls on my heart the snow of wintry pain;  
For never more, by wood or field or croft,  
Will he we knew walk with his loved again;  
No more, with eyes adream and soul aloft,  
In those high moods where love and beauty reign,  
Greet his familiar fields, his skies without a stain.

Soft fall the February snows, and hushed  
Seems life's loud action, all its strife removed,  
Afar, remote, where grief itself seems crushed,  
And even hope and sorrow are reproved;  
For he whose cheek erstwhile with hope was flushed,  
And by the gentle haunts of being moved,  
Hath gone the way of all he dreamed and loved.

Not his to wake the strident note of song,  
Nor pierce the deep recesses of the heart,  
Those tragic wells, remote, of might and wrong;  
But rather, with those gentler souls apart,  
He dreamed like his own summer days along,  
Filled with the beauty born of his own heart,  
Sufficient in the sweetness of his song.

And now, untimely cut, like some sweet flower  
Plucked in the early summer of its prime,  
Before it reached the fullness of its dower,  
He withers in the morning of our time;  
Leaving behind him, like a summer shower,  
A fragrance of earth's beauty, and the chime  
Of gentle and imperishable rhyme.

Soft fall the February snows, and soft  
He sleeps in peace upon the breast of her  
He loved the truest; where, by wood and croft,  
The wintry silence folds in fleecy blur  
About his silence, while in glooms aloft  
The mighty forest fathers, without stir,  
Guard well the rest of him, their rare sweet worshipper.