

# The Places We Call Home

a community book project  
by artists in Guysborough County, Nova Scotia



sponsored by ArtWorks East  
[www.artworkseast.ca](http://www.artworkseast.ca)

edited by Kas Stone  
[www.kasstone.ca](http://www.kasstone.ca)

# The Places We Call Home

## Contributing Artists (in alphabetical order by surname)

Tasha-Lynn Baxter .....	page 3
Barbara Bell .....	page 17
Lori Boudreau .....	page 2
Rob Carter .....	page 16
Fallon Conway-Boyd .....	page 15
Erin Curry .....	page 4
Peter Dadson .....	page 18
Neil Decoff .....	page 6
Mary Delorey .....	page 12
Mary Desmond .....	page 14
Lois Ann Dort .....	page 23
Moni Duersch .....	page 25
Mayan Evenhar .....	page 21
Julie-Anne Fox .....	page 22
Kelly Harnish .....	page 7
Wilda Kaiser .....	page 8
Jack Leonard .....	page 10
Lee Leonard .....	page 24
Sue Mitchell .....	page 9
Susan O'Handley .....	page 5
Nancy O'Regan .....	page 13
Sandra Reeves Winter .....	page 19
Renee Sagebear .....	page 20
Jasmin Stoffer .....	page 11
Kas Stone .....	page 27
Steve Wright .....	page 26

# About This Project

Whether your family has been living here for generations or you are a brand new resident, there's no better place to call home than Guysborough County. Just ask the many visitors who came for a holiday and discovered they couldn't leave!

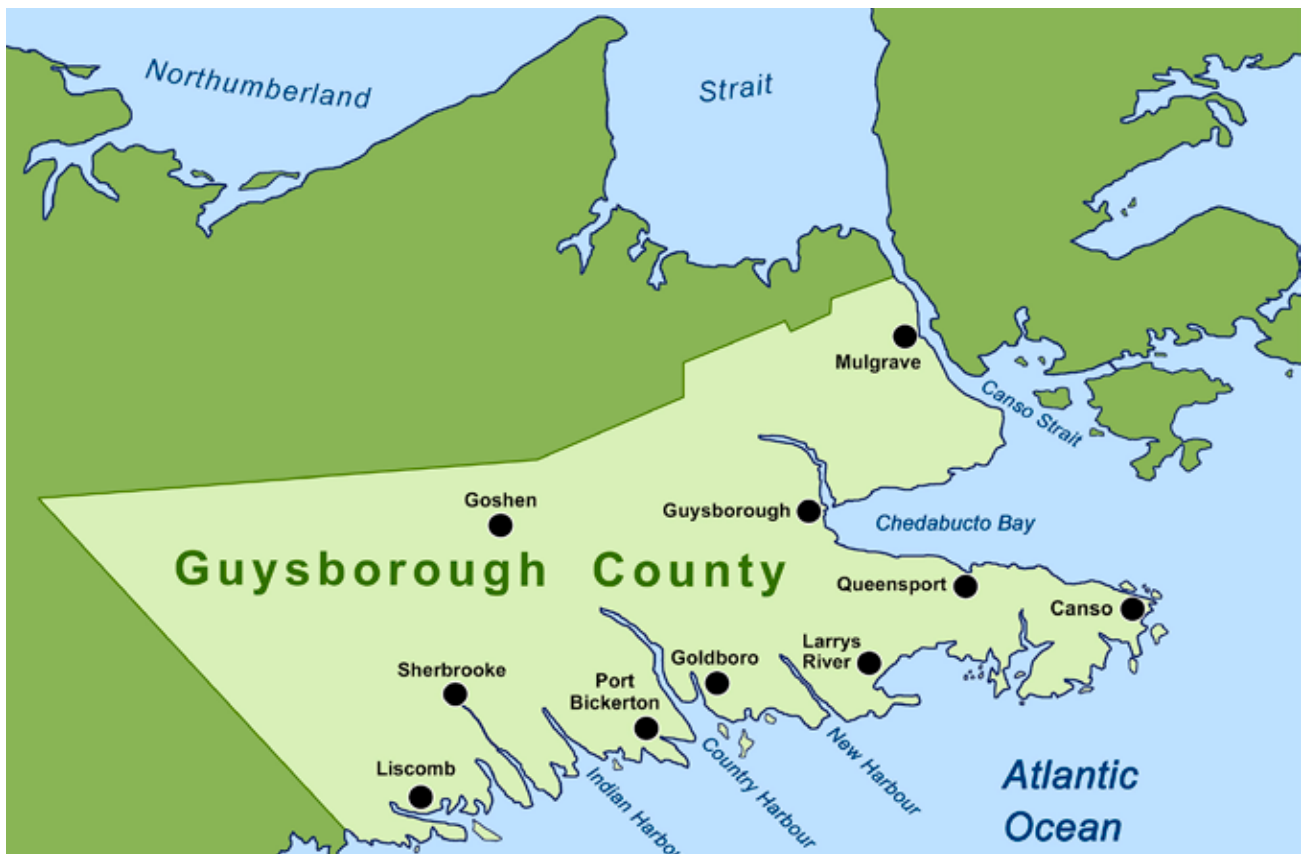
This community book project invites you to think about what "home" means to you. Is it a physical place (a geographic location, a house)? Is it a biographical place (where you were born, where you grew up, where your family lives, where you live now)? Is it an emotional place, where your heart is, where you feel a sense of belonging? Or is it a community of friends?

We see "home" in different ways at different times in our lives. Sometimes we can't wait to get away from it; at other times we are homesick and long to return.

Twenty-six Guysborough County artists and art-lovers took up the ArtWorks East challenge and contributed pictures and a few words about what home means to them. AWE member Kas Stone compiled and edited their contributions to create this book.

ArtWorks East gratefully acknowledges Nova Scotia Health's Community Wellness Grant for the funding that enabled "The Places We Call Home" project.

Summer 2022





## Lori Boudreau

Port Felix has been my home for the past 46 years, but having had a Lighthouse keeper for a Dad, I spent my formative years on the Atlantic Ocean and have always felt I have saltwater running through my veins. In my heart, saltwater means “home” to me. I look for it wherever I go, and the rougher

the ocean, the better I like it. Tor Bay Beach is my go-to spot. It cures anything that ails me, both physically and mentally. My friends know that I secretly call it “my beach”!! The feeling of peace and calm I get there is indescribable and is always available. It is my heart’s “home”.





### **Tasha-Lynn Baxter**

Port Shoreham Beach is one of my favourite places in Guysborough County. Growing up in St. Francis Harbour allowed me access to many beaches, but Port Shoreham Beach was particularly special because it gave me access to Ragged Head – the place where my grandfather, Fred Grady, fished for

most of his life. Visiting Port Shoreham Beach not only provides me with the solace that going to the beach often offers, but it gives me the opportunity to reflect upon and explore the place where my grandfather spent the majority of his working days.



## **Erin Curry**

Welcome to Magic Cove!

Nova Scotia is full of many beautiful sights to see.

We have waterfalls and beaches, but they're not just for me.

So I'm showing you the Magic,

The hike is simple, nothing tragic.

Set your heart on explore, and go visit some more

Of the sights we have on every shore.





## **Susan O’Handley**

August is a special time in Canso, Nova Scotia. It’s the month when we host family, friends and tourists, especially during the Canso Regatta. The area in this picture is known by locals as “Irishtown.” The dories are at rest in the early morning as the misty fog is lifting to reveal a

beautiful summer day. These particular dories are only in the water for about a week each year, as they are used for the Regatta Dory Races. Since 1885, the Canso Regatta has celebrated the proud maritime heritage – and the people – of Canso and the surrounding communities.



## Neil Decoff

This photo comes from Guysborough Intervale, a place where I have lived my entire life. It was taken from what we call “The Middle Bridge” on the CrossRoads. This was the place where we went as young people to swim, fish, sing and to

just hang out. You can see how beautiful the scenery is as you look down the mouth of the Milford Haven River. I wanted to share with everyone how proud I am to call Guysborough Intervale my home.





## **Kelly Harnish**

Growing up on the ocean instills an energy that is not really appreciated until you leave the ocean for a prolonged period of time... say, for a whole career! With this appreciation comes the realization that the part of you that is missing is

the ocean. Then comes the longing to return. This is a view of a sunrise from the location where this longing ended for me: Andrews Island, Canso, Nova Scotia.



## **Wilda Kaiser**

Guysborough County, for those of us who grew up here and moved away, often holds sweet memories of childhood. Family gatherings, beach bonfires, starlit skies and forest walks. Working across Canada throughout my career, these memories fuelled a

need to return to a peaceful sanctuary when we retired. Twenty-five years ago we purchased this old house, built by my great great grandparents, and project by project we are bringing her back to life. New generations, new memories.



## **Sue Mitchell**

I have so many favourite places to draw from that it was very hard to pick just one. But in the end, it was obvious. Finding my home here in Charlos Cove is what has enabled this transition in my life. I am

fortunate to have everything I need right outside my door. The views are stunning any time of day but I became mesmerized by the sunrises from the outset. This winter morning was no exception.





**Left (2006):** cozy and romantic but a tiny kitchen and no room for guests!

**Below (2022):** still cozy, but now with a studio for Lee, a good kitchen, plenty of room for grandchildren, and a great view of Chedabucto Bay.



## Jack Leonard

I attended college in rural New Hampshire in the late 1960s where I did a lot of hiking and camping in the White Mountains. I imagined that I would spend my life in a log cabin in the country and, ideally, next to the ocean. Life led elsewhere, of course, and I spent thirty-one years in very urban

Boston instead. My wife Lee and I looked all over New England for a getaway but nothing was ever affordable. When we discovered this tiny 20 x 20 foot cabin in Guysborough County in 2006, I felt like a long-forgotten dream had come to life again. And now it's our home. Thank you Canada!



## Jasmin Stoffer

My folks have a summer cottage in Upper Whitehead. This is a picture of my partner, Scott Makepeace, and our family pet, Buddy the dog (Buddy was actually born in Whitehead!) relaxing on a foggy day in the cottage.

Whitehead (to me) means to recharge, relax, and reconnect with one another. There is a sense of community in this region of the province that reminds us of how human-to-human connection is just as important as the connection that humans need to have with Earth Mom.

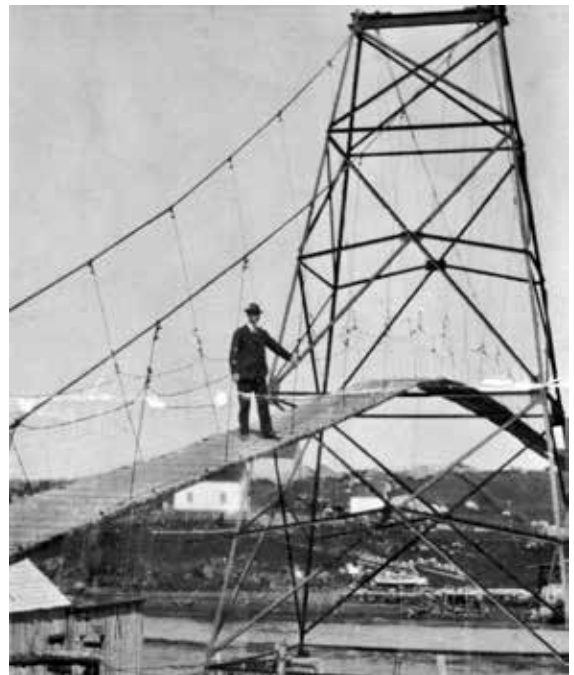
Coming here, being so close to the sea, sky, and forest, reminds me to prioritize what is truly important: family, friends, and my own health. Whitehead reminds me constantly of the quote by spiritual leader Ram Dass “Be Here Now”. In a time of constant worry, there’s no better place for me to find calm again. Buddy loves it too. I hope this region stays this special forever.





## Mary Delorey

Homestead Memories: The 300-foot Larry's River pedestrian bridge has functioned as a critical link within our Acadian community for 98 years. Its span is only steps away from the eastside home where I was born and now live. My father, Alfred Delorey, worked on the original steel cable suspension bridge in 1924. My mother, Elizabeth Delorey, remembers crawling across the suspended bridge when high winds made it swing. The original bridge was dismantled in 1944 and replaced with a wooden bridge. That wooden bridge was my link for walking to school, attending church, buying goods at the store, going for mail, and attending events. Today it is also part of recreational activities and is a tourist attraction.







## Nancy O'Regan

It is such a blessing to watch another generation of cousins grow up more like sisters and friends, in a place where memories are as plentiful as skipping rocks along the shore, and gatherings of the Halloran clan can happen anytime, anywhere. It is where my heart finds home.

**Photo:** my granddaughters, Evy Pellerin and Parker Campbell, May 2019.



**Mary Desmond** – UBT Underground Railway Quilting Project

The quilting project started in early January 2011 for African Heritage Month by Upper Big Tracadie Seniors Action Club. The Club decided to do the Underground Railway Quilt because it is an important part of our history. African slaves, known as fugitives, took this secret route to escape to freedom. It was so named because fugitives who traveled on it just seemed to vanish as if traveling underground.

We had no idea what was entailed in this endeavour. Over the months, the project took on a wonderful growth of its own. We were not just quilters, but a band of sisters. Sisters with no barriers in community, race or ethnic background, age or sewing experience. With each stitch, the friendship grew, the quilt was completed and this band of sisters remains as solid as the circle it formed eleven years ago.





### **Fallon Conway-Boyd**

Lobster fishing off the breathtaking rugged coast of Whitehead, Nova Scotia. Crew member Conor Munroe aboard *Deliverance* with skipper Patrick Conway leading the way.





## **Rob Carter**

Summers were all about heading home to Guysborough, six of us in the car on those crooked old post roads. The family farm had become the family beach cottage. Childhood memories were the endless days of playing on the beach, building rafts and tree forts, picking berries, and board games on the rainy days.

A walk up to Philips Harbour might include a butterscotch ice cream sundae at Carters Grocery.

Remember the wooden spoons? Local fisherman Doug Rhynold would take me out in his single cylinder make'n'break powered boat to haul lobster traps. On a good day he might make \$100.

Summer trips home were the highlight of the year, but as the years went by, leaving at the end of the summer became harder than the year before.

That is why, in 2010, it was time to say goodbye to California and come home to stay.



## **Barbara Bell**

One of the best things about living in Guysborough County to me is the constant relationship to the water. I have experienced daily moments of awe by doing nothing more than glancing out a window. This photo was taken in August 2019 as I made my way home after a sleep-deprived night. It felt like a gift!

I subsequently found out that the lone sculler in the photo is none other than Jack Leonard (ArtWorks East President).



## **Peter Dadson**

Located close to Guysborough atop a broad hill with a commanding but intimate view of the back fields, and to the east an equally commanding but distant view of a thin blue line marking the ocean.

Aunt Jenny always had a vegetable garden from which we “borrowed” baby carrots, all while under her unseen but ever present eye.

In the fall there were always red apples and sometimes cups of cocoa. Aunt Jenny was always the best.

Some people today, while enjoying the yard, say that they still see Aunt Jenny sitting in this window, even though she died back in '55.





### **Sandra Reeves Winter**

So many reasons to be grateful, this being at the top of the list. Our front yard. The fire in the sky transcends to the soul, giving life and creating inspiration. My raison d'être, my palette, my home.



## **Renee Sagebear**

An ordinary spot on a boardwalk that crosses boggy ground where weeks previous there was just a hint of plant life waking from winter slumber; now clangs

with clusters of giraffe-like, lean stems topped with red-gold bonnets that shade greetings of fresh, green faced pitcher plant.





## **Mayan Evenhar**

During the summertime I love walking down MacPherson's Lake Road while the sun is still shining. One day when I was doing my daily walk down the road I spotted a fawn. Usually fawns are very scared but this fawn was very curious and

started to walk toward me. As I started to walk towards it I stepped on a branch and accidentally scared it, and as it was running away it stopped and took a look back before going back home.



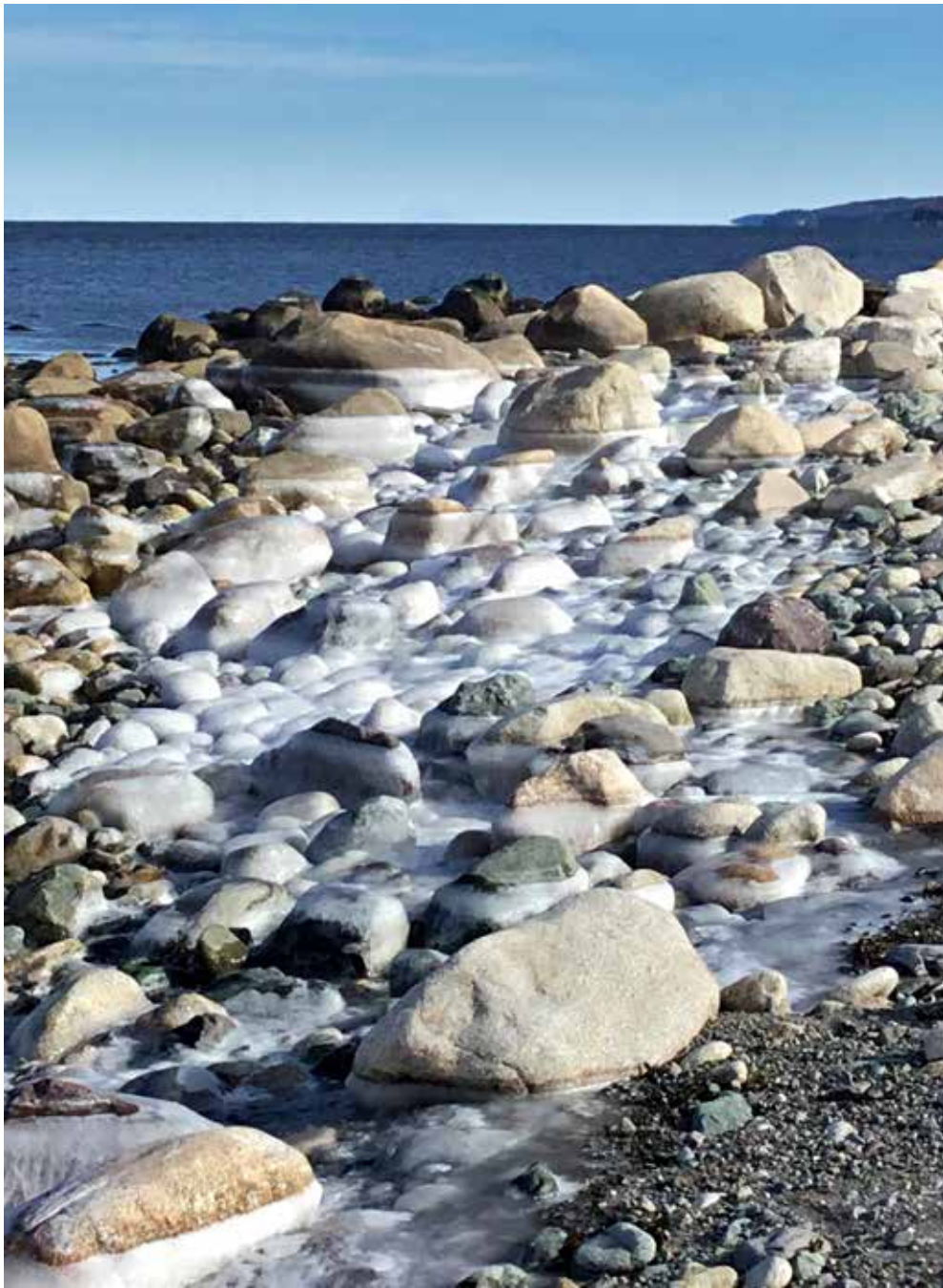


## **Julie Anne Fox**

Not being a morning person's only flaw is missing the sunrise. I make up for it by walking my dogs at the "golden hour" almost every evening at Dorts Cove Beach, Guysborough. It's a unique ecosystem where the Salmon River meets the Chedabucto Bay.

Every day is different. Different weather of course, but here sometimes the river flows upstream, or

down, or not at all, depending on the tides. I have gotten to know the families of seals, bald eagles, and terns that visit. I have eaten the wild raspberries, smelled the roses, been blown around by storms and baked in the sun on this little strip of land. I feel privileged that such an amazing place is only a six-minute drive from my home.



### **Lois Ann Dort**

Dorts Cove has been my playground at every age and stage in life and in every season. It is ever changing, an art gallery of nature's design. No matter where my feet are planted, my heart is

always here. For over two hundred years my family has called this coast home, our bodies and breath are born of this place.





*Surf II*, Oil on canvas, 36"x 30"

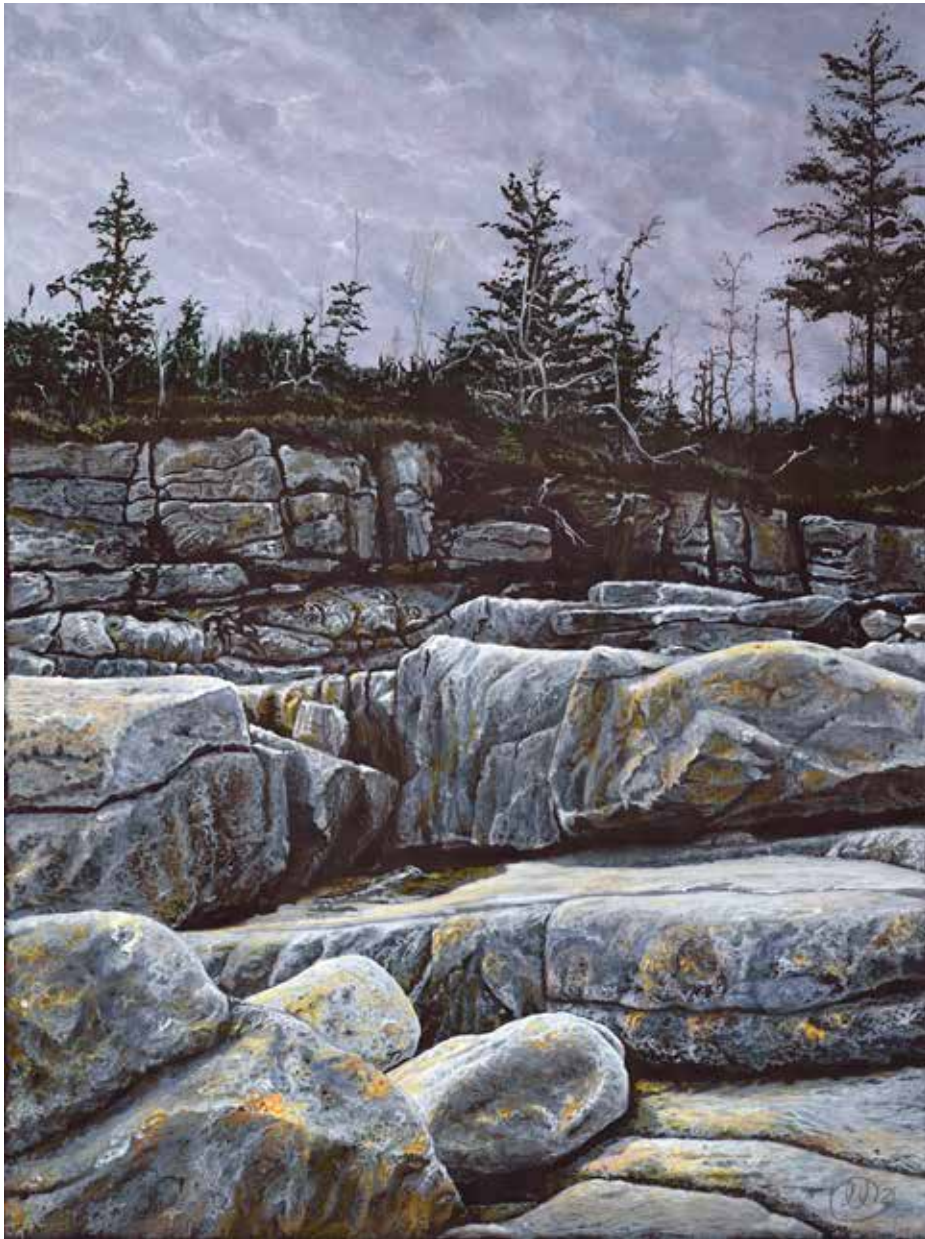
## Lee Leonard

This image is a painting of a small part of the ocean. It reminds me of the impermanence of my life. It's not a place to put down roots. You cannot put your feet on solid ground. You cannot call it your own. It is in constant motion from the forces of nature. It reminds me of my immigrant family looking for a better life, a place they could fit into. It makes me think of them settling down, only to find themselves, as teenagers, going off to WWII. It reminds me of the aftermath of such carnage and loss. It reminds me of the places we lived in as they built their lives. A housing project, a family of eight in a station wagon, a lovely suburban home, another housing project, a

dreamy California home, a place with a lovely view of the mountains, a sweaty home in the bayou, a tiny, smelly, noisy apartment complete with city wildlife, raising kids in a dormitory with moldy walls, a convenient city home and the breathtaking beauty of a place I now reside.

Just as the ocean is teeming with life, so are all the places I've called home. A mix of different peoples, food, language, music, culture, religions, philosophies, theories, political persuasions, sometimes competing, sometimes peaceful and all things in-between.





*Granite Shores of Whitehead*  
Acrylic on canvas, 12" x 16", 2021

## **Moni Duersch**

The first time I came to Whitehead and walked its rocky shores, I was overcome with a sense of peace and an amazing feeling of belonging. The sun warmed rocks, their rugged and colourful appearance, the shelter I found between them from the cold ocean breeze in early spring. The steady sound of waves crashing against their rounded surface. I knew in my heart, that this place was

as close to heaven, as I'll ever be. From now on, I always wanted to smell the salty ocean breeze, mixed in with the aromatic scents of woods that line the shores. Now my house snuggles onto a beautiful little hillside on Witchcove, where after 21 years, I still feel the same awe when looking out of my windows. I am home!



## Steve Wright

House to Home: I was four years old when my parents bought their first house at 5 Pleasant Street in Guysborough. This was to become home for my three brothers, one sister and me.

In many ways it became our anchor, our safe harbor where we returned many times with our successes and failures after venturing out to discover the world. In that house we learned the meaning of home and family. Then, as we grew to discover and appreciate the diversity of our

community, so grew that place we call home.

Things have changed in seventy years, and although I now enjoy living off the beaten track among the barrens and bogs of Guysborough County, that little village at the headwaters of Chedabucto Bay will always be home to me.

**Photo:** Even in the harshest of conditions, Mother Nature's art never ceases to amaze and humble me.



## **Kas Stone**

I spent my childhood in Nova Scotia but have moved quite a few times in the decades since then. Some of these moves were by choice, others were necessary for work or family reasons. More often than I would like, home has been a place I disliked: a noisy city, a shared apartment, somewhere I kept my stuff and returned to reluctantly each night — sometimes even in tears at the end of a holiday!

The older I get and the more I learn about myself, the closer I am to finding a home that suits me. A place where wilderness prevails. A place of bogs, barrens and windswept beaches, where I can find space, silence, solitude, yet a few kindred spirits too.

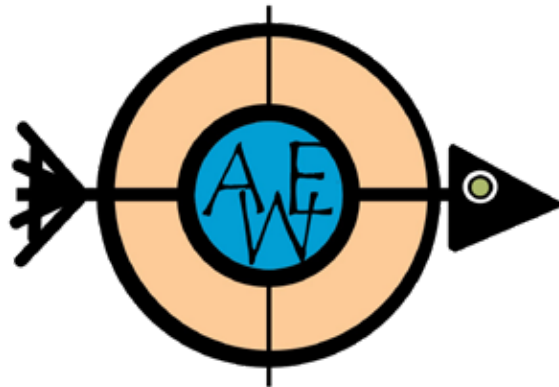
Guysborough County is such a place, and it's as close as I've ever come to feeling "at home".



# Guysborough County A Secret Worth Sharing!

ArtWorks East (AWE) is an association of visual artists and crafters who live in Guysborough County. Our vision is a community where the skills and related products of the visual arts and crafts are appreciated, shared, taught, promoted, and purchased by residents and visitors, both young and old.

Our non-profit corporation began in 2019 and is listed with the Nova Scotia Registry of Joint Stocks. We welcome local artisans of all ages and levels of experience as well as those who want to support the visual arts in our area.



[www.artworkseast.ca](http://www.artworkseast.ca)  
Summer 2022