

Charles Summer 25 #5:

Saints of New Brunswick



After we left the ferry from Grand Manan Island, we left the fog behind, and drove toward some of New Brunswick's Saints. There are many places in New Brunswick named after saints. We'd been to several. We were returning to two. And found a third.



Our first stop was the city of Saint John. We had a few reasons to stop there. One was to visit Jim's old friend from their UofT days, Dean Turner.



Dean has a lovely home overlooking a bay on the outskirts of Saint John.



He's also got a Charles-sized driveway which we were able to park in for two nights.
Thanks Dean!



For many years, Dean has been involved with the Saint John Theatre Company, and he'd wanted Jim to meet its Artistic Director, Stephen Tobias. That finally happened.

After telling us about what the theatre has been up to and plans to do next, Stephen took us on a tour of the site of the old courthouse which is going to be transformed into an amazing theatre space.





Obviously, there's a lot of work to be done, but the plans are quite exciting. Of course, this grand staircase will be maintained. And an elevator will obviously need to be installed.

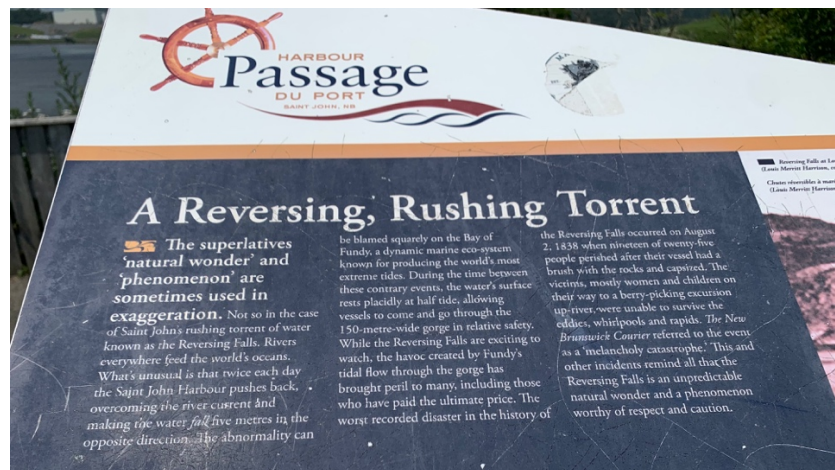
Stephen stressed that as many aspects of the original building as possible will be retained. And they have a lot of plans on how to engage the community of Saint John in this massive undertaking. Looking forward to seeing its progress the next time we come to Saint John.



Earlier that day, we had some free time, so Jim and I decided to find a spot where we could park and do some work, ideally beside water. I saw a road on the map called “Fallsview Ave”. We decided to check it out. There were places to park by the river, with an industrial plant across from us. It wasn’t the most picturesque place.



One tourist site we’d never seen in Saint John was the famous “Reversing Falls”. I’d always teased Jim that he wouldn’t take me to see this famed site. By accident, that’s exactly where we’d landed!



Not only had we stumbled onto Reversing Falls, we got there just as the famous reversal (which happens twice a day, like the tides) was starting to happen!

(Dedicated blog readers might remember that a similar thing happened to us in our last visit to New Brunswick, when we parked in a secluded spot by the Bay of Fundy, only to discover that we were at the point where the retreating tides create a sandbar road to Ministers Island. Dumb luck follows us!)

As you can see here, the river is quite calm, but there's a ripple moving downriver. Something was happening, but certainly not a "rushing torrent". We were questioning whether this was worthy of being a major St. John tourist site.



We followed a path upstream past an island, and saw a little action but nothing to get excited about.



We walked all the way to a lookout, and wondered what there was to look out to.



But over time, as we stood and watched, the ripple became more obvious ...



And the water began to swirl around the island.



The powerful pull of the water was so much more obvious.



And by the time we left, the waters were quite choppy. Apparently if we'd stayed longer, we would've seen crashing waves.



Okay, it's not
Niagara Falls ...
or even Grand
Falls.

But on the plus
side, I won't
have to bug Jim
about never
taking me to
Reversing Falls.



And as if we needed another reminder of what happens when you keep your eyes open, as we were walking back to Charles, I noticed some movement in the greenery along the path. And there, looking back at me...



For reasons that you'll read about later, we had to be back in Saint John the following Monday, so we decided to visit another beloved saint in New Brunswick. We headed down the road to return to a favourite saint, St. Martin's for the weekend.



Along the way, we were reminded that we were surrounded by sea people.



Because of course, we were surrounded by the sea.



And where there's sea, there are lighthouses. We decided to visit one that showed up on the map. We drove as far as we could and then walked.

Yes, we were once again intrepid! But we picked a great day for it!



Looking one way, we saw these great cliffs.



Looking another way,
blue, blue skies and
fabulous wildflowers.

And then this spectacular view of the lighthouse.



As we continued on, we saw the impressive bay on which the town of St. Martin's sits.



We'd been told by our friend Dean that Spinney's was the place to go to get seafood in St. Martin's.



Judging by the traffic around the place, he was right. We stopped and got some scallops which I cooked up the next day. Yum!



We'd been to St. Martin's a couple of times before and stayed in the same campground.



Right on the water of course. And in this case, gives us a view of the intriguing caves, which you can walk into – if the tides allow.

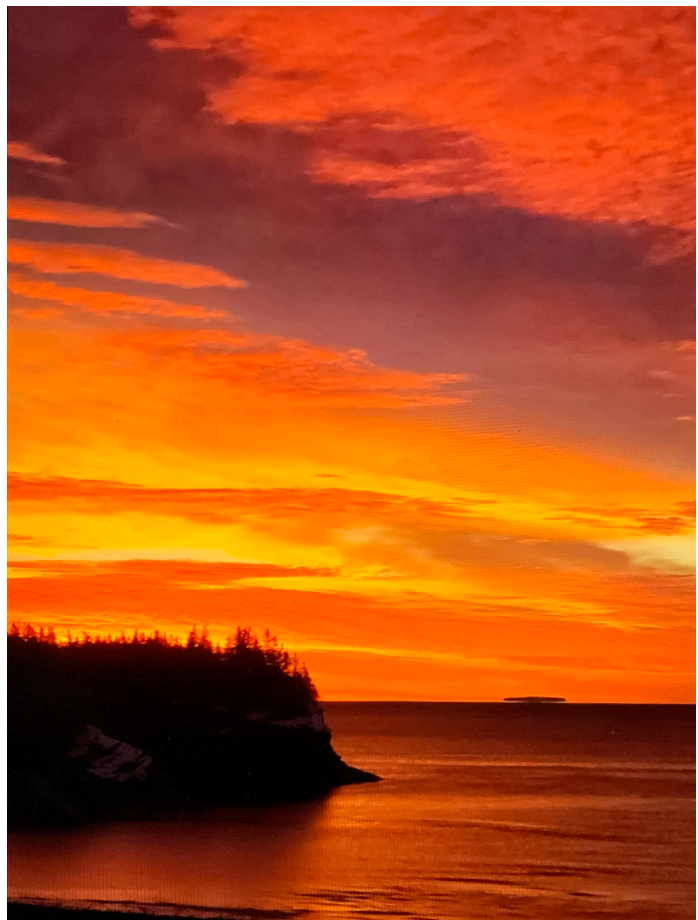


We managed to spend a little time with our friends Tom and Judith who moved to St. Martins from Ontario three years ago, and have fit right into the community there.



Their home overlooks the beach with the caves, and Tom regularly posts photos of sunrises outside his living room window. They generally look something like this.

(Sorry Tom – I stole this from your Facebook page. I hope you don't mind.)



I got up early one morning in the hope of catching a great sunrise shot. Nice, but not quite up to Tom's calibre.



But we enjoyed our weekend in this quirky, colourful community that's full of character. Which is why we enjoy this partiular New Brunswick saint.





I mentioned earlier that we had a reason to go back to St. John.

Here's a hint.



During our travels, we'd noticed that our coach batteries (the ones that power all the electrics in the part of Charles that we live in) were not doing their job properly. When we weren't plugged in to power and were reliant on those batteries, we couldn't operate anything like the toaster or the coffee maker, which in the past the batteries had powered perfectly well.

It seemed it was time to replace the batteries. But there are two challenges there: Finding the right batteries and finding someone who actually had the time to install them.

When we got close to Saint John, Jim called Dean and asked if he knew anyone. It turned out that Dean has a cousin, Tyler. He tracked down a Canadian Tire that had the batteries. So we picked them up, and when we drove back to Saint John, he installed them for us – at virtually no cost.

So, we discovered there was another saint in New Brunswick: St. Tyler.

