

The Order of the White Moon Goddess Gallery Presents

A Goddess Among Us: Blanche Kozloski (Paternal Grandmother)
Level III - Final Project – Aurora Silverspiritus Amadahy



Blanche Kozloski nee Harriott was born September 30, 1926. Her parents were Harvey and Mary Harriott and she was the 13th of 16 children. Blanche passed away December 14, 2010 at the Meadow Lake Hospital.

Blanche grew up on a farm south of Beaver River, SK and later moved to Dorintosh, SK where she helped out in her parents store (Dorintosh General Store). In 1945 she married William (Wardy) Sundquist and had 2 children: Dean and Dianna which she raised on a farm north of Dorintosh, SK. Being the strong independent woman, she was, she divorced William Sundquist, when his alcoholism overtook everything in his life and later moved to Meadow Lake, SK where she worked at the Meadow Lake Hospital. She married Nick Kozloski in 1972. She touched many people with her warm, sincere smile and caring soul.

My Grandmother got a divorce when divorces were taboo. She was a Single Mother and raised her 2 children on a working farm. She loved to sing, write, sew, quilt, cook, bake, fish, garden and pick berries. She was strong and independent and at 6 feet tall, walked with a stately grace. It is through my Grandmother, that I can trace my roots back to the Mayflower and it also through my Grandmother that I am able to claim my Metis Status.

The following is an excerpt that my Grandmother wrote:

Harvey And Mary Harriott
By Daughter, Blanche Kosloski (as in Meadow Lake and
Dorintosh History Books)
Published 1981

Harvey Henry was born Jan 7, 1881 in Viola, Illinois, USA. He lived with his parents, Jesse and Evva Harriott. He married Jennie Merrick in 1904. Born of this marriage were nine children, Walter, Edward, Minnie, Jack, Lucille, Louise, Roberta, Beth, and Jesse. Walter died at birth, and Louise died at the age of nineteen. Harvey's wife Jennie died soon after the birth of Jesse in June of 1917.

In May of 1919 he married Mary Swain. Seven children were born of this marriage; Doreen, Jim, Evva, Blanche, Velma, Marcella and Raymond (called Fritz).

Shortly after Harvey's first marriage, he came to Canada to look for work or land, then returned for his family and immigrated to Canada near Aledema in southern Saskatchewan. He rented land here for two years and endured very hard times, moving on to Success, Sask., and taking a homestead, where the family lived until 1919.

Harvey's dream was to be a rancher. He had twenty two head of horses and quite a few cattle. So once again he pulled up stakes and headed north, travelling by covered wagon and chasing the cattle and horses, landing in the Meadow Lake, Sask. area in October. He found a house for his family at the backwater on the spot where Dr. Letkeman's house now stands.

The following spring, Dad moved to the Jack Murray farm. Here some of the children were able to attend school, although it was a five mile walk, through all sorts of weather.

Times were very hard and, to add to it, there was a constant battle with bed bugs and head lice. Mom would just get them all cleaned out and someone would bring them back again.

Dad finally got some land to start ranching in 1925, along the north side of the Beaver River, east of Barnes Crossing. We spent one year there and then moved to Burk's ranch, where he worked while building up his own ranch. Two years later he moved back to his own place. When a school was opened at Beaver Dale, Dad took a homestead south of the river to enable the school agers to attend school.

All these years were lean and hard. Though grass grew in abundance and the wild berries were plentiful, it was a long way to market and prices were unbelievably low. Three and four year old steers would bring only five or ten dollars after the grueling work of getting them there. In later years, Dad went into sheep, which was very hard work, only to be repaid by the great losses from coyotes, wolves and great blue herons. We spent hours and hours herding them and bringing them home at night, but still the loss was great. One winter Dad killed nine timber wolves, which meant something special for each of us.

Mom (Mary) was a wonderful seamstress and could make lovely clothes from things from whatever was at hand. She was never idle, sewing, knitting or midwifing. Dad trapped and hunted, and several winters he went north, fishing to make extra money. He was a good shot and when he went out for a deer, he never came home empty-handed. We ate quite a lot of fish, rabbit, and venison.

We were unable to attend church regularly as it was so far to go, but often in summer when we went, we would pack a picnic lunch.

Although our parents must have had a lot of worries and been tired out most of the time, we kids were always well fed and happy. Sometimes on cold winter evenings we would pop our own home-grown popping corn and have a sing-song. We all learned to work at an early age, but had lots of recreation too. We learned to swim in the Beaver River. We had a winter crossing and a summer crossing on the river, from ranch to homestead; it was very familiar to all of us. Our youngest brother (Fritz) once drove a team and wagon across at the age of 6.

Our recreation was mostly family affairs, dance parties and picnics. Homemade ice cream was a great favorite and Mom and Dad played host to innumerable ice cream feeds on sunny Sunday afternoons during summer. Our door was always open to the weary traveler or neighbor alike, so we never lacked for company.

Farming, haying, etc. were all done with horses. When haying time rolled around, part of the family packed up and camped right at the meadows, taking along a milk cow. In wet weather there were berries to be picked and canned, and a trip home for more garden vegetables and supplies. Camping on a riverbank gives you quick access to an evening bath and relaxation.

At some time Dad had found a dentist's kit and with these forceps our teeth were extracted when necessary. People came from all around to ask for his help in ridding them of a

toothache, we little ones would cover their heads in pillows in case they hollered, (Often times they did.) but went home very grateful to be finished with that pain. Dad had a little caboose on the front of a bobsleigh and put a heater in it, thus we were transported to the doctor or hospital, it took all day, but was cozy.

Dad sold the ranch in 1944 and bought the store, which is now Dorintosh General. Due to his failing health he sold the store in 1948 and retired to the ranch which his son then owned. From there he drove the school bus for a few years, until he had to give that up because of his legs. He bought a quarter of land and kept a few cattle, pigs and chickens. Mom and Dad were alone now, we kids were all on our own.

A few year later, they moved into the Pioneer Lodge in Meadow Lake, where they spent their remaining years. Dad's legs gave out on him and he had to be in a wheelchair. But he was a great reader and enjoyed games and company. He died in June of 1963. Mom was still very active in lodge clubs and helping her neighbors or children. She died in March of 1969. They are laid to rest in Woodlawn Cemetery, Meadow Lake, Sask.

Tho this may seem like a hard time story, it really is not... there are many, many happy memories between these lines.

Natural Remedies

While working on this project, I was reminded of the power of natural remedies that my Grandmother used to aid me and others with when ill/hurt. Below are 2 natural remedies, that I remember my Grandmother using.

Bread & Milk Poultrice

To Draw Out an Infection/Prevent An Infection

- Place a small pot of milk on the stove and heat. The milk needs to be warm but not so hot that it will burn skin when placed directly onto it.
- Place a piece of bread or you can put chunks of bread into a bowl and pour the milk over it.
- Let the bread soften, mix the bread and milk until it reaches a paste consistency.
- Place on the wound, if need cover with a wool sock. (Nowadays, many people will use gauze, etc.; however my Grandmother either used a wool sock or a cotton towel.)

As a little girl, around 4yrs. of age, my Grandmother came to visit. I was out playing, it was a small community and children were allowed everywhere at that time, with no concern. Somehow while out playing I stepped on a nail, more like it went into the side of my foot (L.) just under the ankle bone and stuck there (still have the scar to this day). How I did this, I don't know other than to say, kids will be kids. I went home and the first thing my Grandma did was remove the rusty nail and then proceeded to get some bread and milk. She stuck this on my foot and told me I had to sit there until the bread dried out.

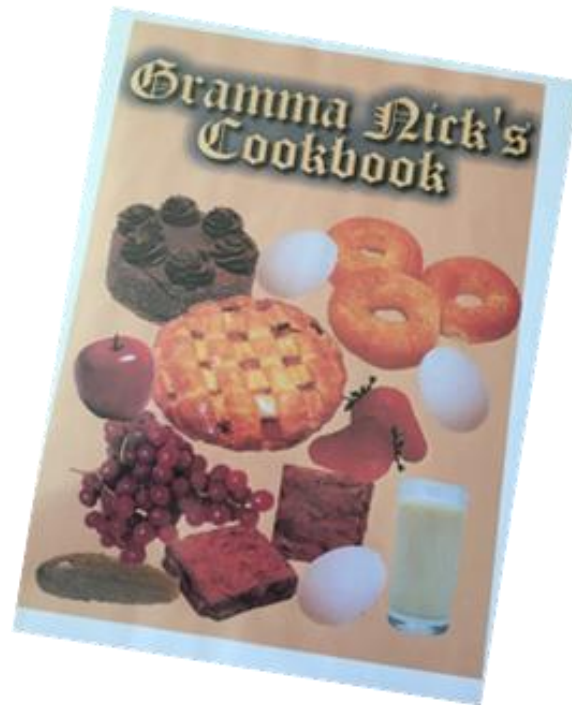
The hardest part of this remedy was having to sit still, for the bread to dry out. But looking back this accomplished 2 things. It allowed the bleeding to stop and kept me off my foot which reduced the swelling and pain as well. I didn't have an infection and the wound healed and the poultice removed the extra rust out of my foot.

Mustard Plaster

This was a catch all remedy for my Grandmother but it is commonly used for aches/pains and for chest coughs/congestions. My Grandmother never measured anything so I don't have measurements for the ratios but the more mustard you use the hotter the plaster will be.

- Mix flour and mustard powder (this can be either mustard powder (store) or from freshly ground seeds).
- Add warm water and mix until its pasty.
- Spread the plaster on a clean cotton towel and fold in half.
- Place the towel infused with the plaster onto the chest, or area that requires aid.
- Remove the plaster when skin starts to turn red. (Check frequently as the plaster can burn skin if left too long.)

As a child, I can remember my Grandmother making this remedy many times, as did my Mom when we had colds. The one thing I always remember is that you need to take care working with the mustard as it is a "hot" plant. Wash your hands frequently and clean all areas well and don't touch your face or eyes.



Yule/Christmas Tradition

When visiting Grandma at Yule/Christmas our holiday tradition was to make Reindeer buns. We would usually make these on the 21st or 22nd and if we ran out by Christmas day, Grandma would whip up another batch of dough. (Most of the recipes my Grandma used were by touch, feel or taste so putting a recipe book together based on her cooking was quite an undertaking that my Aunt did out of love for us all.

Bun Dough

Soak 2 packages of yeast in 1 cup of water 2 tsp sugar for about 10 minutes.

2 tsps salt
1 cup oil
2 cups hot water
4 beaten eggs
9 cups of flour
½ cup sugar

Mix sugar, salt, oil water and eggs. Make sure ingredients are not hot – then add yeast. Stir well and add flour. (The more you knead, the better the buns.) Let rise and punch down twice.

After the dough is ready, take and shape into Reindeer.

Bake at 350° for 15-20 minutes.

You may add raisins, during the first step to make raisin dough. You can make other Yule/Christmas shapes as well. Our tradition was Reindeer.

You may wish to add this chant to set a wonderful Yule intention:

Reindeer fly to the North & South
Reindeer fly to the East & West
Made with loving hands of time
Yule will bring all home to nest.
(ASA – Original)

Grandma Nick



As you may have noticed in the picture above, the Cookbook is called Gramma Nick's Cookbook. To all of us Grandchildren, she was always known as Gramma Nick. We couldn't say Kozloski as children and Grandpa's name was Nick, so they became known as Gramma and Grandpa Nick for the rest of their lives and ours.

One of my first memories that gets recalled instantly when I think of my Grandmother is of her and I walking down a snow covered street at night in the middle of Winter. I was still a small child (about 5yrs) and she had come to visit and we were on our way home from the library. My Grandmother was wearing her Brown fur coat and I remember looking up at her and seeing a bear walking beside me. I looked again and there was my Grandmother. That moment, introduced me to the fact that there can be more than what the eye sees and when I asked Grandma why she was bear, she told me there was nothing to worry about and that bears were our friends, but to always treat them with respect.



May Goddess hold you in peace Grandma.

Resources

<http://livingawareness.com/the-medicine-of-our-ancestors/>

<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~cansacem/woodlawn.html>

Meadow Lake History Book

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