



# Keith Worden

*Courtice/Ebenezer*

*Deep local farming roots, grew up across the field from his life-long friend, Rae Pickell*

“Pick” and I grew up one concession apart from each other. We were around before the 401. We were born into an era where it was still all farming in our community. Rae and I were just coming on the ground as the starts of modernization were appearing.

A good number of the farming legends from around here had to get jobs at General Motors while they farmed just to keep their own land. I always thought I would be a farmer, but it was hard to make a living by then. I gave up on that and went into town to get a job.

When we were kids, the way the community would work together was something remarkable. Before the 401, my uncles would gather up all the

grandkids, and we would shepherd these cattle up Church’s Road, or Trulls Road and take them across Bloor Street, and up the Prestonvale Road extension to these pasture lands. You’d have to run like crazy to make sure the cattle didn’t go onto someone’s lawn. That was our job... to keep them on the road. You had to be old enough to have some legs and some speed... otherwise you weren’t much use. But trying to outrun a heifer with a full steam is a bit of a trick.

Our generation had the best of it. A true farming childhood, and yet the modernization and new tech was starting to evolve... things changed like no other time in history. From horses, to cars, to airplanes, to rockets... we’ve pretty much taken it all in.

