



ROMANNCING THE STONES

DOWSERS, DRUIDS, GEOMANCERS, MYSTICS AND A LOT OF BIG OLD ROCKS

By Charlene & Robert Burns

Since moving to Caledon I've become a stone mover of sorts, digging and hauling bolders around our property to create an unique backyard landscape. In the process I have gained a new found respect from my less ambitious neighbours who were not used to watching me perform "Manuel Labour". I recall neighbours Chris and Diane Boyd commenting that an alien had taken over my body and insisted on taking photographs to prove it. The truth was that I was dabbling in the realm of magic and mysticism, a realm that includes druids, dowsers and spiritualists.

Since purchasing the home in the Cataract with his lovely wife and business partner Eileen Markell, they have completely renovated the house, erected a garage/games room/office, refaced the house and garage with stone, and replaced the driveway and pool deck with patterned concrete.

Mystical is not the first word you'd use to describe Tony Sevelka, this reknowned real estate appraiser and self proclaimed Citiot who moved from a 25' x 125' Toronto lot with no grass. Tony claims that this is when the ringing in his ears began, but all the Cataracians know that it was the druids that "spoke" to Tony in late August of 2006 when he was drawn to his recently upturned backyard. It was then that Tony's passion was formed.

All Cataracians had come to know that Tony was deathly allergic to any form of outdoor work that didn't involve real estate appraisal. Therefore, it came as a complete contradiction to the residents of Cataract when Tony was spotted digging in the back yard. At first, neighbours feared that Tony was burying a bad appraisal report, a former spouse or, it couldn't be, had he finally murdered Eileen!?! But no, it was the pais de resistance: his artistic landscaping of the pool area and rear yard with back-breaking labour.

Through the powers of liquid persuasion, and for those who wanted to come for a swim, moving rocks was required. He even employed child labour in requiring his nephews, sons, and grandchildren to toil by helping him excavate and relocate rocks. Tony also discovered the "iceberg principle" which would occur when Tony would find a small outcropping. He would start by digging around what appeared to be a small stone which he would discover was a large rock. By the time his friends came over in the afternoon for a drink, Tony was knee deep in soil and the hole was large enough to swallow a small car. With the begging, borrowing and stealing of the Boyd's and Cunningham's dollies and after several beer, the testosterone was flying and the male Cataractians were shimmying bolders from earth to berm and beyond.

As it started with Eileen remarking "I love that piece of copper", "I love that Chinese urn", or "I love that Greek pot", so it was with the one rock when Eileen exclaimed "I love that rock". Now Stonehenge outcroppings can be seen in the Sevelka/Markell backyard. Unfortunately, Tony's passion did not extend to gardening, as the pine tree in the picture has succumbed.

Tony's re-election campaign contributions can be mailed to: 18140 Cataract Road ("I love being mayor - and I'm out of rocks!").

