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Cariboo Legs raises awareness of Missing and Murdered Women - page 13

ALBERTA STREET NEWS

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Celebrating 13 years at ASN

November 16, 2016 is the 13th anniversary of Alberta Street News (formerly Edmonton Street News). We will be having a Dinner Theatre, with poets and musicians per-

forming while the meal is served at St. Faiths at 11723-93 Street starting at 1 p.m. on November 16. Supporters, writers and vendors are all welcome to come and celebrate!

Looking back to the beginning of Art From the Unknown

By Linda Dumont

The year marked the 18th anniversary of Art From the Unknown, and my thoughts went back to that first art show. Theresa McBryan and I, both writers for Our Voice the Street Newspaper, were also both artists. We approached former MLA Raj Pannu with the idea for an art show for artists living in poverty. He thought it was a good idea and the art show was born.

For the steering committee, Keith Wylie, the editor of Our Voice, joined Theresa and me at a downtown coffee shop. There we brainstormed ideas for a name for the art show. Finally, we agreed on Art From the Unknown. Both Theresa and I are science fiction buffs so we liked the science fiction feel, but it fit because it also refers to unknown artists.

That first year, I phoned 80 artists to invite them to the show! And I sold a small watercolor called The Food Bank Window, showing a mother and baby getting food. I had it priced at \$55 but one of the lines of the dollar sign was a bit displaced, so the buyer happily paid \$155!

Over the years, the show has evolved to include any artist who is not making a living from sale of art. And it is nice to see that the art show has continued. Out of the Shadows, one of the groups that showed that first year, is now part of AMSA. - **more on page 5**

Our Readers Write

Dear Linda,

I purchased Street News for the first time today from one of your kind vendors. I was extremely moved by the article by Maria B. "Longing for A Mother" (September issue).

I am a documentary filmmaker currently exploring the impact of motherloss on my own life and the life of other motherless women. I lost my mother when I was 13 to cancer and this article made me realize that motherloss touches many of us in many different ways.

I admire Maria B. for writing this beautiful, honest, and touching article.

I write a blog called "Sans maman" on the theme of motherloss (it is in French - I am a francophone!) you can find it here <https://sansmamanblog.wordpress.com/> I will publish a blog and share my thoughts about how Maria B's article impacted my day today. I thought I would let you know.

Warmly,
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Thank you for the Days

By Timothy Wild

Poverty got quite a bit of attention in October. First, October 16 marked World Food Day, sponsored by the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) of the United Nations to celebrate the founding of the FAO in 1945. The theme of this year's Day was the link of climate change to food production, distribution and consumption. Second, October 17 was the International Day for the eradication of poverty, first introduced in the 1980s to promote global efforts to reduce and eventually eliminate extreme poverty.

These sanctioned and popular "Days" are undoubtedly important in terms of shining a light of conscience and discomfort on the grave problems of environmental injustice, food insecurity and other manifestations of poverty, marginalization and inequality. However they are not enough. Poverty and other forms of marginalization and inequality continue to be unnecessary social problems. And while the resolutions passed by the FAO, for example, can provide some framework and ideas for policy change (i.e the basic point made at the 1974 World Food Conference that people should not go to bed hungry), we have to move beyond simple and heartfelt resolutions into the realm of social, political and economic action. Both globally and locally people are having considerable difficulty in meeting their basic needs. This is unacceptable. This is, also, utterly preventable. When it comes right down to it, poverty and injustice are based on the results of political choices and entrenched economic privilege. We can, therefore, choose hope and progress over fear. We can change things. And there are some examples of this in terms of public policy in Alberta.

October also marked an increase in our province's minimum wage to \$12.20 per hour. Using the standard 37.5 hour week, a person working for minimum wage would receive

an income of about \$450 per week, or \$23,400 for the entire year. Compare this income to the cost of living in Alberta. Now, admittedly, most people working minimum wage do not work "full time" at one job. They either work part-time due to a variety of considerations (including childcare responsibilities) or supplement their job income by working at another job or jobs. But it is a start.

However, as was expected, this small increase was greeted by the hostility of the chattering classes, as reflected in the output of op-ed columns and editorial cartoons. The usual spectre of automation replacing jobs – ostensibly due to increases in wages – was gleefully illustrated in a cartoon in the Calgary Herald; as if the general drive for profit caused by these machines is simply and strictly related to the costs of minimum wage labour. They also wrote about the increases in wages hitting the very viability of some more marginal enterprises, and resulting in job losses. As an aside, I wonder what the editorials in newspapers in South Carolina said in response to the political and legislative changes of 1865? But, back to 2016, shouldn't people come before profits? Doesn't every person, simply by virtue of being a human, deserve some level of guaranteed, basic income? The good will of special international days aside, apparently the consensus of the bourgeois cool is apparently no, they shouldn't!

Social assistance rates theoretically designed to meet the basic needs of people, for example, do not even graze the poverty line. The hundreds of thousands of Alberta workers earning less than \$15 an hour have a difficult time making ends meet. And even the concept of a "living wage" would only take an individual and her family to the poverty line. We can also see the inadequacy of low wages when compared to average weekly wages. According to recently released market

trends, the average weekly wage in Calgary increased to approximately \$1,135. Based on the standard 37.5 work week, this would result in an hourly wage of just over \$30 an hour or an average annual income of about \$59,000. Certainly not a lot of money when compared to the income of the wealthy, but enough to promote at least some level of social inclusion and economic participation. Something needs to be done.

As noted by Christina Gray, the provincial Minister of Labour, "We're committed to bringing Alberta's general minimum wage up to \$15 per hour to give lower-income Albertans the ability to support their families. We want to take the time to listen to the people directly involved and make sure we get this right". The provincial government is certainly on the right track, and I hope they will maintain their schedule on making the minimum wage slightly more economically viable. But increases to the minimum wage by themselves are not enough, and are just one element in a much-needed comprehensive, inter-governmental anti poverty strategy. We need to augment wages through reduced tuition fees at post-secondary institutions, affordable housing, quality childcare, and pharma- and dental-care. Wages are just one (admittedly important) element of an anti-poverty approach.

Anyway, as mentioned, October was a busy month, and the federal Liberal government released the discussion paper "Towards a poverty reduction strategy". The paper invites public input on a variety of dimensions, and, hopefully, this will mark an increased federal strategic role in poverty reduction.

Once again, it is a start. Let's take what we know and act accordingly – we can end poverty. Days are fine, but we need action.

Annual Salvos Prelorentzos Award presentations

By Joanne Benger

Thursday, September 29, Project Ploughshares held their 21st Annual Salvos Prelorentzos Peace Award presentation at Edmonton City Hall.

The Salvos Peace Award recognizes individuals and groups in the Edmonton area not previously commended for their ongoing commitment to promote peace, disarmament and human rights as we strive to live together in peace and harmony.

This year's Salvos Peace Award winner was Linda Dumont, best known as editor and publisher of Alberta Street News and as an active volunteer with the House of Refuge Mission. Linda teaches yoga classes, and works as a volunteer to get the paper out. The paper has given a voice to the marginalized inner city people as she enables them to have the dignity of making a living through papers sales.

Jim Gurnett, who presented the award, praised Linda for going beyond a business relationship with her

vendors as she has provided clothing, given parties, and officiated at weddings and funerals. Her stories have been picked up by main stream papers as she gets the facts out and makes sure the voices are heard. She was given the Salvos Peace Award for her deep, unselfish commitment to support the lives of some of our most marginalized and ignored people.

The Polovnikoff-Motry Lifetime Services Award was presented to Bob McKeon, best known as the founder of the Inn Roads Housing Co-op and as a founding chair of the Right to Housing Society as well as the Boyle McCauley Health Centre. Bob received this prestigious life-time achievement award just two days after his 70th birthday. He has lived in the McCauley area for 40 years and has taught theology and social ethics at Newman Theological College and St. Joseph's College. Bob retired from his position at the Office of Social Justice of the Catholic Archdiocese of Edmonton but continues to work for

social justice.

Emcee was Julia Price. Presenters were two previous peace award winners, Jim Gurnett (2007) and Paula E. Kirman (2012). Both Jim and Paula are members of the Salvos Prelorentzos Peace Award Committee.

Entertainment at the Project Ploughshares Award presentation was provided by Shaun Giroux and his dance troupe including Angela Modest and Meagan Foster, accompanied by musicians Carol Powder, Kris Elashuck and Zoran Glamoelija. The dance was part of a series of dances called White-wash, a Truth and Reconciliation Dance Presentation, choreographed by Shaun Giroux to tell the story of the impact of the Residential Schools on First Nations people.

The audience was mesmerized as the dancers became street vendors who came out of the shadows to share their unique life style with us. Copies of Alberta Street News were their main props.

Right: Jim Gurnett presents the Salvos Prelorentzos Peace Award to Linda Dumont. Photo by Paula Kirman
Below: Paula Kirman presents the Polovnikoff-Motry Lifetime Services Award to Bob McKeon. Photo by Linda Dumont



Premier Notley sponsors 18th annual Art From the Unknown show

Left: Premier Notley presented a cheque to AMSA at the art show.



Story and photos by Linda Dumont

The annual Art From the Unknown show, held October 21 to 23 at the Old Strathcona Centre for Performing Arts, attracted nearly 200 people. In addition to indi-

vidual artists, a number of groups showed their art including the Art Mentorship Society of Alberta (AMSA), iHuman, The Mustard Seed and the L'arche Association of Edmonton.

Lunch was provided by the St.

John Institute. Linda Kropf provided musical entertainment.

Below: AMSA member Tomas Illes presented Premier Notley with his painting of the parliament building.



From tokens and tickets to questions and answers (with a bit of supply and demand)

By Allan Sheppard

A few months ago, just as I was ending a holiday in Ontario, the Toronto Star ran a report about the impact on the city's poor and homeless of the Toronto Transit System's new Presto-card system for paying fares on buses and the subway (Phase-out of TTC tokens worries advocates for the poor, September 18, 2016).

By mid-2017, the TTC will no longer accept tokens, tickets, and cash as payment for fares. Patrons will have to tap or swipe multiple-use plastic or limited-use paper cards to board buses or pass through subway turnstiles. Cards cost \$6, plus the amount of fare credit loaded onto them with credit or debit cards at ATM-type machines and on line. Cash will be accepted by machines only at a few locations.

The Star says agencies serving Toronto's low-income and homeless citizens are concerned and confused about how their long-established programs for giving tokens and tickets to clients would be affected. Many clients cannot afford the fares, and those who might generally do not have debit or credit cards. TTC officials quoted in the piece said they are aware of the issues and that solutions are in the works.

The agencies and their clients have good reason to worry: the transition away from tokens and tickets is a massive, complicated undertaking and there is good reason to fear that the needs of low-income and homeless Torontonians do not rank high on lists of priorities for TTC planners and managers. Still, it is clear they are aware of the concerns raised by their new policy and procedures, and they will work something out with the agencies involved. Eventually. I am more concerned about the elephant in the room that is not mentioned in the story: the jobs that

will be lost by TTC workers who sell and accept individual fares (and give information) at subway stations and the revenue that will be lost by predominantly small businesses who sell tickets at outlets throughout the city. The numbers involved—of individual jobs and revenues to individual merchants—are not large: perhaps 200 fare sellers at the TTC; possibly a few hundred in various roles collecting, counting, and accounting for cash and fares; maybe a few thousand dollars each (at most) to merchants.

This is all speculative, of course, but I think we can assume that, while the numbers are insignificant at the cosmic, austerity-driven levels where such planning is done and decisions are made, they have substantial impacts on the workers and merchants affected.

They symbolically important, as well. To put it simply: We live in a world where people are expendable (and becoming more so) and where machines to replace them are available, desirable, and attractive.

Machines are more trustworthy than people. They are more dependable. More reliable. More predictable. More efficient. More effective. Consequently machines are more cost-effective in the long run.

Thanks to recent and accelerating developments in automation, robotics, artificial intelligence, and especially deep learning strategies that now enable artificially intelligent machines to teach themselves complex tasks, machines can (or will soon be able to) do most routine tasks and a growing number and variety of complicated ones, as well.

If, as recently happened, a computer using deep-learning methods can teach itself to play the complex and sophisticated game of Go sufficiently well to beat, four games out

of five, the reigning (human) grand master, can we seriously doubt that brain surgery and rocket science—to give the usual examples of exceptional human intelligence and skill—are beyond the means and capacities of machines?

And if brain surgeons and rocket scientists are neither sacred nor safe from being usurped or displaced by machines and artificial intelligence are any jobs secure?

I have read predictions that art—novels, poems, music, songs, plays, movies, paintings—will be produced by machines within as little as a decade; as good as and, before long, better than can be produced by people. If that is true—if even creativity is a potential domain for machines we already have or are capable of producing (with, needless to say, the help of intelligent machines)—is there anything that machines cannot do, or that someone will not eventually ask them to do? I think not. Not if history is any guide.

Walt Disney probably did not say, "If you can dream it, you can do it." But we have much evidence in history that, whoever said it, the insight within that notion is ultimately true.

Or, if you are a proponent of Murphy's Law, you might put it this way: "Anything that can go wrong, will go wrong."

I'm not arguing for or against the notion that machines can and eventually will or should take over much or most of the work now done by people. I'm simply taking note of some trends that are in the news, thinking about their implications, and asking some questions based on those thoughts.

Nor am I being judgmental. Given my age and experiences, I feel uncomfortable, even apprehensive, about the changes and trends I see and anticipate. But will my grandchildren, who

began as infants to play with and use smartphones and (to me) a bewildering and confounding array of gaming devices feel the same way? Are they afraid? Should they be?

I worry. But it's really not for me told, not what they choose or want to do. Which is why they are preferable to people in so many situations, where doing what one is told is the only thing demanded or expected from workers. And they do it—whatever they are told—better (generally meaning more cheaply and effectively) than most humans.

Machines do not ask questions, at least not the questions that matter to people like you and me: Questions about good and evil, right and wrong, moral and ethical costs and benefits, and priorities. About justice and just deserts.

Machines can be programmed (or program themselves) to provide data that might help answer such questions, but they cannot provide the answers: those must come from us: from politics, from markets (of ideas and goods), from science, from art, and from metaphysical explorations (including religions).

They must come from an approach to education that we do not have and probably never really had; one that acknowledges and engages with (and within) all of those domains, separately and together, to consider the opportunities and challenges offered in each and seek answers that respect and accommodate each and every domain and one equally.

Here's an example of the narrow-minded, formulaic thinking that has never helped us and never will: "Finance Minister Bill Morneau says Canadians should get used to so-called 'job churn'—short-term employment and a number of career changes in a person's life" (Get used to multiple careers, finance minister says, thestar.com. October 22, 2016).

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Allow me to unpack that for you: Canada's finance minister says Canadians must learn to live with permanent, lifelong uncertainty with respect to employment, careers, income, lifestyles, prospects, and overall quality of life and they must be prepared to evolve and adapt their skills to survive. Not stated, though indisputably implied in that notion is the assumption

that we must accept that state of affairs so that our increasingly rootless, multinational corporate elite can count on having a ready, willing, and able workforce, trained at workers' or government expense, under austere, low-tax regimes.

In other words, Canadians (and, indeed, every other worker in the world today) must learn to accept unpredictable, perhaps intolerable, levels of personal and community uncertainty so potential employers can enjoy maximum degrees of certainty for their operations and their shareholders, whose only loyalty is to profits, not to workers, or communities, or nations.

Is that a fair trade-off? Hardly.

Is it the only possible trade-off? I think not.

I do not believe inequality and social injustice are the price we should have to pay for the increasingly dubious rights and privileges of life and citizenship, or for the more and more onerous responsibilities. Not while governments, corporations, and shareholders monopolize the rights and privileges and shirk the responsibilities: because they can; because the machines they employ make it possible for them to do so.

In today's politics and markets, the notion of supply and demand is a kind of sick joke. We are expected dutifully to consume whatever is offered; if we make demands as citizens, we are ignored or fobbed off with platitudes and nostrums.

That's not good enough.

Novena

Francis. Xavier, full of divine charity, with you I reverently adore the Divine Majesty. Since I greatly rejoice in the singular gifts of grace that the Lord has conferred on you in this life, and of a glory after death, I return most heartfelt thanks to him and I beg of you to obtain for me, by your powerful intercession, above all, the grace to love God well. I ask you to gain for me (here insert your petition). But if that which I suppliantly ask of you is not for the greater good of my soul, I beg for you to obtain for me whatever will better promote both these ends.

Repeat nine times daily for nine days and publish. J.C.



The Gift

With Thanksgiving over, more and more we are focusing on the next big holiday, Christmas. For a group of us this is a very taxing time due to job losses, inflated food prices, etcetera. And let's face it, people that have been spoiled by better times are used to great expensive gifts.

Our environment is changing quickly and a lot of us can no longer afford the costly gifts we once gave. Different times are upon us and with those times we have to change to be able to meet our basic needs. Many are out of work due to our oil not being sold on the open market. What once was a very lucrative business in all of Alberta was affected by our oil prices. It is really drying up some of our options. Huge adjustments have to be made. Things people built their lives around are slipping away. Houses and vehicles are being stripped away on a daily basis. Many workers have left Alberta to return to their places of birth where they have friends and family to support them. Also, unfortunately, by now much of the unemployment insurance has dried up. Savings that were put away for a rainy day - well hey - guess what - it's raining. Life in Alberta has changed drastically for every class because of lack of the huge spinoff that came from the oil fields.

For a group of us this will be a very different Christmas then we were used to. My son worked in the oil fields and was able to be very generous to his mother. Thank you, Jordan. Now I have

to take a new look at Christmas. It was never intended to become as materialistic as it has become, driving people crazy as they try to keep up with the Jones' and running yourself ragged trying to fill impossible dreams, then in debt for the whole year after. That is not Christmas. Christmas is the beautiful Jesus coming in the form of a baby to save the world from its sin. Everything else is fake and man made.

Maybe God is mad at all that have forgotten what it's really about. Maybe he's saying, "Hold it, you've gone too far. Stop. What is this mess? Why do you always have to distort things?"

The tiny baby born in a dirty stable surrounded by his poor mother and

step father, while angels announced his birth, was the greatest Christmas gift to humanity.

Our sin had condemned us to death but that's not what God wanted so he made a way to escape hell. It says there can be no forgiveness of sin without the shedding of blood. However only one blood would satisfy a holy God - the sinless blood of Christ. As always he leaves the choice up to us. Will you repent, be sorry for your sin, recognizing all your efforts to save yourself are worthless? Accept the true gift. ask him into your heart to change your life and forgive your sin. It is my hope that this year you will experience Christ and enjoy a real Christmas.

The Life and Times of Robert Wakefield

I was born in a small town called Kings-Lynn in Norfolk. When I was 17 years old I was in a rock band called the Young Stallions. Me and my friends said good bye to each other when we graduated from Van Horne School here in Calgary. I had a full time job as a chef at my dad's restaurant. When I left England to go back to Calgary I left my job. Now I live in a group home. I still see my old school friends but I go

to a place called Self Help, which is a nice place to go to talk to other people and do art work. At my room in Nora Group and at Self Help I am having a good time because I can talk to the staff as well as the people I know and can get along with them because they talk to me. I draw pictures at my art room and am writing stories at home. The next story is called The Night of Murder, Part Three.

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HEALING WORDS



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WRITING FOR RECOVERY GROUP**

SCENT OF MY SOUL

By Remza Lagarija

While I daydream,
I breathe lilies' magic scent.
The cosmos' call for life
I frame in my heart.
The aura around my inner power
I call Destiny.
My soul refuses chains,
refuses iron blockades.
The beautiful scent of Bosnian lilies
from my soul exudes,
and the universe is scented with their perfume,
as well as my soul.

Wisdom Mountain

By Gily Ro

The mountain called wisdom
Is a difficult one to climb
Full of trials and errors
And mistakes of every kind
Wisdom comes from what you learn
And the higher you'll be able to climb
When you find out how small and insignificant you are
You'll no longer be blind
You'll see the path that compassion brings
And leaves greed far behind
For we're all interconnected
So it's much easier to be kind



Pet portraits by Linda - 780-428-0805

The Power of Positivity

By Ryan Robertson

There I was, just freshly diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. I accepted it in stride, and went forward. I had an appointment set up for Tuesday, September 1, 2016 at 2:30 with Dr. Vincent C. Tam, the medical oncologist, to weigh out my options and a treatment plan.

That would take place at the old Holy Cross Hospital.

My civil lawyer son-in-law would attend. I admired his courage.

I had the support of most people who knew me at Elements Calgary Mental Health Centre, the newly produced system which used to be known as the Calgary Association of Self Help on 1019 – 7th Avenue, SW here is Calgary.

I also feel tremendous support from family, friends and staff at Elements! My room mate, Mark O'Hara was always prevalent and

made me realize immediately that I had to push forward. We were roommates now for over nine years. We were a very good support for each other as well.

I had been a patient on Unit 32 of the Foothills Medical Centre for a couple of weeks before being diagnosed by Dr. William James Gooderham, whom I trusted to the utmost.

I had excellent care by nurses and attendants as Dr. Gooderham specified. I was also well looked after by my family physician, Dr. Dennis Fundytus, in Cochrane, Alberta. I have had him for years and felt very comfortable with him.

I made an honest effort to be positive in all aspects and followed up with many necessary appointments. Tomorrow, which was Tuesday, August 25, I will follow up with an appointment with a female doctor who is covering for Dr. Fundytus, a Dr. Davis, while he is on holidays.

As with every challenge on my agenda, I look forward to meeting her.

On my return to Calgary, after seeing her, I finish the planning stages to attend my grandson's 4th birthday party on August 27th, which is the actual day. We will combine it with my grand daughter's birthday which is September 8, when she will be two years old.

The party will be hosted by their parents, Aaron and Alana Robertson. It is worth living for! Where they live is in the first section of the county of Red deer. A third grand child is due for me in January, 2017.

Aaron is a civil lawyer and Alana is a teacher. I'm so extremely proud of both of them. They will pick me up some time on Friday, August, 2016. It will be a tremendous time!

On my return to Calgary my son will be going with me to my appointment at the Holy Cross Hospital on Sept. 1 at 2:30 p.m. I look forward to keeping it. I am now more ready than ever to fight and win my battle with cancer. There is a lot of fight left in me and I am determined to win.

The night the Devil's brigade paid us a visit

By John Zapantis

There was once a time I felt like I was invincible to the forces of evil, whoever and whatever that entailed. I had no concept of spirituality, which also made me an atheist - a non-believer in the Lord and his spiritual powers. Little did I know, what was about to happen to my invincibility.

It was during a late Friday night back in 1987 that my former common-law wife, Mary, and I were about to call it a night, after a wild night of partying, drinking and dancing at the old Empire Hotel in Edmonton's skid row district. We both decided to call it a night, headed home and hit the sack together in the wee hours of that

Friday morning.

I'd estimate only about a minute had gone by before we both started to fall asleep. While lying there, I could hear Mary beside me starting to snore. Suddenly I felt something walking up both my legs, up to my thigh area and then seated on my pelvic area.

Then, while starting to doze off, I could hear what sounded like a group of people chanting to the Devil, in the way you often see depicted in the movies, when they try to harvest power from the Devil himself.

That scare was enough to awaken me quickly from my deep sleep. As I sat up really quickly, scared as Hell, Mary, next to me, did the same thing,

letting out a terrified sigh of relief.

We were now both up, seated erect, right on our bed. We looked at each other with an expression of disbelief as our mouths dropped wide open.

I then said to Mary, "Mary I could feel, what felt like a cat walking up from my ankles all the way across my both legs along my thighs and then I heard people chanting, like Satanists calling on the power of the Devil at a round table.

Mary replied in a shaken tone, "That's strange, I could see them in

Continued on page 11

Daylight Saving Time ends November 6th – Turn clocks Back

By Joanne Benger

Daylight Saving Time is like an unwelcome visitor. Every year it arrives earlier and leaves later.

Once upon a time there was a formula for daylight saving time. It began on the day following the third Saturday in April unless that would fall on Easter Sunday. Then it would be the day following the second Saturday instead. Daylight Saving Time would only hang around until the first Saturday in October. Extensions on Daylight Saving Time began in 1961 and they just never seem to stop. This year daylight saving time ran from March 13 to November 6.

Now that Daylight Saving Time has taken leave, we are in a new time frame. What do we call it? I have come up with two possible names – Daylight Losing Time or Daylight Spending Time.

We all must prepare to lose one hour a day as we enter into daylight losing time, but it doesn't stop there with winter weather accompanying it, we all must lose an hour a day watching the TV Weather Network as we try to figure out how to set the alarm – 7 for frost only; 6 for light snow; 5 for heavy snow; 4 for a blizzard. Eventually the network stops showing disaster reruns and gets to local forecasts. You parents wait for the screen to reach Edmonton to Yellowknife. Just as it does the phone rings. By the time you get rid of the telemarketer, they have moved on to forecasts for Kelowna to Whitehorse. You get to enjoy more disaster reruns. You lose a lot of time.

Mornings you used to get up at 8 daylight saving time, which is now 9 o'clock, but now you are getting up at 5 which used to be 4 Daylight Saving Time as you continue to lose time. You must check the pipes and make sure all taps still run, then dress in four layers so you won't freeze as you shovel your way out to the car, scrape off the windows and reshovel the path to the street after the snow plough drives past the car. Car started, you re-enter the house, undress, redress for work and try to decide if you have time for a gulp of coffee. You feel like you have already done a day's work and you are ready for bed but that is still 15 hours away. When you return from work you will lose more time shovelling your way from the car to the steps and up the steps. When you are in the house, you won't stop losing time. Windows steam up, there is snow on the TV dish and a stray cat is meowing through the window.

There are some people that lose so much time in Daylight Losing Time they actually are getting up before they go to bed.

Time is money so we when we save time we save money and when saving ends, spending begins. Daylight Spending Time is here. Let's face it - it is easy to live cheaply in the summer. You can live off wild berries and plants, wear shorts and sandals and sleep rough, as in primitive camping. Summer is cheap but winter is dear. The grocery stores are playing their annual Price Raising Game and winning. We have to dress in



thermals and boots, scarves and mitts, toques and parkas and that is just for starters. We have to move indoors with insulation and furnaces, blankets and comforters and flannels and slippers. Daylight Spending Time is here as we prepare to survive another winter.

And then comes Christmas. Merry Commercial Christmas to you. Now you must spend on décor and gifts, parties and entertaining and food and family. You must spend, spend, spend, without end.

Christmas over, you will start to close your purse, but no. Now there are Boxing Day Sales, Valentine's Day and winter sports. And if you just happen to have some money over, don't forget the charities.

Daylight Spending Time simply doesn't end. Soon you'll find yourself asking, "Isn't it time for Daylight Saving Time yet?" And you'll understand why. it comes earlier every year.

Devil's Brigade continued

my sleep when I started to doze off, people in black hoods holding hands at a table, but John you actually heard the chanting I couldn't hear, from the people in those hoods at that table."

Mary then decided on crossing herself and saying a prayer for our protection from the forces of evil, prior to

calling it a night.

Her assurances that we were now protected by this prayer, started to put my inner fears to rest.

Mary's wonderful efforts in calling on the Lord's power, prevented the Devil from disrupting our sleep further and had me no longer questioning why this bizarre episode had

happened.

Mary and I were so tired from getting all that physical workout on that dance floor at that bar, that we finally fell asleep while embraced in a love lock defeating the Devil at his own game and sending him now into inevitable oblivion!

The True Essence of a Child

By Maria B.

The true essence of child is our birthright, it is the gift of being who we were meant to be.

The child's essence has often been completely misunderstood, ignored and blatantly suppressed. When parents are completely oblivious to the existence of a child's essence, regardless of how much the child is loved they are bound to ignore and suppress the child's essence. As the child grows, the personality will start to develop and that development is completely based on the hostile environment and how the child is treated by its parents.

When the essence of innocence is met with parents yelling, slapping, threatening, or any kind of abuse, the essence of the child becomes blocked from the child's experience. What is left is the sense of emptiness, fearfulness, a sense of being flawed and a hole within the child's soul.

The essence of a child is the true core of a human being.

When adults find themselves in situations that are too stressful or in which they have to prove who they are, they start building walls of protection as a defence mechanism. They live life under the assumption that they are the distorted projection that their parents have cast on them as bad, scaredy cats, stupid, immature, unable to understand, always failing, disobedient, disrespectful, full of flaws, dirty, disgusting, ugly, etc.

For the child the world is very hostile; the people that are supposed to take care of them and protect them have ceased to exist as the wall that they have built is clearly present. They have become automatons in a zombie



state just doing what their parents did when they were small. They do not even question if the parenting skills or lack of parenting skills are doing harm to their own children.

Eventually how parents think about their children becomes how the children think about themselves, without questioning because they have been brought up to believe that they are right and the children are wrong. Children lack the understanding of how their thoughts about themselves affect their actions and how their feelings about themselves have become the compass in their life. Unfortunately, developing into an adult feeling that you are everything that your parents thought about you, is very devastating and has an incredible impact in your life to the point that you become stuck in that stage of life.

Through all the turmoil the child has lost so much; the child has lost the freedom of being who they are supposed to be and the knowledge that a child is a true gift to the world.

We as parent have a divine responsibility to our children and we must rise above and become the enlightened pillars that will serve as a compass in their lives, always feeling their true essence and the freedom of being in their path of life. It is their birthright to become what they were meant to be not the submissive and obeying children that we formed. Life is hard but if

children are equipped with all the gifts that they were born with, they have everything to succeed in life.

The fact is that most of us have been cast with the distortions of our parents, but it is never too late to change our core beliefs about ourselves. First you have to be completely honest with yourself as so many people have been taught never to question what their parents have done. Unfortunately by doing this you are doing nothing but sealing the toxicity of your parents and its affect on you for the rest of your life.

The truth will set you free. It is not difficult. When we were children the reason we were punished was because we happened to touch something or because we did something we were not supposed to do. We were supposed to learn just by being told "No" "Do not touch" "Don't do that" "You are bad". We were not bad, stupid, hard to teach, ugly, etc. We were just children in that stage of learning.

Go through all the core feelings about yourself and change them and ensure that the changes affect how you feel about yourself through the realization that without doing this we are only "Toxic beings" created by "Toxic parents"

HAVE A FANTASTIC THANKSGIVING.



Rob's Corner in Calgary

By Robert Champion

People and Places

People I have met over the years. The fond memories I have of friends I knew when I was growing up in New Westminster, B.C. the place where I met Lorna, my common law wife of 35 years on January 30th, 1977. Our move to Calgary back in September 30, 1979. The VIA Rail trip I took from Vancouver to London, Ontario and then over the falls in 1998. The people I met on the train.

Hopes and Dreams

That I don't have to be alone for the rest of my life or not alone too much longer. That someday I'll meet that special someone and fall in love and spend the rest of my life with her. That my friends stick around for a very long time. That we all should try and get along with each other. That finally, someday soon, there is real peace in the world. That my friend, Michelle, is well and doing OK.

What Makes me Happy

That I finally reached the age of 65. Riding my bicycle in all kinds of weather. Being around good friends. Selling Alberta Street News. Making new friends. Writing my own column, Rob's Corner. Being a member of Calgary Association of Self Help. Having a place to call home. That I still have my health.

What's On My mind

Another hockey season is on it's way. Will there be at least one Canadian team capable of bringing back the Stanley Cup to Canadian soil? I'd settle for at least one Canadian team making it to the Stanley Cup final. Meanwhile, hoping the best CFL team, the Calgary Stampeders, win the Grey Cup.

Rob's Last Say of the Day

I'm just an old fashioned guy. Like my classic rock. My main sources of music are radio, records, tapes and CDs. I like hanging out with my friends over at the Lord Nelson Pub not far from where I live. About a ten minute bike ride. I'm pretty old school. Don't have a computer. I do all my banking the old fashioned way. I live a simple life.

The Wonder Years

At 65 plus sometimes I wonder if I'll end up spending the rest of my life alone. Sometimes I wonder if I'm better off just having friends in my life. Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever settle down. Sometimes I wonder if someday I will meet that special woman and spend the rest of my life with her. Sometimes I wonder how much time I have left on this earth.

God's Eternal Design.

By Rodney Graham

My brand of religion is probably nothing resembling 'traditional' Christianity. The gospel (Gr Good news), as documented, I believe it all....

However, where my doctrinal beliefs differ from most, is that I believe in a message that is not taught in the church today - Not in the "mega-churches," and not in the traditional churches of mainstream Christianity. If you do follow that brand, you will undoubtedly get the gospel message and be fed God's word. But I think a person should take anything they hear in today's church with a grain of salt.

Jesus even taught that: '..so do

and observe whatever they tell you, but not the works they do. For they preach, but do not practice.' ~(Matt 23:3 ESV)

I don't need to explain this, especially to my activist friends because they are fully aware, perhaps too aware, of the faults of the church today.

Another doctrine Jesus taught was about something called "conscience," something that many people have been very careful to brutally tear out of themselves with unfeigned, arrogant enthusiasm

I was watching a documentary last night. It was about the Singapore SkyPark. It's an amazing building - three towers and at the top, connected, and with a huge garden and park. I also watched the building

of the A-380, the largest passenger airplane built today. Something that struck me was how we, as humans, think so differently than God. We are full of pride. God is full of mercy. We are full of ambition - because of pride. We step on others - often causing others great harm actually, just to excel... On the other hand, God died for our sins - and humbled himself while on earth, even though he was the creator of us and the universe.

I often meditate on God's designs. If you read the Bible, you will notice a lot of building going on. He has designed things, including us. But the designs, and the buildings are for us - and they represent good things. He designed, planned for, and finished the design of salvation as well.

First Nation's Runner Raises Awareness For Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women

By Sharon Austin

Does anyone remember seeing a man wearing traditional Aboriginal war paint and beadwork running along the highway in Alberta? If you saw him, his name is Brad Firth, also known as Caribou Legs, a First Nation's Runner who has been running across Canada to raise awareness for Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women (MMIW). Firth is a 46 year old member of the Gwich'en First Nation

who now makes his home in Inuvik, NWT. He began his marathon in Vancouver in May of this year and plans to finish in Saint John's, Newfoundland some time in November. Firth was inspired to run for this cause after his sister fell victim to domestic violence last year.

Firth commented, "I want to challenge people. I want to keep their deaths and the memories of these missing women in people's minds. It is embarrassing and stressing to find how many people don't even know there is an issue. We need to be teaching respect for women. We need to teach consent."

Statistics show that although Indigenous women make up only four per cent of Canada's female population, sixteen per cent of all women murdered in Canada between 1980 and 2012 were Indigenous women. Statistics Canada data shows that there were 163 incidences of violent victimization per 1000 Aboriginal people in 2014, more than double the rate for non-aboriginals.

At the beginning of his run in the western provinces, Firth's run was not always well received. In some cities drivers would yell rude comments at him and several even called the RCMP. Things improved for Firth after he got a friend to help him organize his stops and make sure that communities knew that he was running to raise awareness for MMIW. The peaceful warrior had a better reception in Atlantic Canada.

"Atlantic Canada has been amazing to me. People are kind and generous and we have schools approaching me to give presentations," he said. His message as an advocate against violence is clear. "You don't judge, you show respect. Show compassion. It is what we need to be teaching these kids coming up in the world," he said. "We are raising violent lippy kids. We need to be teaching consent. Adults need to reflect on their own language and course correct. Because the language we use every day is what our kids are hearing."

Let us all take a moment to reflect on these missing and murdered Indigenous women who are someone's daughter, someone's sister, or mother or friend; someone who was loved and will always be remembered. As Caribou Legs continues his marathon for this worthy cause, we wish him well.



I have given some serious thought to why Alberta Street News vendors should be awarded for their efforts.

Everyone that buys and reads the Alberta Street News by now realizes what an important role vendors play in breathing life into this street newspaper that successfully informs the buying public about relevant social issues that impact the lives of vendors, who are also involved in that process of writing about those relevant social issues each month throughout the year.

The issues by our vendors vary from month to month and could feature written pieces on homelessness, vendor conflicts with a sometimes not so friendly public, to even marital issues of vendors. Some have lost a loved one through death, such as local vendor Vivian Risby, who writes with her dog, Chewy, and our popular Calgary ASN vendor Robert Champion, who has been loyal to his paper, while writing about the popular issues of the month.

Angelique Branston is a very talented vendor, writer and poet, who displays a great deal of diversity in writing opinion pieces about human interest issues that often carry a lot of substance that will leave you thinking about your own journey while trying to navigate the obstacles of life's little surprises.

As the Alberta Street News Media Relations Co-ordinator, I first started writing for the paper in December 2010 and then started vending the paper back in September 21st of 2012. Though this article I'm writing shouldn't really evolve around me, but more about our hard working vendors, who make this paper, possible for writers like me, Joanne Bengert, Timothy Wild, Allan Sheppard and a whole lot of others.

Our many ASN vendors are instrumental in keeping the paper alive and allow us budding writers the privilege and opportunity in writing about those relevant social issues that our readers need to be informed about each and

Alberta Street News vendors will be awarded for their efforts

By John Zapantis

every month throughout the year.

That's why I've decided to reward these many humble and hard working souls with a sincere and thankful gesture, by paying both a tribute to their loyal contributions and commitments in writing this article, in thanking them for a job well done, because without the vendors selling this paper every day to the public, us writers simply wouldn't have a paper to write for.

Some time ago, back in the spring of 2016, Linda Dumont, mentioned in a previous article that I'd be getting Alberta Street News jackets for our vendors in both Calgary and Edmonton.

Because of some of the more crucial issues that plagued the paper's operations with the threat of going down under because of funding issues, I had to hold off from that promise as our Alberta Street News Founder and Editor Linda Dumont was more concerned about turning our attention to more important matters concerning the survival of this paper.

Soon that changed around in favour of tactful thinking as our paper was saved from going under through the assistance of some kind supporters, which allowed the paper to continue serving the community at large.

So here it is folks. In the not too distant future one of my responsibilities as an Alberta Street News Media Relations Co-ordinator is not only to send letters to the media inviting

them to our ASN vendor events, but to also seek the resources needed for our paper.

To make up for lost time, I recently went into a discussion with Linda Dumont and mentioned to her that I'd be making up that lost time, by getting customized Alberta Street News baseball caps for our vendors. The caps' logo was designed by me. The logo will then be embroidered or sewn on by Elite Sports Wear and Awards of Edmonton. I will personally put up the money to support the manufacturing of these beautiful work caps.

The details are still in the works and jackets in the future will be funded by a donor who is prominent in the local area for supporting such initiatives in the community.

I'll keep you all informed in a future issue of the Alberta Street News.

Firstly, I'd like to thank Alberta Street News Founder and Editor Linda Dumont for supporting my idea while hearing me out over that friendly cup of coffee at Tim Hortons.

I'd also like to especially thank the many hard working Alberta Street News vendors in Calgary and Edmonton, who've given me a purpose in getting the resources for vendors, who work so hard in making all this possible.

Again to all our dedicated vendors. hang in there. It's not like we're all expecting a long winter, but the turning over of a new leaf for the upcoming 2017 year and for Alberta Street News ('new look') for our vendors should make the winter season a warmer one!

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As Councillors we hold the conviction that safe, sufficient, and affordable housing is necessary for the well-being of Edmontonians and the City at large.

In 2015 the City saw strong developments for affordable housing. We completed the ambitious **City of Edmonton Affordable Housing Strategy**, developed the **Social Housing Regeneration** report, and contributed to the **Big City Charter** to explore creative ways to fund future affordable housing projects.

2016 holds even more action for affordable housing and ending homelessness. We're providing grants for secondary suites and renovations as part of the **HOPE** program, we're starting the **Affordable Housing Investment Plan** to give grants to the financially vulnerable, we're backing the redevelopment of affordable housing centres in Lendrum and Londonderry, and finally, we'll be updating **Edmonton's 10 Year Plan to End Homelessness**.

The City is devoted to ending homelessness and affording all of Edmonton the right and honour of having their own homes. *We're well on our way!*



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The logo for the City of Edmonton, featuring the word "Edmonton" in a white, stylized font on a blue rectangular background.