

ALBERTA Street News

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Kyle Nazarchuk with hockey jerseys from various teams, once worn by the late Matt Cook at the C.A.C. arena. Story on pages 4 and 5

ALBERTA STREET NEWS

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THE VIEWS
PRESENTED ARE THOSE
OF THE CONTRIBUTORS.

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Remember our vendors

By Linda Dumont

I was out selling papers at the Strathcona Farmers' Market on Saturday because Angelique was ill, and as I sat there, the market was haunted by the memories of all of the vendors who used to work there and are now dead. Few other work places have such a high mortality rate. Over the past 14 years, the street newspaper has lost more than one third of its vendors.

In the past, my late husband, Glen, and I would get to the market early in the morning, and find the Robillard brothers, Thomas, Victor and Chris, as well as Diane Wood and Phyllis waiting for their papers, having breakfast and warming up from a night sleeping outside. Phillip Dainard was also a part of the market scene. Vivian Risby is still working out in front, and Harvey comes by to get his papers, but the others passed away one by one. And so, as the mortality rate climbs, those of us who survive continue.

I was talking to ASN writer Allan Sheppard about the future of the paper. He recently celebrated his 80th birthday.

"How long do you think we can do this?" I asked.

"We'll go on as long as we can," He answered.

And so we shall, with limited resources and volunteer staff.

People often choose to become vendors because they are unable to work at regular jobs due to illness, addiction or other mitigating circumstances. Their lives are precarious. You can support our vendors by purchasing a paper.



Left: ASN staff writers Danielle Zyp and Lisa Anderson received their ASN jackets from ASN Media Relations Coordinator John Zapantis, who created the ASN logo design for jackets that were funded by him.

Poets get jackets

Photos by John Zapantis

Right: ASN staff writer Michelle Black received an ASN jacket from ASN Media Relations Coordinator John Zapantis who created the ASN logo design for jackets that were funded by him.



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The Merry Month of May

By Joanne Bengier

Winter's past and May is here at last. Let's celebrate by singing an old fashioned May carol:

Now is the month of Maying
 When merry lads are playing
 Fa-la-la-la-la-la laaa. Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la.
 Each with his bonny lass
 A-dancing on the grass –
 Fa-la-la-la-la-la laaa. Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la.

The first week of May is Be kind to Animals Week. Remember animals are people, too, and four legs are better than two. A dog is man's best friend. He loves you unconditionally and never asks to borrow money. He is just happy to be with you. So, hug your dog and kiss your cat. Give them treats to eat. After all, pets are the family you choose for yourself.

We must love our neighbours' pets as our own and then expand to loving all their wild relatives. I proudly wear man made furs and let the wild animals keep their coats on. On bag day, I got a gorgeous ocelot coat made of pure polyester. It makes my heart sing. Bless you, ocelots, for being so beautiful and letting me share your beauty.

May 4th is the first Friday in May which was chosen as No Pants Day,, a mock holiday. It was invented in the mid eighties as a protest against the trend to naming special days for illnesses and charities for fund raising purposes. In the past holidays had been fun days like Halloween and April Fools Day. No Pants Day is a fun day that can be celebrated by people of all sexes and all races whatever their health status and doesn't cost a cent. It is a politically correct holiday that excludes no one and can be practiced by anyone, anywhere, any time at all but only for this one day. All you have to do is loosen your belt and step out, then feel the freedom of going through one day pant less, in your underwear. Whee! I think it is a great tragedy this holiday never caught on or caught off as the trousers may be.

May 8th is V.E. Day, the anniversary of the end of World War II. Take a veteran out to dinner today.

May 12 is St. Dunstan's Day when spring cleaning begins. Easter is done and past. We can get rid of those dust bunnies at last. Out, winter dust and grime. In. polished freshness and shine.

May 13 is Mothers' Day though it was celebrated in schools the Friday before., May 11. The pink carnation is the official Mother's Day flower. If your mother is no longer with us, wear a white carnation. If you are wearing pink, remember the best gifts are your time and your love. Give Mom a hug and spend the day with her, doing what she enjoys. Take her to a special dinner or night out and share happy memories. If you are wearing white, remember the good times with Mom. Watch videos an photos of her and share the day with siblings and friends who remember her. Give to her favourite charity or plant a tree in her memory. Place flowers on her grave and treat yourself to her favourite meal.

May 20th is World Bee Day. The United Nations declared that May 20 will be world Bee Day to raise awareness of their importance and declining numbers. Bee numbers have been declining in recent years and hundreds of North American species are nearly extinct. This is troubling because as well as producing honey, bees pollinate plants. Albert Einstein, who was aware of bee-plant connection, said that if bees ever disappeared from the face of the earth, man would have only four years to live. Experts have blamed climate change, urbanization and pesticides.

May 21 is Plato's birthday. He was born 429 BC. Value your platonic friendships to-day. Yes, Plato told us it is possible for two people to be friends without having a romantic attachment.

May 21 is Victoria Day. Actually her birthday is May 24th but celebrating it now gives us a long week end instead of a mid week orphan one day holiday. Gardeners tell us Victoria Day is when the frost is out of the ground so we can run barefoot and gardeners can plant their gardens and set out flowers. Campsites open. We can sleep under the stars and swim in lakes and ponds. The invisible homeless can stop sofa surfing and living in the car.

May 31 is World No Tobacco Day. Butt out!



Seventh Annual 24 Hour Charity Challenge, Kids Versus Coaches, raises \$62,000 for The Matt Cook Foundation



Preparing for the opening ceremonies all lined up in a row are, left to right, Ryan Coley, Tammy Coley, Lynn Cook, and Cook Family members, Brady, Marina, Kyle and Don.

Story and photos by John Zapantis

Various coaches, who represent the Edges Professional Skating Instruction power skating organization, combined forces as a team playing a fun game of hockey against their students on the opposition team, while helping to raise money for The Matt Cook Foundation, during the 7th Annual 24 Hour Charity Challenge: Kids Versus Coaches.

The annual fundraising event was hosted and organized by Tammy Coley, owner and operator of Edges Professional Skating Instruction, who organized the event in partnership with Super Skate Advanced Hockey Development Association and the Canadian Athletic Club (C.A.C.) in support of The Matt Cook Foundation's programs for young people living with various forms of rare cancers.

The popular fundraising event was held at the Canadian Athletic Club arena located at 14645-142 street in Edmonton. The two day event officially commenced on Friday April 6th at 5:45 p.m. with an opening ceremony followed by a puck drop delivered by former Edmonton

Oiler's alumni Louie DeBrusk. Other activities included, an airplane toss that commenced during the event's second day of activities at 11 a.m.

In addition to the excitement of it all on April 7th, from 3 p.m. to 4:15 p.m. members of Edmonton's major television and radio media were participants of the Pro Skate Celebrity Hour. The members of the media included CTV television personalities Jonathan Glasgow from CISN Radio, Chris Scheetz from TSN 1260 Radio, Darcy Seaton and Kevin Kaius from Global Television.

Former NHL hockey alumni and former junior hockey players were also a part of the Pro Skate Celebrity Hour. They included, former NHL hockey players, Dave Marcinsyshyn, Jason Strudwick, Mark Fistric, Brian Benning and former Canadian junior hockey player and Canadian national sledge hockey player Kieran Block.

Two more activities were also an important aspect of the event: a sledge hockey game and a 24 hour silent auction where money from items sold was donated to the Matt Cook Foundation.

The Matt Cook Foundation was inspired by the memory of Matt Cook, who started his earliest origins playing hockey as a six year old and later went on to become a junior A hockey player representing the Bonnyville Pontiacs of the Alberta Junior Hockey League (A.J.H.L.). His life started to take on a downhill spiral, when his junior hockey career was suddenly disrupted by a cancer diagnosis confirmed as osteosarcoma, a bone cancer.

The determined young 18 year old man, who was known within family and friend circles for not being one to lay down and call it quits, decided to show his courage and determination, putting up his fight against cancer while being treated to 31 rounds of chemotherapy, followed by an amputation below his left knee and other surgeries that would later be performed on him.

The circumstances of being disabled somewhat, had him contemplating a sport designed for amputees called sledge hockey. The thought of getting involved in this new passion and his determination to learn the fundamentals and skill set required to play on the Canadian national sledge hockey team, motivated him greatly in making the try-outs that would determine his permanent place with the team.

Matt, who stood a towering at 6 ft. 2 inches and weighed 230 pounds, was soon earning his keep with the national team in September 2008, while working hard preparing to represent his team and country for the upcoming 2010 Winter Paralympics.

The day finally came when his osteosarcoma dealt him a final blow, preventing him from living his dream. He passed away in his home town of Edmonton on April 4th, 2010.

Matt's humility, courage and graciousness influenced friends of the Cook family, Marla Miller and Don Wilson to pick up the ball by helping in the founding of The Matt Cook Foundation, where proceeds from the 24 Hour Celebrity Challenge provide young patients in cancer care with care packages that are distributed to them while they are waiting for their cancer treatments at the Cross Cancer Institute in Edmonton.

The packages serve as a convenience helping to make their stay a more enjoyable one. The packages contain the following items: a blanket that keeps them warmer and i-Pads for viewing movies and to Skype with their visiting friends.

Lynn Cook, the mother of Matt Cook, and other members of the family including her husband Don Cook, Brady, Kyle and Marina, were all in attendance for the event.

In a brief interview with ASN, Lynn Cook elaborated proudly of her son's journey battling cancer and how his memory has played an integral role in influencing the effectiveness of The Matt Cook Foundation, helping to make a difference in Edmonton's cancer community.

Cook said, "I think the fabulous thing about Matthew that became an inspiration to people who knew him was his belief that everything happens for a reason, Why? But whatever you're going through is exactly what you're meant to go through."

"He conducted himself with dignity. He was very gracious. He was very humble. I think that's why our foundation has thrived, because many people in the community have stepped up and it's a very personal thing for a lot of people to support our foundation, because indirectly, I think it's a way for them to support those things Matthew represented."

The event was successful in raising \$62,000, thanks to the players who paid their registration fees. Proceeds from that 24 hour fun-time hockey fundraiser will go to The Matt Cook Foundation supporting the essential needs of young cancer patients seeking cancer treatments.

The event's success couldn't have been possible without the selfless efforts and contributions of its many volunteers including its organizers Professional Skating Instruction owner and operator Tammy Coley and Tammy's work colleague Jennifer Luzia.



The official puck drop, just before the event officially kicks off. Facing off at centre line to the left a little hockey player named Mason and to his right wearing no. 2 is Ryan Coley with Former Edmonton Oilers alumni Louie DeBrusk, middle, doing the honours in dropping the puck.

The event's success also is strongly influenced by the memory of the late Matt Cook, whose courage, humility and graciousness are symbolic of why this event in particular was chosen for its calling, thanks to a wonderful and humble human being, named Matt Cook!

I'm confused

By Joanne Bengier

1. How do you spell Hannah backwards.
2. What did they sing at Sing-Sing?
3. Why aren't pears sold in pairs?
4. If the low-down is the whole truth, is the high up a lie?
5. If we can be short of money, why can't we be long on money?
6. We march along but we never march ashort.
7. The phone's overage charges have nothing to do with the user's age.
8. Why aren't male ants called uncles?
9. Why can't you buy drinks at a sand bar?
10. Why do they call it furniture if it isn't furry?
11. If we are all created equal, why do we need disability parking?
12. We take the stairs but we never give them back.
13. We speak of the small of the back but never of the big of the back.
14. Who put the car in carrot?
15. We refer to the hair salon as the hairdresser's but we never call the nail salon the naildresser's.
16. XL is both 40 and extra large. So size and age grow together?
17. If assisted suicide is legal is it a crime to commit unassisted suicide?
18. Boiled eggs remain bolied eggs when cold, but boiling water is not longer boiling water when cold.
19. What can you paste together with tooth paste?
20. You can paint yourself into a corner but you can't paint yourself out.
21. You use a mop to mop the floor but you don't use a broom to broom the floor.

If our certainties don't get us, then our self-evidences will

By Allan Sheppard

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal..."

—Thomas Jefferson, United States Declaration of Independence, 1776

In times of change (which, if we are realistic, is nearly all the time), when seemingly confronted by hard and threatening choices, we civilized humans tend to seek comfort in certainty. We react to volatile and unpredictable situations by trying to impose on apparent or imminent chaos as much order and structure as we can find or cobble into being.

One approach, favoured by nations, cultures, and families in many corners of our chaotic world, is to celebrate the past and venerate past leaders remembered (or misremembered) for strength and steadfastness in the face of uncertainty. Donald Trump's Make America Great Again is not the first nostalgic mantra to be used successfully as a political and societal security blanket. Nor will it be the last, in the U.S. or elsewhere, even in our own backyard: The United Conservative Party's Jason Kenney unashamedly wraps himself in a facsimile of the strongman mantle worn by Ralph Klein, Ernest Manning, and William Aberhart, while in Ontario Progressive Conservative leader Doug Ford channels a combination of his predecessor Mike Harris, his late brother Rob, and Donald Trump.

Another approach is to double down on deference and adherence to holy writ: inerrant sacred texts such as the Bible and the Koran or literalist interpretations of pseudo-secular documents including constitutions, manifestoes, declarations, and the like.

Consider the U.S. Declaration of Independence and its bold assertion of self-evidences including the one that all men are created equal. Assume, with me, that many if not most Canadians, would agree with that assertion, one hopes in a more inclusive form that recognizes all genders and rejects the racist slavery and colonialism practiced by several signatories to that declaration. Assume with me that most Canadians would embrace the notion of universal equality at birth—or more

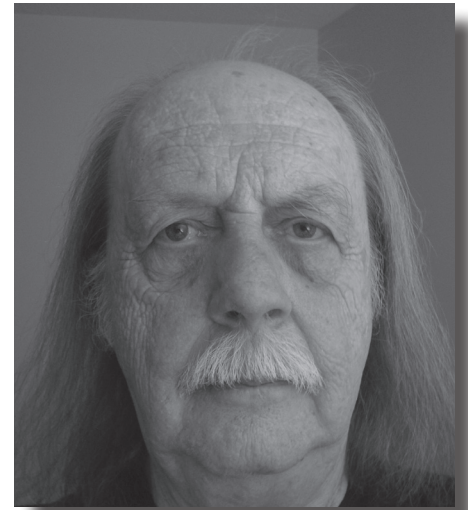
precisely reject the notion of entitlement by birth to special privileges inherent in the class-based system against which the American colonists were rebelling—as, well, self-evident.

Sad to say such assumptions, whether mine, yours, or ours are wrong. We are not born equal. If truth be told, we are not conceived equal either. The de facto inequalities of their parents are burdens carried, without exception, by every child. The Bible speaks in the same way of iniquities, but that is not the issue I want to address here.

What I do want to address is a pernicious and vicious attitude expressed by Toronto Star columnist Rosie DiManno and, I fear, embraced or condoned by more than a few of her (and my) fellow Canadians. In a 15 April 2018 column, Bickering ex-lovers bring unique twist to issue of child support (<https://bit.ly/2JWEckU>), DiManno offers a contemptuous, unfiltered take on a domestic dispute between Kenneth Hill and Brittany Beaver, a former common-law partner and mother of their unnamed son. Both Hill and Beaver are members of the Six Nations confederacy; Hill lives on the Grand River reserve in Southern Ontario; Beaver does not.

According to DiManno's telling of his story, Hill is the multi-millionaire co-founder of a major cigarette manufacturing operation on the reserve and owner or part owner of several related and spin-off businesses.

Surprisingly DiManno does not attribute Hill's business success to the fact that he is Aboriginal and does most of his business on reserve, perhaps gaining unfair or unreasonable advantage thereby. Instead, she devotes her column to a virulent personal attack on Beaver and Hill: On Beaver for taking Hill to court demanding increased spousal and child support, among other things, when the record shows that Hill has been and still seems unusually generous to Beaver and their son; on Hill for trying to defend against Beaver's demands by mounting a legal challenge claiming that Ontario Family Court has no jurisdiction in the case and his Indigenous rights are



being violated. The Ontario Superior Court rejected that claim last year, and Hill is now pursuing a Charter claim at the Ontario Court of Appeal.

Beyond general grumpiness about bad behaviour by both Hill and Beaver, what really seems to have stuck itself in DiManno's craw is the idea that Hill should have chosen to challenge Ontario's Family Law Act, a law that according to DiManno "applies to everybody else in the province." That suggests, surely, that Hill's worst sin is to try to assert, so far unsuccessfully, that all Ontarians are not equal: that he, at least, is above, below, or (worst of all in DiMannoland) outside the law.

But surely, without taking sides in the dispute between Hill and Beaver, we can acknowledge, whether DiManno likes it or not, that Aboriginal and Indigenous people have certain rights that others of us do not, though they have been generally honoured more in the breach than the observance. And surely we can acknowledge that Hill has the right, and the financial means, to test in court whether his case falls under the jurisdiction of the Family Law Act. Given the colonial nature of many of our laws, it is doubtful that any decision will settle the matter. But that shouldn't make Hill a villain for trying.

Nor should Hill's character and behaviour compromise the rights and dignity of his children.

In the midst of her diatribe, DiManno tosses a verbal grenade aimed not at Hill or Beaver, but at Hill's children, presumably because they are, in DiManno's opinion, too many and by too many mothers: "There are, apparently, five other Hill spawns, with five other women." Spawns? Seriously?

The Oxford online dictionary de-

finest the noun spawn as “(t)he product or offspring of a person or place (used to express distaste or disgust).” Exactly how do the children, all six of them, deserve the distaste and disgust so clearly directed at the children, all six of them, deserve the distaste and disgust so clearly directed at them in DiManno’s statement? No child chooses to be born. And no child chooses the parents to whom they are born. To label and demean them with faults and failures of their parents is a kind of abuse: a shameful kind of abuse in fact against victims who have no means of defending themselves and, in any case, are not accused of having done anything wrong, other than to have drawn (in DiManno’s opinion) short straws in the lottery of life. Scorned from a bully’s pulpit for innocently being what they are. Born equal to you, or me, or Ms. DiManno?

Distaste or disgust might appropriately be directed at Hill and some or all of the mothers of his children, though not, according to information DiManno gives us, for neglect, abuse, or ungenerous support of the children. The issue between Hill and Beaver is not a matter of if Hill should support his former partner and their child; it’s how much more Hill should have to pay to maintain Beaver and their son in a lifestyle to which, she claims, he has accustomed them. Greedy. Shameful. Shameless. Profliigate. Even distasteful and disgusting. That’s only the beginning of the eloquent verbal takedown DiManno administers to Hill and Beaver. Fine; she overdoes it, as usual, and she ventures into rhetoric that could be labeled racist, but it seems to me clear that Hill and Beaver can give as good as they get in civil or uncivil debate.

What is equally clear is that DiManno overreached herself in demeaning Hill’s children by Beaver and others.

It’s clear that, in DiManno’s opinion, the children were born many things, none of them equal, one of them, by a possible reading to DiManno’s use of the term “spawn, amounting to sub-human status.

Perhaps the real question is not why DiManno writes as she does about innocent Indigenous children, but why no one, including the Star’s editors and readers, calls her out on it.

HEALING WORDS



BY THE CMHA
WRITING FOR RECOVERY GROUP

Eerie Silence

By Lanky

Somewhere there is a rhyme
That mentions the slowness of hours
Yet, quick is the passing of time
Then, they are buying you flowers.

That mentions the slowness of hours
Ten pennies pinched is a dime
While climbing the tower of power.
Then out the door with a watch and a smile.

Yet, quick is the passing of time
Though the hours, days, months go slowly.
The years, so many, have transpired.
Where did they go you might be inquiring.

Then they are buying you flowers.
Ones, they think, remind them of you.
My pen now utters eerie silences.
The stone above a testament, too.

Sanctuary

By Lisa Anderson

When I am overwhelmed, I get upset.
When I write I am in my sanctuary.
I can have a release without hurting myself. Words are sought out. My mind refocuses not on symptoms but achieving a calmness through the written language. I try to improve and get more creative with each piece I write. Journaling or writing prose or poetry is a strong outlet for me. When I am done, whether my writing is dark or light, I close my book, let it rest,

until I have a pen in my hand again.

Untitled

By Lisa Anderson

I am adrift
on a sea of emotions
wandering through a fog
of voices

Voices of hatred and worry
splash over the sides
each one with a stronger force.

Paranoia lets me know
that I am lost.

Shark like symptoms circle
my vessel
waiting to consume me.

The bright sun is
blinding and harsh on my skin.

At night it is cool
hard to sleep, mind racing
stressed, frantic.

I don’t know how long
it has been since I
stepped on solid ground.

Each hour
I am getting more
overwhelmed.

Anxiety strikes like
a fisherman
catching a tarpon.

Traumas resurface
I am in the deep blue water
I can’t take them
take them
take them.

Thoughts scatter of family and
supporters

I am not really adrift.
I am alone in my room
trying to survive on a sea
of illness.

Hopefully someone will open
the doors and find me
than I can find myself.

The Disowned parts of Ourselves

By Maria B.

In order to heal we must uncover our basic defensive system that we have developed in order to protect ourselves. Many children survive traumatic experiences by learning to “space out”; they become totally oblivious on what is going on around them.

It is of great importance that you share the disowned part of yourself with someone that you trust. It will be someone that accepts you and understands you without judging you. Being that we are speaking from the most vulnerable part of ourselves, the core of our soul, it is important for to know that we are being believed and understood. Otherwise our insecurities will emerge and will go into a defensive mode.

You will be able to know if the person with whom you share your most intimate thoughts and feelings will be receptive enough to open their own heart and receive what you conveyed at a spiritual level. Your vulnerable shield has to be weakened in order to trust someone enough to disclose your best kept awareness. When two hearts open to each other, suddenly we face each other's child within, that child that has been abandoned by us and secluded in a dark place.

What an honour to be chosen to be able to trust so completely that even our inner child is trusting enough to make

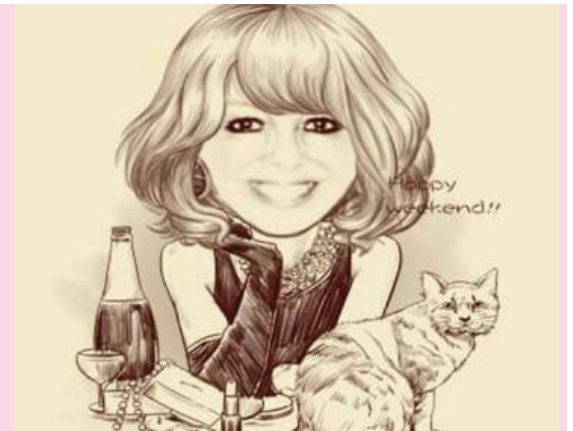
its appearance and share her utmost intimate hurts. To me this person was my sister, two years older.

When siblings are able to talk to each other in such a trusting manner, you realize that siblings are like branches on a tree intertwined in many ways and that we draw strength from each other. We come to the realization that the love for each other has been formed through the pain and hurt that we have shared in our childhood and has been converted into a strong bond that will exist until the end of time. We have opened our hearts to each other in order to make sense of the things that happened. It was so difficult to understand. Also it is incredibly important because our memories are intertwined with each other through the good times and the hurting times.

I remember that it was my sister, Victoria, who taught me how to ride a bike. I remember this so clearly. There she stood, my beautiful sister with her two braids, running, holding on to the bike so I would not fall. It took quite a few trials but I did accomplish it.

I remember another time that we saved our money and we trusted a girl to buy us candy with our money. We waited and waited, but she never came back.

I also remember the time my father threw me into a hole filled with water where my two older sister were swim-



ming. I did not know how to swim and for some reason, I feel it was my sister Victoria that saved me. Otherwise I would have drowned.

I remember the time she was burning her shoes because she claimed we were poor, so I burned mine, too.

These are just a few things that I remember but I know there are more and more that will emerge. Just remembering these few things I realized how important is to have siblings that know so much about each other that we are able to talk to each other without judgement. And feeling how grateful I am for having her on my life.

We have incredible respect for each other, understanding and such a strong love as siblings. Wisdom allows to review our life with a different perspective and encourages that our lessons from our past become the strength in our future.

I HONOUR MY SISTER VICTORIA
AND I AM SO GRATEFUL OF HAVING
HER IN MY LIFE.

My Mother

By Angelique Branston

My mother is not always soft and gentle
She has been forged in pain and suffering.
Seduced by a man whose every word was a lie.
Once shackled held bound by religion
(not God but a small cultish version of God's laws)
It was the truth that finally freed her
Broke asunder her bonds.

My mother is fierce and strong
Having found her freedom she not only survived hell,
She paves the way for others to also find their footing
in these uncertain times.
My mother
I am proud you are my mother -
I love you.