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# ALBERTA Street News

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Friends of Glenrose President Judy Krupp and volunteer and vendor Dave Brewster standing in front of a variety of art paintings.  
Story page 4-5

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# ALBERTA STREET NEWS

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International  
Network of  
Street Papers

# Virus impacts street newspapers

**By Linda Dumont**

The International Network of Street Papers (INSP) conference for 2020 was scheduled to be held in Milan, Italy in June. In mid February, I registered my sister and I to attend. I took her to the dentist on Feb. 20 and told her I would let her know how much the conference fees were as I paid in English pounds and wasn't sure what that would be in Canadian dollars. The corona virus was starting to get on the news, but was way over in China and just a few cases.

Less than a month later, there were reported cases in Italy, then some towns in Italy were shut down due to the virus. I was contacted by the INSP via email to let me know they had suspended registration and not to book air flights until further notice. Within days, they had cancelled the 2020 conference and my conference fees were refunded.

We were planning an Alberta Street News Extravaganza to raise funds for printing costs, to be held on May 2, and were just waiting to book a hall for the event. The Extravaganza has been postponed indefinitely.

March 12, I received an email from the YMCA where I teach yoga classes. It was a health advisory stating that I was to remind all students to wipe down their mats, and all soft surface equipment was locked up, including yoga bolsters, foam blocks, blankets and straps. I taught three classes on March 13, but class numbers were down to about half the normal class load. March 14 another advisory was sent out stating that all YMCA classes were cancelled and the YMCA was closed. I was laid off, and would be paid for one more week until March 21.

Saturday March 14 my daughter Angelique Branston went to the Farmers' market to sell papers. She returned to say it was "wild" there. People had bought out all the eggs and vegetables by 9 a.m.

Sunday morning she insisted we go to Safeway as soon as it opened at 7 a.m. to get toilet paper and so she could stock up on groceries with her paper sales money. We got there for opening time, but they had no toilet tissue. She shopped, then we went on to the Save On foods as they opened at 8 a.m. but they, too, were out of toilet tissue. At 1 p.m. I went to Lucky 97 Supermarket and they had lots of toilet paper so I stocked up.

That evening, I volunteered at the Mission Hall as usual.

Monday I baby sat my great grand-daughter so my grandson and his wife could stock up on groceries.

By the next weekend, I was informed that the Mission Hall had been visited by the health board officials, and we were to limit the amount of people inside the building to no more than 30. That Sunday evening I preached as usual, but we closed down early, and spent an hour cleaning for the next health board visit. 232 people came through for the meal.

Monday and Tuesday I helped make up bag lunches to be given out to the people at the Mission Hall. By Monday, we were told to limit the number inside to no more than 20, then on Tuesday to no more than 10 at a time. Monday, 270 lunches were served and Tuesday just as many. But within days, we had to permit only five people at a time, and people just entered the back door, walked through to get a bag lunch and went out the front door. With the opening of the Expo Centre, numbers dropped down to just over 100 people a night by March 30.

Wednesday, March 25 I received an email from the North American section of the INSP. It stated that some papers had shut down due to the corona virus. I made a decision that Alberta Street News April issue would be put up on line, but not printed until the situation changed. With social distancing of two meters, paper sales are not possible.

On Thursday, March 26, I spoke with Israel Bayer in Seattle, Washington. He is the representative for the North American section of INSP. He confirmed that all street newspapers had stopped the press for their April issues due to covid19.

As of today, April 1st, the stores are nearly all closed with the exception of the drug stores and grocery stores. The Strathcona Farmers' Market is still open on Saturdays, but our vendors are not permitted to work there. You have to make an appointment to see a bank teller, and we are all advised to stay home except for grocery shopping once a week. Gas prices are down to around 62 cents a litre, but we can't take advantage of it, because we are not to travel.

**Due to the cost of printing, Alberta Street News has become a bi-monthly paper. Place an ad to help pay printing costs. Call Linda at 780-428-0805 for ad rates.**

**THE VIEWS PRESENTED ARE THOSE OF THE CONTRIBUTORS.**



# Welcome April, Welcome Spring

By Joanne Benger

"Spring, summer, winter, fall, I love spring most of all!" Rejoice, we have survived winter. April is here.

April is Bedtime Story Month, Decorating Month, Dental Month, Earth Month and Parkinson Awareness Month as well as Daffodil Days and Cancer Month.

The first week of April is Clown Week, the second week is Dental Hygienists Month and Parkinson Awareness Month as well as Administrative Professionals Week when we honour all those who keep our businesses flowing along.

April 1 is April Fool's Day, but only until noon. After lunch it is Tailpike Day when we try to pin tails onto the unsuspecting. Tails can be made of string, tape, newspaper or whatever is handy.

April 5 is Palm Sunday, when the Russians beg for forgiveness from all they have harmed even if it was unintentional.

April 6 32 AD, a Sunday, is believed to be the day Jesus entered Jerusalem.

April 7 is Green Shirt Day when we wear a green shirt to honour all organ donors. It is the day after the anniversary of the Humbolt Bronco Bus crash when grieving family members lovingly agreed to donate organs. Many green t-shirts bear the slogans, "We are Humbolts Strong". Sign your donor card today.

April 8 at sunset Passover begins and it will last until April 16. Passover recalls the time when the Jewish people escaped from slavery in Egypt. It is called Passover because the angel of death passed over and spared their lives on the eve of Exodus. During the Passover leavened bread is not eaten. A typical meal consists of lamb, roasted egg, bitter herbs, a mixture of apples and nuts, unleavened bread and wine.

April 9 Christians enter holy Week with Maundy Thursday, the day Jesus washed the feet of the disciples before the last supper.

April 10 is Good Friday when Jesus was crucified. Edmonton will have its 40th Way of the Cross today. Many eat hot cross buns. Others fast from Good Friday to Easter Sunday.

April 11 is Holy Saturday when lent ends at midnight.

April 12 is Easter Sunday when Jesus rose from the dead. We give each other Easter eggs, eggs being the symbol of new life.

April 13 is Easter Monday, a holiday for some, a shopping day for others as Easter treats are now on sale.

April 15, 1947, Jackie Robinson became the first African American player on any major sports team and Major League baseball activities honour him every April 15.

April 17 is National Haiku Day. The formula for this three line poem is simple: Five syllables first, Seven syllables follow, five syllables end.

April 16, 1999 Wayne Gretsky, 38, played his last hockey game and retired.

April 19, the Sunday following Easter, is called Low Sunday. The Monday and Tuesday following Low Sunday are called Hocktide.

This is when rents are paid each year for the coming growing season.

April 20 is our first fully legal National Cannabis Celebration. Marijuana can now be legally smoked or eaten but it still isn't legal to drive high. (DUI)

April 21 is Holocaust Day in Israel. Have two minutes of silence. It is also the Queen's birthday. She was born in 1926. Happy birthday, Your Majesty.

April 22 is Earth Day when we try to reduce our carbon footprint and walk a bit lighter on the earth.

April 23 Ramadan begins. Ramadan, the ninth month of the Muslim year commemorates the first revelation of the Koran to Mohammed. During this month, Muslims, aside from soldiers and the sick, must fast during daylight hours.

April 24 is Armenian Genocide Memorial Day. Have two minutes of silence.

April 29 is also Denim Day, Noise Awareness Day, and the anniversary of the invention of the soda fountain. Wear denim, eat ice cream and rev up those two strokes.

April 29, 1913 the zipper was invented. If you are in a group, count your zippers and give a prize to the one wearing the most zippers.

April 30 is National Honesty Day in the U.S. and the last day we can legally file our income taxes for this year in Canada which amounts to the same thing.

April 30 is also National Oatmeal Cookie Day should we need some comfort food.

## Easter Traditions

By Joanne Benger

Our Christian Easter is all wrapped up in the return of spring and warm weather and the renewal of life, and we celebrate that every way we can. The origins of many of our customs are lost to antiquity.

For the religious this is the time to remember the resurrection. It was traditional to scrub the family tombstones before Easter Sunday service, when cemeteries occupied church yards. The church service was the most important part of Easter. Even today, the Pope will celebrate Easter by waving a fan over the heads of bowed worshippers. The fan is made of ostrich feathers with the eye spots from peacock feathers sewn on.

For most of us Easter begins by watching the sunrise for it is said that the sun dances on Easter morning. In Ireland they watch the sun dance in a shimmering bowl of water. Others claim that if you watch the sunrise through a darkened glass you will see that the dancing sun bears the imprints of the lamb and a flag, the symbols of Easter.

Because Easter Sunday marks the end of lent and fasting, the Easter breakfast is very hearty with lots of ham and eggs. It is customary to divide up a hard boiled egg so everyone at the breakfast table can eat a piece. This guarantees that none of them will stray in the coming year.

New clothes have been part of Easter for centuries. Some say this is because nature is clothing the earth for spring. Others say that it is because when Easter was New Year's Day, it was customary for

people to cast off their old clothes and wear new ones to start the new year right. Next it became the practice for people to wear the same set of clothes throughout Lent, then discard them for a new set of clothes on Easter Day.

According to very old superstitions, if you don't wear at least one new item of clothing on Easter Day you will be unlucky. Bird droppings may fall on you, dogs may spit at you or crows may peck out your eyes.

In modern times many believe that if you wear three new garments on Easter Day you will be lucky throughout the coming year. You may want to wear an Easter bonnet. It has evolved from the wreath of flowers or leaves that was worn during olden time spring celebrations.

The traditional colors of Easter are yellow, pink, light blue, lavender and green and some say eggs collared in these shades represent the flowers that will soon be blooming. And who could be better at laying eggs than the Easter rabbit.

The traditional Easter flower was the white lily. White for purity and the V-shaped cup shape represented the cup of life. Now we are more likely to see coloured tulips and daffodils.

The Easter dinner involves anything to do with eggs. They are dyed, hunted for, put in baskets and used for such outdoor sports as egg rolling, egg tossing, and egg and spoon races. New colourful candy eggs, chocolate eggs and marshmallow eggs often replace real eggs and Easter baskets are replaced by hollow plastic eggs filled with treats. Easter has become a time of fluffy bunnies, baby chicks, marshmallow peeps and chocolate rabbits as we celebrate spring.

# Friends of Glenrose raises funds for patient care and comfort

Story and photos by John Zapantis

'A friend in need is a friend in deed.' That saying best describes Friends of Glenrose helping the Glenrose Rehabilitation Hospital operating its various fundraising activities and funding the hospital's corner store. The not-for-profit organization, once known as the Glenrose Women's Auxiliary, was originally established in 1964. The organization changed its name to Friends of Glenrose in 2008, so that males could be included in the voluntary process of giving back to the hospital's community. The organization's tag line, reads, 'Supporting patient care and comfort since 1964.'

Friends of Glenrose Corner Store, located in the Royal Alexandra Hospital, provides a diverse range of merchandise for its patients and visitors including clothing, flowers, newspapers, coloring books, personal care items, food, candy, coffee and soft drinks. The store is volunteer operated with one full-time member that is employed as the supervisor over-seeing the store's operations. The organization raises funds through various activities that benefit patients at the hospital. All funds are donated towards patient care and comfort. Fundraising activities include, The Arts in Rehabilitation, where guests and patients are invited to view and purchase paintings in any one of the hospital's four art galleries. The galleries allow aspiring and established artisans the opportunity to display their paintings and sell their works. 20% is taken from each painting that is sold and donated to Friends of Glenrose Store. The four art galleries situated inside the hospital include: Art On The Inside, Inspire, Blue Curve and Mezzanine.

Other fundraising activities include a vendor's market with various tables that are rented out by vendors for \$25.00 dollars a table. The proceeds from the table rentals are then donated to Friends of Glenrose. Vendor's operational hours are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Fridays, except holidays.

The Coffee Cart is operated by Friends of Glenrose. It is a wagon wheeled over to various waiting areas, to serve the hospital's patients and visitors.

The hair salon is another a helpful resource for patients and visitors looking for a particular cut or style.

The hospital's library, located on the 3rd floor atrium, is open 24/7. A variety of books

are available through donation and purchases for those donated books can be made at the Friends of Glenrose Corner Store.

Friends of Glenrose also offers a Pet Therapy Program to its patients every Monday, providing emotional support, fun and entertainment, while helping to turn frowns into smiles.

Pull tickets are sold by Friends of Glenrose volunteers, over at a display table located across from Friends of Glenrose Corner Store. The pull tickets are available every Monday except on holidays. Tickets can be purchased for 50 cents each. The maximum prize payout for a winning ticket is \$100.00 dollars. Proceeds from sales of art and pull tickets go to support, care and comfort.

Friends of Glenrose loves to express its support by making special occasions memorable for its many hospital patients, when cash vouchers are handed out to them at Valentine's Day Family Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Labour Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. These vouchers can only be used to purchase the services at the corner store or the hair salon.

Lap blankets are always given out to new patients arriving through the doors of the Glenrose, conveniently keeping patients warm.

The organization is also flexible in hosting its annual volunteer run casino, helping to fundraise revenues for patient care and comfort. Vending machines containing coffee, water, and pop serve its visitors and patients, along with ATM machines situated adjacent from the corner store and in Cravings on the 3rd floor.

Recently Friends of Glenrose made strides in purchasing and donating seven comfort chairs for its library and 10 specialized wheel chairs for its many patients.

Dave Brewster, 63, is married with children and is one of 65 Friends of Glenrose volunteers. He volunteers his time, helping visitors and patients at the hospital. Prior to working as a volunteer, he had his right leg amputated on February 14th, 2017. The spread of gangrene in his right leg was the reason for an operation, where his right leg was amputated below the knee. After the amputation, the gangrene returned and a second amputation was performed on March 30th, 2017, when the same leg was amputated above the right knee. He remained in recovery for six months at the Grey Nuns Hospital. After spending some time at the hospital, he was finally transferred to the Glenrose Hospital for additional therapy and received a prosthetic leg. He sometimes gets around in an electric wheelchair when not wearing a prosthetic leg.

One day, while staying at the hospital, little did he realize his calling would come knocking on his door! It was while looking at a brochure, while seated on the front desk of the hospital, that he discovered the volunteer opportunities that this brochure advertised, highlighted by Friends of Glenrose. He then realized that this was what he'd love to do to give back to the

community, so he joined the ranks of its many volunteers on October 2017.

When volunteering, for the organization, Dave juggles his priorities between selling women's clothing, selling pull tickets and showing and selling art paintings in one of four art galleries that the hospital showcases. Volunteering is not his only responsibility to the Glenrose public; he's also a self-employed businessman, who started his own business called Mobility Essentials. He is one of the many vendors that works at a display table at the Glenrose, selling his mobility tools that serve as a helpful asset in helping to enhance the mobility of people living with physical disabilities.

Brewster thought up this unique concept, after being rejected from many job opportunities primarily because of his handicap. That wasn't going to stop the determined man from succeeding.

Brewster said, "I learned that I can't get hired. I'm a disabled person. It's very difficult to get a job, unless you're in a job. They will keep you maybe, but try to get another job after you've had an amputation. It's virtually impossible. Plus your age is going against you. So I turned it around. Even my son was reluctant, because it was difficult to do the stuff that I was doing prior to the amputation. It's fair enough. I agree. So I started my own business, a small one to help people, called Mobility Essentials."

The display table where he works as a vendor offers an array of helpful mobility tools that include grabbers for people in wheel chairs, who could use the assistance of one after dropping their items on the floor, magnetic pick up tools that can be used for picking up coins off the floor and cups that can be mounted on a wheelchair when a wheelchair user is drinking a cup of coffee.

There are exceptions made by Dave when showing empathy for seniors, who are on limited incomes and simply can't afford a mobility tool. Brewster said, "I actually give stuff away, like to some elderly people. They honestly can't afford it. This isn't about money. This is about interacting, a way of helping people, giving back and basically having the tools they need to have the right tool for the job. The right tool for the job makes the difference!"

Volunteering to Dave is a passion. He realizes that he's a lot more fortunate than most people he's encountered, while helping those less fortunate, who live with a more severe disability than himself, Brewster said, "When you're talking to people, you're finding out that there are some horrendous accidents and injuries that happened to people and it makes mine look pretty minor."

The thing is in the Glenrose Hospital, no matter what people have, they don't get complaints from the patients. The patients do not complain. They just get on with it."

Volunteering is a small part of what Dave



does compared to how he uses his personal experiences in sharing his story with other patients, who've just had a leg amputated, and helping to boost their spirits and future outlook on the progress that's right around the corner,

Brewster said, "Like, I meet people and we talk about the same injury, for example, people who've just had their leg amputated, they don't know what they're in for. You get to tell them and talk to them. I think it helps them, because you don't hear it from the nurses as much as you do from patients. I've been through it twice and I know what it's like. I know it's very important. So it makes it less scary, really, for them.

Sometimes they don't realize that they're actually going to walk again, because they get their leg amputated. They never knew anything about it, before, until they got here and all of the sudden they start wondering, 'Am I going to walk again? Yeah, well you're going to walk again. You're going to drive again. You're going to do everything normal. They're heading in the same way. I've been there and they're following me in what we can do.'

The content and accomplished volunteer feels a lot better about himself these days, after hearing stories about other disabled people's tragic downfalls, that makes his disability seem more minor compared to those not so fortunate.

One example was when he had the opportunity in meeting a disabled man named Adam at the Glenrose Rehabilitation Hospital, who had just finished giving his public presentation to patients about his surviving a near fatal accident after being hit by a train. Dave found his story so inspiring he was later encouraged to take up some helpful tips that the keynote speaker gave out to the audience about his successful road to recovery,

Brewster said, "I went and talked to him. His both legs were amputated, but I talked to him about his knee. The guy walks perfectly normal with two prosthetic legs. You wouldn't know he had any leg amputated."

The experience of meeting his 'Mentor of Hope' has been an encouraging experience that encourages Dave to want to walk in the shoes of Adam,

Brewster said, "I want to be like Adam. I want to be able to walk around perfectly normal. I don't have balance right now. He gave me some advice, starting in the house, holding onto walls. I didn't do that. I had not been doing that, but since I spoke to him, now I get a hand print on the wall, but it doesn't matter. I'm going to get my balance. That tip came from Adam. Without talking to him. I wouldn't have ever thought about that. That's why I say, you get little tips from each other."

Since joining this organization, he's been mentored by many of its members on how



**Friends of Glenrose President Judy Krupp proudly stands by one of 10 specialized wheel chairs that her organization donated to the Glenrose Rehabilitation Hospital.**

to help in various capacities. His gratitude for those who've helped in making his efforts effective in the volunteer workplace is greatly appreciated.

Brewster said, "I want to thank Judy for helping me into the organization, Michelle in the canteen in the corner store, everybody for helping me. We all help each other. Meeting them has been great."

Friends of Glenrose president Judy Krupp originally started volunteering in the Glenrose hospital's cardiac department in 2003 after being successfully rehabilitated following a massive heart attack that she suffered in 2002. She first volunteered in both the cardiac department and with Friends of Glenrose.

She decided to volunteer to show her gratitude for her recovery and understands the many volunteers essential need to volunteer.

She said, "Many of my volunteers are doing it because they wanted to give back due to some injury they have suffered."

Judy Krupp has some interesting and encouraging words of advice especially for the disabled, who want to apply for volunteering positions,

Krupp said, "It's really important that I can use volunteers here at the hospital and they don't have to

have two arms and two legs. They can have a healthy body. Priscilla, one of the volunteers, had a stroke. She's paralytic on one side of her body. The lady in the store had a motorcycle crash and she's fine. She's a cashier with one arm. So we're open to different kinds of disability and anyone who wants to volunteer."

If you're interested in becoming a volunteer with Friends of Glenrose, phone President Judy Krupp at 780-974-4806. Volunteer operational hours are from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Friday.



**Friends of Glenrose volunteer Priscilla Thomas sells pull tickets adjacent from the Friends of Glenrose Corner Store.**

# An Inspirational thought illustrated

By Joanne Bengier

Let preparation H, Compound W and the x-ray inspire you. Does it matter that Preparation A, compound A and the A-ray failed?

He can't sit with  
Preparation C



Compound A made  
my warts grow



N Ray shows  
nudity not bones

## The joys of Spring

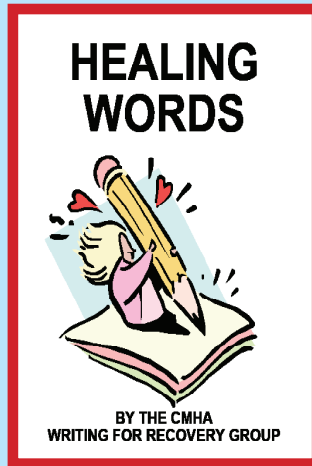
By joanne Bengier

1. Flu season is over. That's great. Spring fever is here and it's incurable. Some of us prefer flu – you get over it unless.... Let's not go there.
2. Pot holes are growing by the minute. They'll swallow your car if they don't just wreck it.
3. It's too warm for a parka and too cold to go without a summer jacket and we've given away our old summer jackets and don't have new ones yet.
4. There are water puddles to catch the unwary. Wet foot disease is spreading.
5. Liquid road deicer damage is revealing itself. Good bye concrete. Bye-bye cement.
6. Toque hair can no longer be hidden under a toque. Toques are out. Baseball caps are in.
7. In winter all figures are equal under down parkas. Now lighter spring clothes are revealing those figure faults. Hello diet.
8. Tree roots are growing. Poor Root-Out down your drains or call your plumber later.
9. Spring cleaning time is here. Dust bunnies bring Easter eggs? It's safest to leave them until Easter just in case.
10. Short sleeves are back. Winter elbows are on display.
11. We can no longer stay inside by claiming we fear slipping on the ice.
12. Bears are coming out of hibernation. Don't leave home without your bear spray if you're going camping.
13. There's mud here, mud there, mud everywhere. Track it in, wipe it up. Never fear. There's always more mud.
14. The smells of winter are thawing out. Hold your nose.
15. Meling snow is revealing the litter of winter past – dog pooh, cans and bottles, fast food containers, and opps – I don't believe it!
16. Perennial flowers are poking through, proudly declaring, "I survived the winter. Happy spring to all!"
17. It's time to stop shovelling snow and start raking away all signs of winter and those lawn mower repairs can't be put off much longer.
18. When the Canada geese retrun and start honking in the sky, spring is truly here to stay. Soon the snowbirds will be back, too.

# I eat

By Mzyp Dani

*I eat  
Moderately  
To keep well  
My oranges and avocados  
Blueberries and love  
Love and super love  
My family and friends  
Feed me and I feed them  
Thoughts and images  
Beyond food to  
Blossoming like flowers  
And it is a spring day  
In the depth of winter  
A breathe of sunshine  
Lightness and flying  
Mazunte memories calling  
Playing ukelele and harmonica  
On the beach  
Laying in the sand  
Listening to ocean waves  
Asleep as youth returns to me*



## Ode to Paper & Pen

By Donna Threlkeld.

*Oh paper & pen, how inviting  
you are when my emotions and  
thoughts don't make sense.  
How satisfying it is to put you two  
together.  
It brings such awareness to me &  
allows me to get out of my head to  
make sense of what's in there!  
Thank you to such a fine couple  
for the amazing opportunity to see  
my thoughts out of my head.  
Where would I be without you  
both?  
It is truly is such a privilege to so  
intimately acquainted, my dear  
paper & Pen*

## An Ode to Writing

By Dani Zyp

*O written word  
How do I love thee?  
Like blossoms in the spring  
Heaven scent you are  
Roots deep in the dark earth  
Feeding on rain and sunshine  
From the depths of pain  
I escaped through words  
To find soft rain and sunlight rays*

*O written word  
You have saved me  
Again and again  
From dying of loneliness  
Marks on a page  
My saviour*

## Celebrating Gray Sweat

### Pants

By Joanne Bengier

1. Gray sweat pants are cheap to buy and cheap to keep and never wear out.
2. They stretch to fit when you gain weight. The elastic grows and shrinks along with you.
3. They are warm. That's why they are called sweat pants. I sweat, you sweat, we all sweat in sweat pants.
4. They are easy on and off. Sweat pants don't need a belt, there are no buttons or zippers to slow you down.
5. They are four season wear. Sweat pants are warm in winter but you can roll them up into shorts for the summer.
6. You can sleep in them on cold nights.
7. They are unisex and ageless so you can share them with anyone.
8. Gray sweat pants never show the dirt because they are grungy to begin with.
9. They go from washer to dryer to you. No ironing required.
10. Gray sweat pants are a neutral shade so they never clash with tops of any color.
11. You can wear gray sweat pants with tops tucked in or not, and you can add braces for security if your figure warrants it.
12. You can wear them everywhere in public or you can just wear them watching TV.
13. Gray sweat pants are equally suitable for the active athletic lifestyle or the sedentary couch potato option.
14. Gray sweat pants are the great equalizer, appealing to members of every socio-economic status and worn by rich and poor alike.



# FICTION

## The Willow Basket

By Sharon Austn

Outside Cassie could hear the pounding of the carpenter's hammers as they boarded up the windows of the store front. With each blow her parent's dream of a general store in the town of Pine Vale was slipping farther and farther away. She had tried to keep the store going but times were changing and some days she had no customers at all. One by one the shops had closed, then the garage and the motel as more and more residents left the small town for the lure of the city. Cassie half expected to see tumbleweeds come rolling down the street like in some prairie ghost town. She was beginning to feel like a pale grey ghost herself moving through the rooms filled only with the memories of her mother's merry laughter and the scent of her father's pipe tobacco.

Mother always called her a blessing for she had arrived when her parents had long since given up hope of having a child. Her father, a scholar, had christened her with the lofty name of Cassiopeia after a constellation in the northern sky. Her mother, a social butterfly with a heart of gold, had brought her down to earth by calling her Cassie. Cassie was like both parents with her father's quiet reserve and her mother's fair hair and kind heart. It was time for her to move on, to fulfill the dreams of her own heart that she had postponed with her parent's passing. No matter how hard it was, it was time to pack up the belongings of a lifetime. Reaching into a storage cupboard, Cassie pulled out a small brown basket and her breath caught in a surprised "ohhh." There before her was her precious Easter willow basket, darkened now with age and the bright yellow ribbon tied on the handle was faded and frayed. As she ran her fingers over the smooth wood her mind was filled with memories so beautiful, so poignant, that she sat back and let her thoughts drift back through the years.....

The first time Cassie set eyes on Ben Eagles, he was the new student in her grade eight classroom. His parents had come to work as hired help for a year on Mr. Lester's farm. The towns folk called Mr. Lester "the hippy" because of his

unconventional farming practices and his habit of hiring persons of different ethnic groups as his workers. Cassie's father thought Mr. Lester was trying to show the narrow-minded folks of Pine Vale that there was a whole world out there beyond the town limits. Ben's family was Aboriginal and the school bullies had little mercy for anyone who was different. They taunted him with names like "Heap Big Chief" and yelled at him to do rain dances. Ben just ignored them, never engaging them or answering back. He would walk away in his faded jeans and old worn out sneakers with his head held high and a look of defiance on his face. Every recess and at lunch time he would go to the grade one classroom and collect his small brother Chumley and they would play together in the stretch of woods that bordered the school yard. Poor little Chumley had one bad leg and half of his face was twisted making him look like a small wizard. Sometimes Cassie would see them playing catch and other times they would sit together under a tree as Ben read Chumley books from the library. After school, Cassie would often see Ben walking home with little Chumley on his back and a bundle of fresh cut willow under his arm. She always said "Hi" to him in passing and he would just give a nod and keep on going. Only once had Cassie seen Ben fight the bullies that called themselves "The Big Four" and that was because of little Chumley. Ben was late to pick up Chumley and "The Big Four" had surrounded him calling him names, dragging their legs in exaggerated fashion and making ugly faces. When Ben saw them bullying Chumley he attacked fighting all four of them like a wildcat. Cassie had run to the school for Mrs. Sleet, who was as cold, cruel, and unwelcoming as her name. Mrs. Sleet broke up the fight but Ben had thrown so many punches that the bullies had not walked away unscathed. Mrs. Sleet marched the culprits into the school leaving Ben lying on the ground looking dazed and Chumley sobbing in a crumpled heap beside him. Cassie ran to the school and wet a thick stack of paper towel with cold water and grabbed a banana and two chocolate cookies from her lunch. Ben was sitting up when she got back trying to comfort Chumley. She wished she could have gathered both of them in her arms the way her mother would have but instead she stood there awkwardly as water dripped on her shoes. Ben had a black

eye and a bruise on his cheek and when he tried to smile there was blood on his teeth. As Ben wiped his face and held the wet towel to his eye Cassie offered Chumley her treats. He looked at Ben questioningly and when Ben nodded he reached his scrawny little hand for the banana.

"He just loves bananas," Ben smiled indulgently as Chumley's tears seemed to vanish. "Thanks Cassie." Just then her friends started calling her name from where they were playing by the swing sets. "You better go," Ben said resignedly, "I don't want you to be bullied too."

"The Big Four" didn't even get detention because they were the sons of prominent figures in the town, one being the mayor. The only good thing to come out of the fight was after that they left Chumley alone. Some of the younger boys who also lived in fear of "The Big Four" tried to befriend Ben thinking he might be able to protect them but he just ignored them and went off to play with his brother.

For the Easter party, Mrs. Sleet told the students that they were each to bring an Easter basket with eggs for the basket exchange. Cassie's store sold the rainbow bamboo baskets as well as a selection of Easter candy and green paper grass. The girls talked excitedly about how they would decorate their baskets. The day of the party, Cassie placed her basket decorated with white paper rabbits on the table beside the others. Most of the baskets looked alike with coloured eggs peeping out the top but one was decidedly different. There on the table sat a small brown willow basket tied with a length of bright yellow ribbon. Inside were three painted chicken eggs nestled on a bed of crumpled tissue paper.

"What a hideous basket," Cassie heard Molly shriek. "Who'd want a basket like that! No one is going to pick that one."

The girls all began to giggle and sneer and soon some of the boys joined in. Cassie snuck a glance at Ben and her heart broke a little as she saw a look of shame on his usually defiant face. He was staring at his tanned hands not even bothering to raise his eyes. Being from a different culture, either he hadn't understood or maybe he didn't have the money for a store bought basket. Mrs. Sleet rapped for silence as she held up the first basket. All of the children who raised their hands had their names put in a hat and the one drawn out would get that basket. As Mrs. Sleet held up Ben's basket her thin lips



twisted in derision.

"Well now, this is unusual," she said coldly. "If no one wants a certain basket," she continued, "I'll just put it at the end of the table and the last unlucky person will get it."

She proceeded to carry the basket to the end when Cassie's hand shot up. Every eye turned to stare at her as she went forward to get her basket. She could hear the murmur of whispers and her friends looked surprised puzzled and angry. After the basket exchange, there was a social time and Cassie sat down in the empty seat near Ben. He had not even bothered to raise his hand so he had been given an old basket with a broken handle, obviously from last year. It did have an assortment of bright pink and blue eggs nestled on shredded newspaper.

"I really like my willow basket," Cassie smiled at Ben. His dark eyes searched her face and she could tell he was wondering if she was going to make fun of him too. "Did you make it yourself?" she asked kindly.

"No," Ben replied, "I cut the willow but my mother makes willow baskets to sell at the farmer's market. I decorated the eggs though."

Two of the eggs were painted with figures of animals with bright designs at each end while the third was just done in blobs of colour.

"Chumley painted that one," Ben said sheepishly as she held up the egg.

"Aw, that's so sweet," Cassie said warmly "I wish I had a little brother." Under the eggs Cassie caught a glimpse of a thin strip of beading with a leather strip on each end. It was beautifully crafted in a pattern of orange, yellow, blue and white beads.

"Oh Ben, that's so pretty," Cassie breathed as she tied the beaded bracelet on her wrist. Across the room her friends were whispering behind their hands and giggling as they stared at her but Cassie didn't care. She was more interested in the pleased smile spreading across Ben's face.

After school Cassie saw Ben walking down the road with Chumley on his back. Most of the students took the school buses so there was no one to disapprove as she ran after him calling "Ben, Ben, wait for me." For the rest of the school year they would walk home together and when Ben cut the willow on the road allowance she would play with Chumley. Cassie always saved some little treat for him in

her lunch pail and if it was a banana his bright eyes would widen in delight. Once when Ben had gone far ahead cutting the willow Cassie thought she would give Chumley a ride on her own back to catch up. When she ran up to Ben pink cheeked and laughing he did not smile back at her. Cassie realized just how deep the bond was between the brothers and the sense of responsibility that Ben felt when he said quietly, "No Cassie, he's my brother, I will carry him."

Sometimes they would all stop in at the store where Cassie's mother would have a treat for them. Her mother just loved little Chumley and she would scoop him up and give him a big hug and a kiss as she twirled him around. She fretted over his twig like arms and gave him chocolate milk and bananas and cookies to take home. Cassie's mother was a one woman welcoming committee for the town of Pine Vale. She made up baskets of goods from the store for anyone who was sick, or out of work, or had a new baby and she would deliver them herself. Sometimes her father would just shake his head and say "Bessie, Bessie, don't give away the store." At her downcast look he would relent and smile and say, "That's my Bessie, with a heart as big as the world." Cassie's mother tried to give Ben hugs too but he always stood stiffly as she tried to pull him against her ample form. He was obviously not used to hugs.

Finally the school year was over and Cassie spent as much time as she could with Ben and Chumley. When Ben's chores at the farm were done he would come racing down the gravel road on the rusted old bicycle "the hippie" had given him. Chumley would be laughing and clinging to his back perched on the half-broken rusted seat. Cassie would ride her pretty pink girl's bike with the plastic streamers on the handles but she could never keep up. She was always calling after them, "Ben, Ben wait for me." She never bothered to call or meet up with any of her friends from school for the time spent with Ben was too precious. They both knew that at summer's end Ben would be gone so they never spoke of school or the coming fall. Every day with Ben was an adventure whether they were exploring along the creek or climbing the train trestle or just picking wild strawberries for his mother. Ben had a wonderful imagination and sometimes they would be characters from the books he had read;

pirates or princes or travelers to outer space. Other times they would just be themselves; three happy children enjoying the warm summer days; riding the hippie's old horse or swimming in the creek. Often the three of them would lie in the sweet smelling clover field and stare up at the puffy white clouds in the blue expanse of the sky. Sometimes a jet plane would fly over flashing a tiny silver glint and long white vapour trail. "Someday I'm going to fly," Ben would say with a far off look in his eye, "I'll fly like the eagles."

The first time Cassie went to visit at Ben's home she didn't know what to expect. He seemed embarrassed as he opened the door of the hired hand's shack. Cassie schooled her face not to show surprise at the one big room with a wood stove in the middle. Two make-shift bedrooms had been roped off with old grey blankets and the floor was just bare boards. Their table was a weathered picnic table with attached benches and the cupboards were boards nailed to the walls. Ben's mother was stirring a big pot of soup on the stove and his two little brothers that Chumley called "the babies" were staring at Cassie with big frightened eyes. They reminded her of two wary little foxes as they peaked at her from behind their mother's skirt. Mother had sent one of her welcome boxes from the store and Cassie brought two little toys from the display case, one a small stuffed elephant and the other a blue dog. They were a bit faded from their long stay in the store window but the two little boys didn't seem to notice as they eagerly reached for the toys forgetting their shyness. Just then a howl erupted from the table where Chumley was eating a slice of homemade bread and jam. His tears were mingled with the jam on his small twisted face as he sobbed brokenly, "Where's mine." Cassie's face fell as she realized belatedly that Chumley was just little too and she should have brought a toy for him.

Thinking quickly she ran to him and hugged him saying, "Chumley, I didn't forget you, I want you to come to the store and pick your own....maybe when I go home." Instantly his face brightened and he hugged her back smudging jam on her white blouse but she didn't care. Ben smiled knowingly at her; he cared so much for little Chumley. Sometimes when Cassie came home scratched and dirty from her adventures father would

Continued on page 10

father would stare at her with a worried frown but mother would just laugh merrily and say, "Let the children play, Lester. This golden summer will never come again."

Time was slipping by so quickly as the summer days shortened and the temperature cooled; still they refused to speak of summer's end. Cassie wished she could stop the relentless march of time but time stops for no one. On Ben's last night he came alone and they sat together in the big lawn swing and watched the western sky. "I have to go home and help load up when the sun goes down," he said as they watched the golden sun race toward the smoky hills. The sunset was the most beautiful Cassie had ever seen, as if the whole heavens were putting on a display to quell her aching heart. The last tints of pink were slowly fading in the sky and still they sat stretching out the last moment's they could be together. Finally when a shimmer of dusk was haunting the distant forest Ben stood up. "I'll never forget you, Cassie" he said fervently as he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it softly.

"I'll miss you forever, Ben," Cassie whispered as tears flooded her cheeks that seemed to glow in the half-light. Then he was gone, just a small dark shadow disappearing into the gloom as he peddled away for the last time.

Without Ben and Chumley, Cassie's life seemed grey and empty. Some evenings she would sit in the swing and stare at the sunset as she twirled her beaded bracelet. One day she rode her bike out to the hippie's farm to see if there was anything that Ben had left behind. The handyman's shack was bare and empty, as if the family had never really been there and it was all a beautiful dream. Even the old grey blankets were gone and the bare wooden beds where they had slept looked cold and empty. There was really nothing left, just a few empty tobacco cans and a pair of worn out boots far beyond repair. In the crack of the picnic table she found one of Chumley's blue crayons and she put it in her pocket to remember him. Ben had

burned all of his school notebooks and Chumley's too but there in the corner was one he had missed. On the blue Hilroy cover was Ben's name and drawings of airplanes and eagles and jets with long white plumes flowing across the page. There was no work inside the notebook which is why it had probably escaped the cleansing fire. "I know you'll fly Ben," she whispered into the silent stillness of the room. "Someday I'll look up and it will be you streaking across the sky. I know your dreams will come true."

Cassie had hoped that Ben would write to her but he never did. She asked the hippie where they had gone but all he knew was they'd gone to some peach farm in B.C. Cassie imagined Ben and Chumley sitting together under a peach tree eating golden peaches and her heart ached to be with them again. Soon it was time to go back to school and things seemed to return to normal although Cassie never took off her beaded bracelet. She wore the bracelet for a year and then only took it off because some of the beads seemed to be getting loose and she didn't want to lose any. Over time the memories of Ben began to slowly fade and she would remember the wonderful summer they had and smile instead of being sad.

Now as she held the willow basket she wondered again what had become of Ben Eagles. Had he joined the military, become a pilot, had he fulfilled his dreams? She realized as she got older that she wasn't just Ben's friend, she had truly loved him if a thirteen and a half year-old can fall in love. She had loved him with all the sweet innocent adoration of youth and she was sure he had loved her too. She had not fulfilled her dreams; Ben would have been disappointed. Cassie had left her nursing course half done when father had called with the terrible news that mother had dropped dead in the kitchen. One minute she was baking a birthday cake for a lonely senior, the next she was gone. Without her bright beautiful spirit and overflowing love for everyone father had turned into a shadow of a man unable to accomplish

the simplest task. Cassie had rushed home to mind the store but the store was now nothing more than an empty shell. Cassie sighed as she went to the kitchen to make herself a cup of tea. She heard the mailman rattling the box outside and was surprised to see a small package wrapped in brown paper and tied with string. The return address was from some place she had never heard of but it was definitely addressed to her. Inside was a paperback novel.

"How strange," she thought, "Who on earth would send her a book?" Turning it over her heart skipped a beat as she read the title, "One Golden Summer" by Benjamin Eagles. Ben, her Ben had actually written a book! Quickly she opened it and saw the dedication: For Cassie Lane, my sweetest friend and in memory of my brother Charles, (Chumley) Eagles. 1953 to 1969. Poor sweet Chumley had only lived to 16 years old. How his death must have broken Ben's heart. It was 1973 now, what had Ben done in the years since Chumley's passing? Obviously he had taken the time to write a book about that wonderful summer. Cassie sat back and read long into the night. It was all there, the terrible prejudice of Pine Vale and the school, the kindness of her mother and the wonderful adventures they had enjoyed. The last sentences of the book gave her pause for thought. Ben had written, "I never saw Cassie Lane again for the stain of small town prejudice would have coloured everything we did. In another time and another place, she would have been my whole world. Ben had put in a note in case she wanted to get in touch with him at his military base where he flew jet planes. Once again he had left it up to her and she felt again like that young girl running down the road calling "Ben, Ben, wait for me." It was a different time and a different place; small town prejudice had slowly faded like dirty snow melting in the warm spring breeze. She would find Ben again and they would watch the setting sun, not with dread but with hope and joy and the promise of tomorrow.



## Expo Centre activated to assist people experiencing homelessness

“Friday, March 20th, 2020, the activation of the Expo Centre was announced in support of the collective efforts of all orders of government and community stakeholders to assist people experiencing homelessness with a supported and safe environment necessary for social distancing, isolation and recovery.

At the request of our coordinating body led by Homeward Trust, Bissell Centre and Boyle Street Community Services along with many other partners have agreed to modify and transition services to ensure that we are aligned with the joint efforts to support our fellow citizens.

Both agencies will be transitioning staff and services to operate out of the Expo Centre effective Tuesday, March 24th. Bissell Centre's Community Space services will operate out of the Expo Centre site, while the Boyle Street Community Services Drop-in centre will remain operational at its current site.

The Mustard Seed is redeploying staff and services from both its 96th Street Building location and Mosaic Centre to better support the new operations at the Expo Centre.

In addition to the community service response, Boyle McCauley Health Centre, in coordination with Alberta Health Services and our sector partners, will be leading the healthcare response onsite at the Expo Centre. This includes a 24/7 isolation centre for persons

experiencing homelessness, and services will be targeted to provide supportive therapy for clients with COVID-like symptoms, as well as ensuring continuity of care for all concurrent health needs and concerns. Boyle McCauley's main medical clinic on 96th Street will remain open (albeit with reduced hours) to continue to serve community health needs.

Transportation, outreach supports, and other services are being coordinated with Homeward Trust, the City of Edmonton and other partners to assist with the migration of services to the Expo Centre.

As the impacts of this pandemic are rapidly evolving and are particularly dangerous for the many people accessing our services with compromised immune systems, we will be reviewing the effects of these changes regularly and will be adjusting our efforts to ensure that we are doing our best to support people experiencing homelessness to be healthy and safe during this difficult time.”

About Bissell Centre: Bissell Centre works toward the elimination of poverty in our community by using evidence-based methods to achieve its vision. Bissell is an inclusive, client-centered organization that recognizes the dignity and strengths of individuals and families, and offers the supports they need to rise up out of poverty and homelessness and find hope for the future. Bissell reframes the conversation around poverty, why it exists, and how we can all work together to end it forever.

<http://bissellcentre.org>

About Boyle Street Community Services: Boyle Street Community Services has been dedicated to addressing the needs of people who are homeless, impoverished and marginalized for almost 50 years. Operating in nine locations across Edmonton Boyle Street Community Services has developed expertise in assertive engagement with those who come to us for help.

<https://www.boylestreet.org>

About Boyle McCauley Health Centre: Through primary care and health promotion, The Boyle McCauley Health Centre improves the quality of life and well-being of populations and individuals who face multiple barriers to accessing health services.

The BMHC achieves this by providing the highest standard of evidence-informed and client focused inter-professional care. We collaborate with our clients to address the broad determinants of health.

<http://www.bmhc.net/>

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# Existing Without Knowing Who We Are

By Maria B.

"Connect with your inner self. A beautiful sanctuary exists within you. A place of total calm. A connection to stillness. A temple of sacredness, peace, beauty, love. Once you are truly at this infinite inner place, your true home, you will be at home anywhere, at any time, with anyone. A place where INFINITE possibility exists."

Angie Karan Krezos

"True Self" to describe a sense of self based on spontaneous authentic experience, and a feeling of being alive, it is the feeling of being whole.

"False Self" is what people would like to believe we are or the fact that we do not know who we truly are. It is the mere appearance of who we think we are.

"You are one thing only. You are a Divine Being. A true-powerful Creator. You are who you are, and within you dwells the infinite wisdom of the ages and the sacred creative force of "all that is, will be and ever was."

Deep within, there is something profoundly known, not consciously, but subconsciously. A quiet truth, that is not a version of something, but an original knowing. What this, absolute, truth [identity] is may be none of our business...but it is there, guiding us along the path of greater becoming; a true awareness. It is so self-sustaining that our recognition of it is not required. We are the offspring of such a powerfully divine force – Creator of all things known and unknown." "Self-Empowerment is free to anyone who chooses to use it. It comes from within and nowhere else. You cannot buy it, borrow it, steal it or sell it. It is always available to you and never wears out. The only choice you have to make is whether or not you will use it." And the manner that you will implement it.

When ME becomes everything that matters, then we lose our specialness. We become selfish with lack of empathy and craving for admiration. When we focus only in our own needs and frustrations, we become incredibly skillful at blaming and controlling others. You will learn that feelings of superiority and entitlement do not promote mutually satisfying relationships. The reason for this is because we will always be taking and very seldom giving.

For myself, I have learned that being kind, giving, being grateful, recognizing what people do for us, is the bond that de-

velops between two people that enjoy giving. When you discover who you are you do not need to strive for recognition or/and admiration. You will accept yourself through your own strengths and your own weaknesses.

False people seeking to adopt who they want to be will learn to obtain praise and admiration through the exaggeration of their talents and accomplishments. Their desire to be recognized as being superior will lead to a complete misrepresentation of who they truly are. They will have no problem using lies and any means to get promotions or anything that they want. They fantasize about and seek power, fame, status, or money, and are often envious of others who have an abundance of these resources. With grandiosity and arrogance, they demand that others treat them as special or superior. Feeling entitled and lacking in empathy, these people tend to exploit others to serve their own needs.

Just as their image in the mirror is deceiving, they become masters of deceit in order to fulfill their needs. From this kind of people you can not expect them to fulfill any of your needs or desires, unless it suits their goal for stardom.

Generally you should not count on anyone fulfilling your deepest needs and taking care of you. However, it is definitely desirable to be with someone who is considerate, loving and thoughtful—traits, which these kinds of people can fake, but cannot truly embody. Basically this is a psychological coping mechanism for person with low self esteem, who does not even know he or she is..

Very young children naturally feel they are the center of the world. They need to experience healthy image about themselves in order to feel good about themselves, to gain the confidence to grow up and take care of them and be able to initiate social interactions. Children learn from their parents through receiving patience, empathy and approval. Through this they develop the idealization of their caregivers. Without receiving empathy or the ability to look up to others, children do not develop empathy for themselves or others. They may grow up being psychologically stuck in the narcissistic phase. As a result, they feel flawed and unacceptable. They fear rejection and isolation because of their perceived worthlessness. To avoid this pain, they focus on controlling how others view them by embellishing their accomplishments and skills.

They feel deep shame, which causes them to develop an artificial self. While we all develop an artificial self to some degree, narcissists IDENTIFY with their artificial self. Preoccupied with presenting the right image, they are ironically rarely aware of their own low self-esteem.



People with adequate self-esteem are usually willing to look at themselves with honest self-reflection and consider areas in which they could improve. This makes sense because they have empathy for the flaws and inadequacies in both themselves and others. Sadly, the narcissist believes that flaws are to be hated and concealed, and that only perfection and superiority can be displayed. Thus, they view themselves and others with a perspective that swings from over-valuation to loathing. In their quest for approval and acceptance, they use their charm and charisma. Once dependent on others' approval, the smallest hint of disapproval can send them into a state of punishing vengeance.

The best way to teach children empathy is when children are allowed to express their feelings and ideas as it allows them to develop empathy for themselves, and eventually for others as well. Parents shouldn't deny, downplay, or redirect their children's feelings. Nor should they overreact when children disagree or share experiences. Otherwise, they will develop shame and learn to hide their opinions and experiences in the future.

Parents should become aware of ways in which they project their own needs for status or convenience onto their children. By becoming aware of our own biases and desires, we can become more open to really listening to what the child needs and desires. This doesn't mean becoming an indulgent parent; it simply means being open to the fact that our children are distinct individuals. So, rather than projecting on them our own desires that they become football quarterbacks or Olympic stars, we can allow them to develop their own direction. Accepting children means interacting with them without constantly judging them positively or negatively. When we play referee with regard to every action they take, we miss out on really knowing and loving our children. Parents are powerful models for our children, it is important for us as parents to know who we are.



## A good meme nowadays is hard to find (but not so hard that I couldn't come up with three great ones)

By Allan Sheppard

My Facebook and Twitter feeds have gifted me a raft of memes lately, probably because my friends and their friends (and their friends' friends) have time on their hands and a genuine cause (or grievance) over which to wax creative. A meme, like a picture, can be worth a thousand words and these are at least that eloquent, if not more.

The first, attributed in a Facebook post to a Glenn Anderson, depicts a scene, typical of religious art for the Christian masses, in which Jesus holds the hand of an apparently dying elder and blesses him (or her; the gender is not clear) with the words, "Just wanted you to know the Dow Jones is up 3% today." The elder, ever grateful, replies insouciantly, "Hey, glad to help," then, we can assume, dies in the next frame.

The meme may have been motivated by the words of Texas Lieutenant Governor, Dan Patrick, who said in an interview on Fox News, "I just think there are lots of grandparents out there in this country, like me, I have six grandchildren, that what we all care about and what we love more than anything are those children. And I want to live smart and see through this, but I don't want the whole country to be sacrificed... So my message is let's get back to work, let's get back to living. Let's be smart about it and those of us who are 70-plus, we'll take care of ourselves. But don't sacrifice the country, don't do that, don't ruin this great America." The interviewer asked, "So you're basically saying that this disease could take your life but that's not the scariest thing to you, there's something that could be worse than dying?" Patrick responded, "Yeah." Yeah, in that case, clearly meaning having the U.S. economy crater, by Patrick's strange logic, because he and other citizens over 70 were not willing to die to save the economy by having the country go back work, whatever the risk to them. (More on this here <https://bit.ly/2UGOSub> and here <https://bit.ly/33VxXZ5>)

It's not clear whether President Donald Trump originated or reinforces Patrick's words and thoughts; what is clear is that Trumpthink provides the foundation upon which such words and thoughts can be contemplated and propagated. When he says, "we can't have the cure (shutting down the economy, which he insists will lead to more deaths and other calamities that he says will follow an economic collapse) be worse than the problem itself," he is really saying he is willing to sacrifice the good of some portion of the population, per-

haps as little as one per cent (around 3,500,000 in the U.S.) for the good of the rest. They would be collateral damage along the road to a greater good for everyone else.

As one observer puts it: "Trump's message is clear: The economy is not here to serve human beings; human beings are here to serve the economy." (<https://bit.ly/33VoBga>) Am I the only one who finds bitter irony in such thoughts? Are they not a perverse inversion of the goals attributed by market fundamentalists to socialism and other Marxism-tainted ideologies and governments: that the good of the state and of the people embodied in the state outweighs the good—the rights, the concerns, indeed the life—of any individual or group of individuals within the state? Such questions make sense only if we assume the state and the economy (or the market) are one and the same. But is that not in fact what Trump, Patrick, and other members of and apologists for the one per cent actually saying? Hypocrisy is perhaps the kindest word one can use.

I have said many times in this and other forums that I would gladly die for the sake of my grandchildren, if I thought that any social, cultural, or economic benefits that might flow from my death (a dubious prospect when put that way) would, in fact, directly or indirectly benefit my grandchildren. After reading and hearing several sources that indicate that the vast majority, as much as eighty per cent, of economic growth since 2008 has gone to the top one per cent, I have no illusions about how beneficial my potential sacrifice might be—to me or to anyone else's grandchildren, except (of course) the grandchildren of the one per cent, who really don't need it. As long as I am alive, I can share the Canada Pension Plan, Old Age Security, Guaranteed Income Supplement and other benefits I receive with my grandchildren, and that's reason enough for me to resist any suggestion that I jump off a cliff for the good of the country, any country. Tell me not what I can do for the economy; tell me what the economy has done for me and billions who are poor within the economy that is worth my dying for.

The second meme, attributed to one James Hawk, notes with bitter irony the parallels between the calamitous plagues that were inflicted by European (and other) settlers on Indigenous communities the world over that had not had immunity or time to develop immunity to diseases carried by settlers and

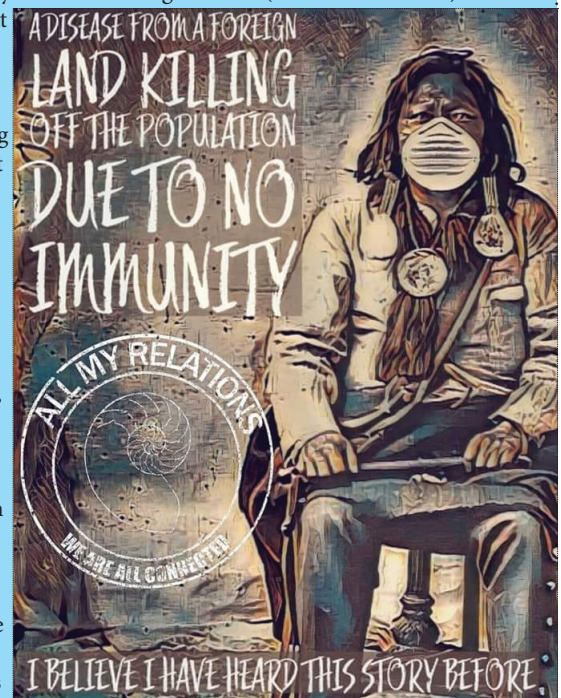
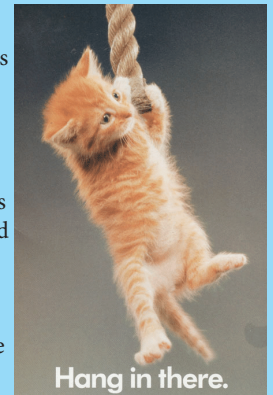
often deliberately inflicted on Indigenous communities by those settlers in order to take over their lands and other resources.

Indigenous peoples have, as the masked man in the meme, says, "heard this story before."

Many times. As the All My Relations logo in the meme implies, "We are all connected," for good or for evil: the choice is up to us. And our leaders. Whom we choose or have the comforting illusion of choosing (or not, depending on whether our choice came out on top), or whom we tolerate as leaders may, in the end, be up to us.

The third meme, attributed to my friend Joe Hendry, needs no explanation and I will not give one.

Be well. Stay safe. Take care of each other. Hang in there. (Cat memes rule! )



**"Trump will forever be known as the President who was so full of shit the country ran out of toilet paper"**

# What comes around goes around - the nice way!

By John Zapantis

I've come to realize somewhere along the way that when you honestly come out and show your true colours while returning valuable lost items to people who've lost them, the moral deed of having one of your valuable lost items returned has a payback for your honesty to others.

I've returned many lost items that were of value in the past. Some of the lost items included a women's purse that I discovered behind the parking lot of Northtown Mall in Edmonton that was turned into the mall's security office.

Once, while living in Calgary, I was waiting to take the LRT train, when I found a wallet mounted on one of the hand rails. The wallet contained \$30.00 dollars made up of a \$10 dollar bill and \$20 dollar bill, and an assortment of credit cards. I turned it into the Calgary Police Service at the downtown station.

I told the officers there that I just wanted no reward for my efforts or praise about the find and went my way.

Then one day while going to use the men's washroom at Mill Wood's Town Centre in Edmonton, I discovered an expensive men's watch seated on top of a toilet paper dispenser. Without any hesitation, I put my duty on hold since I was not having to go badly!

I immediately picked up the watch and rushed it over to a security guard, whom I encountered in the Mall's food concession. I handed the watch over to him, while telling him about my find. He immediately assured me that the watch would be taken to lost and found and the owner would be notified.

Then one day while walking to my mother's place behind North Town Mall, I happened to notice a black money belt straddling the ground in the mall's parking lot. I knelt down and quickly picked it up and opened it. I discovered its contents - \$30 dollars consisting of a \$20 and a \$10 dollar bill. While continuing to search out the contents, I also discovered the owner's driver licence ID and various credit cards

in a credit card compartment.

The owner's licence ID showed an attractive young blond lady looking to be in her early 20's and her name read Terri Lynn Cameron, who resided in the City of St. Albert.

This would be the very first time that I'd be taking the article that I found to a woman's residence. I was accompanied by a bowling buddy of mine named Matthew Johnston, who I invited along to take out for a coffee and old bowling reunion after returning the money belt.

I phoned Terri Lynn Cameron and, when she answered her phone, told her that I had found her lost items and would be returning them to her.

I had my friend Matthew drive me there. I knocked on her door and there to greet us when the door opened, were Terri Lynn Cameron and her mother.

I reached out to showed her the money belt. She enthusiastically searched the contents and sincerely thanked me for my noble efforts in bringing back her most valued possession and insisted that I take the \$30 dollars that was part of my find as a way of showing appreciation for my honesty in returning her items to her.

At first I was being honorable by refusing to take the money, but eventually Terri kept insisting and I finally gave in to her request and took the \$30 dollars.

So I took my old bowling buddy, Matthew Johnston, for a pizza as a way of thanking him for driving me from Edmonton to St. Albert and making this all possible for Terri's sake.

The last time, which would have been two years ago, I again found a women's purse. This time it was lying on top of a bench at Bonnie Doon Mall in Edmonton.

That was one busy shopping day for everyone going back and forth in that mall, so I immediately rushed the purse over to a lady in mall security and told her about my discovery.

She thanked me for my efforts and I was soon on my way.

So guess whose turn it was this time to be on the receiving end of a lost item?

That would be telling right now-so here's the clue. Just recently I went over to the Shaw Cable Kiosk to pay off my monthly phone bill. There at the front counter I was being served by a gentlemen named Luigi Santos. I reached over for my readers inside my jacket, pocket taking them out of my pocket and placing them on the counter in case I needed to read the total

on my statement.

Forgetting what the total was, he, without any hesitation, grabbed the bill from my hand and asked me what I wanted to pay. I replied the full total without the need of using my readers to specifically confirm what the amount stated on my bill.

He then politely read the total amount to me and I agreed to that total for payment. I thanked him and went on my way. A few hours later, while at home, I reached in my pocket for my readers, but to no avail. The readers weren't there.

It then dawned on me that I had left the readers on that counter at the Shaw Cable Kiosk while making that phone payment.

I did the St. Anthony prayer that my girl friend Theresa Walsh Cook had always used when ever trying to locate lost items.

Evidence of St. Anthony's power to return my readers was that when I got back to the the Southgate Mall, Shaw Cable Kiosk, there to greet me was Luigi Santos, the gentlemen who took my phone payment earlier.

I explained to him that I had left my readers behind and he immediately went over to a desk drawer and brought them over to me in my blue wooden case with its illustration of golden readers straddling the readers case. Just goes to show, after doing all those good deeds over my 43 years of discovering various lost items and having them safely returned to their original owners, the old saying again rings true, 'What comes around goes around-and in a nice way!

## *The Prayer of St. Anthony*

Tony, Tony,  
look around.  
Something's lost  
and must be found!

(Dear St. Anthony please come around something is lost and it cannot be found. found.