

ALBERTA Street News

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**Bruce Mitchell with his
paintings on display at
Art From the Unknown
Story on page 5**

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ALBERTA STREET NEWS

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Humour

Investigation into police shooting of Indigenous man in steak house

Investigator: Can you tell me what happened?

Officer: When I walked in, the man picked up a knife, so I shot him.

It was just a case of bad timing.

by Linda Dumont

Thoughts While Staying Inside

By Joanne Benger

1. Help! I think I am trapped in a Zombie movie. Will someone please rescue me and bring me back to the real world?
2. I limit myself to one hour of news a day. They say no news is good news and these days all news is bad news.
3. No, I am not talking to myself. Me and my imaginary friend get on great.
4. I like wearing a mask. It's ageless fashion. I have never looked younger and it's cheaper than cosmetics or plastic surgery.
5. This is ice-oh-late-shun. Some people feel we must icily late ourselves from each other to survive.
6. Social distancing still allows smiles and air hugs. I find it easier to hold my breath and look the other way when strangers get too close.
7. For protection against the virus a doctor said we should have high humidity in our homes. Shopping for a humidifier in these times could be lethal so I went low tech. I just boil pots of water and hang up wet towels.
8. Living with high humidity cured my winter problem of dry eyes. I no longer need eye drops.
9. High humidity fogs up windows so peeking toms can no longer check on me while keeping their distance.
10. Most politicians don't understand panic buying. The fact is people have to stock up on food so they can panic eat. Let's face it- What other pleasures do we have in lock down?
11. The great fear is Covid 15... the 15 pounds it is estimated could come from living alone with a full fridge.
12. Actually I think people eat like there is no tomorrow for two reasons - It's easier to eat than exercise and if there is a future food shortage obese people will survive better as they live off stored fat.
13. Sometimes good things happen. My bathroom sink stopped draining. I didn't want a germy plumber in my home, so I bailed it by hand. Then, as suddenly as it stopped, it started draining again. Isolation saved me a plumbing fee.
14. I eat better because my neighbour buys groceries for me and when they are out of the generic, she upgrades. That's fine. I no longer eat out so I can afford to spend more on food..I pay her the low tech way - with a cheque.

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 beautiful heat of July

By **Janne Bengner**

In 1917 Albert D. Watson wrote, "This is July of the beautiful heat." It is ours to enjoy though we may have to by-pass the usual July vacation and settle for staycations or backyard vacations this year.

July 1 is Canada Day which we celebrate with fireworks, the original Chinese sky candy.

July 3- August 15 are the Dog Days of Summer with their beautiful heat and have been since the Roman times. Sirius the dog star is ascending and the Romans believed that Sirius lent its own heat to the heat of the sun giving us the hottest days of summer. Enjoy.

July 4 is Independence Day, and this calls for more fireworks.

July 7 is National Forgiveness Day. AA's eighth step is forgiveness of yourself and others. Let's face it, most of us are doing the best we can.

July 8 is Burry Man Day, an old holiday that is great fun and costs nothing. Children wear their fluffiest clothes and cover themselves with as many burrs and branches as will stick on by themselves. Add a crown of wildflowers and more burrs and take a picture. If you are in a group give a prize for the burriest.

July 9 is Sugar Cookie Day. They're fun to make, fun to share and fun to eat.

July 12 is Orangeman's Day in Ireland. Wear something orange today. Orange was first used as the name of a color in 1542 and no words rhyme with it.

July 14 is Bastille Day, a national holiday in France. July 14 1789 the bastille was stormed and its seven prisoners were set free. They are recorded as "four forgers, two lunatics and the Comptess of Solanges. One hundred were lost in the attack.

July 15 is the Ides of July and St. Swithins day. If it rains today it will rain for the next 40 days.

July 18 is World Hello Day for on July 16, 1877 Edison invented the word hello when he first discovered how to record sound. Before this telephone operators would ask questions like, "Are you there?" or "Are you ready to talk?" Soon hello caught on as the standard greeting and telephone operators were called "hello girls". In 1880 at the first telephone operators convention in Niagara Falls, delegates badges were used for the first time with the words "Hello, my name is _____."

July 20 is Colombia's independence Day and that's a good reason to enjoy fireworks once more.

July 23 is Black Ribbon Day. Wear a black ribbon in honour of the day.

July 25 is National Hot Fudge Sundae Day. When you eat a sundae, every day feels like Sunday.

July 27 is Korean War Veteran's Day. Honour a vet today.

July 28 is Terry Fox's birthday. Had he lived he would be 62 today.

July 31 is Edmonton's saddest day of the year for on July 31, 1987 Edmonton had a deadly tornado.



Chilling Out on Hot Days

By **Joanne Bengner**

1. Go scent free in the outdoors. Strong perfumes will attract both mosquitoes and bears and many other insects and animals as well.

2. Keep tiny ketchup packages that come with fast food. Freeze and apply to insect stings. Leave on until thawed to take the pain away.

3. To stay cool dress like a desert Arab in loose flowing light-coloured clothes. Untuck your shirt. If your cap doesn't cover the back of your neck add a bandana so you won't become a red neck.

4. Keep cool like a motorcyclist. Put on a damp t-shirt and wear a wet bandana around your neck.

5. To keep cool without being obvious make strips of cloth wet and freeze, then wrap the frozen strips around your wrists.

6. If you get a sun burn on your face, cover with a compress of milk or yogurt or mix baking soda with water to a paste and rub on gently.

7. To cool down after you've been in the sun, soak in a tub of

cool or lukewarm water to which you've added two cups of apple cider vinegar or a pot of green tea.

8. If you're coming home from the store and have no cooler bag, wrap frozen food in layers of newspaper.

9. If you come out of the store to find the car seat red hot, put frozen food on it to cool it down before you get in.

10. If you are going on a picnic, freeze a jug of milk, water or other beverage and pack with your food to keep the food cool as it thaws and is ready to drink by noon.

11. Wet is cold. Hang a damp sheet in front of an open window and the wind will blow cool air into the house.

12. If you have no air conditioner freeze water in a large milk jug or pop bottle. Put a fan behind it and cold air will be blown into the room.

13. Before going to bed sprinkle your sheets with cold water or make yourself a cold water bottle and put it under your pillow and keep turning the pillow as you go to sleep. Or wash your hair and go to bed while it is still drying.

14. If you have one, sleep in the basement on hot days when the house just won't cool off or sleep in a tent on the shady side of your house.

They Still Hunt Indians



By Rodney Graham
Winnipeg

Having lived in Winnipeg for nearly a quarter of a decade I have learned a bit about the history and culture.

One thing I will never forget about the place - being part Indian. My mother's mother was Cree Indian. In Winnipeg, snoopiness and malicious gossip is the forte. Some would say rudeness - rudeness to strangers. The locals love each other, who were born here, with an everlasting charity.

Now one thing I've noticed, a personal thing, is that strangers - locals, often ask me if I'm part Indian upon meeting me

the first time. Twenty five years ago I never thought much about it. I thought they must be quite observant - how clever of them.

But over the years I realized it is something more than astute observance actually. It was racism. Subtle racism. Then I began to ask others at times - a friend or neighbour, 'What do you think, do you think I look part native at all?'

The answer was odd... They would always say, 'Why no, you don't look the least bit native at all.'

Those many years ago, although suspicious, I could never understand this fully. Strangers are quick to notice my native features - they lock onto them instantly.

In public, they would see me and the quick second look turned into a stare. Often watching me closely - perhaps to see if I might do something illegal.

Yet my close 'friends' told me a lie. How interesting. I'm sure, by now, you have understood my story - it's about racism. To be Indian in the prairie town of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Canada is a crime. My friends wouldn't even tell me the truth because it's a touchy subject.

Recently in Winnipeg, four indigenous people were killed within a ten day period - shot by police. One was a 16 year old girl who was the driver of a stolen car.

Winnipeg has been known for decades as the child poverty capital of Canada. Everyone should know the history of residential schools and the destruction of indigenous culture in Canada. It has continued unabated until now.

Young kids have a tough life, to say the least. It reminds me of the baby turtles born on the sandy beaches - scampering towards the freedom and life of the sea - snatched up and devoured by the seagulls.

My bad side tells me I wish I did not have any indigenous features that could be noticed. My good side says, 'Be proud to have Indian blood in you!' I strive, when I go out in public, to have my good side ruling the day. As I grow older I see the good side of me more. I hope for the future of the peoples who lived, and thrived, on this continent for centuries, before any others arrived on her shores. The love of justice, and life, and truth overcomes the bad...

Some day they will stop hunting the indigenous peoples, and there will be peace.



Global TV recently featured a segment on a mother coyote and her den of five pups, who live under a portable at Kameyosek School in Millwoods, so Alberta Street News picked up on that breaking lead and ran into this little coyote pup coming out of that den to greet our photographer John Zapantis.

Photo by John Zapantis

Bruce Mitchell



January 27, 1974 - June 1, 2020

Obituary

“It is with heavy hearts we mourn the passing of Bruce Stephen Mitchell on June 1, 2020. Bruce will be deeply missed by his parents, Doug and Sandy, his sister Mary (Lars), his brother Peter (Emma), as well as aunts, uncles, and cousins across the country. Bruce was an active member of the downtown Edmonton community.

He had a great sense of humour that was reflected in his cartoons and his quirky political paintings. To know Bruce was to know how much he loved a good long talk about philosophy and politics over a pot of coffee.

Bruce was an active volunteer in the art program of the Mustard Seed where he shared his enthusiasm with fellow members. In addition, he was an involved member of the Salvation Army Church where he came to peace with God within his last years. He struggled with addiction for the better part of his life, but just could not win this battle. Bruce has found peace at last.

Donations can be made in Bruce’s memory to the Edmonton

Mustard Seed and if you so wish, directed to the Edmonton Mustard Seed Art Program, the Salvation Army, or the Alberta Street News, a free newspaper, solely supported by donations and so vital in helping and supporting Edmonton’s inner-city community by keeping them informed.”

Condolences can be shared with the family at: <https://www.capitalcitycremation.ca/obituaries/bruce-mitchell/>

On behalf of the Mustard Seed Art Group, Rachel de Leon, volunteer coordinator of the group, wrote,

“It is with great sadness that the art group of the Mustard Seed has learned of Bruce’s death. Bruce was a joy to all of us and we will greatly miss him. He had a wonderful sense of humor and wit and his artistic style and ability was so very unique to him, it often spoke of his thoughts, ideas and perspectives on life. People were drawn to his artwork and drawn to him, when he would talk about his art. He became a volunteer with the art program and through his volunteering, he truly welcomed other people who dropped in to the program, listened to their stories and shared his own. He became an art mentor to others just by painting and as people stopped by the art table, he would talk about his art and what was inspiring him. Please accept our condolences – from the Mustard Seed Art Group.”

As an artist, Bruce had a unique style with bold lines and bright

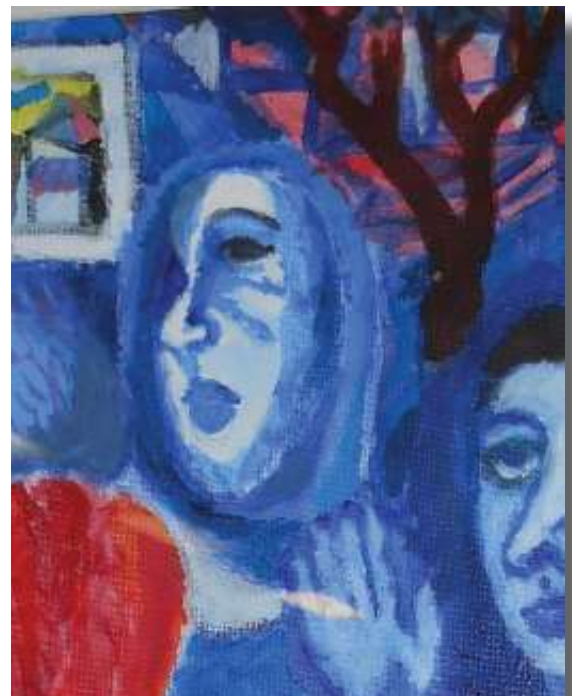
colours, each work of art telling a story – Adam and Eve in a modern city, a bearded Noah with a goat, an interior scene of a crowded bus.

As a member of the art club, Bruce had opportunities to show and sell his work at different venues, and he always sold something. When Bruce first showed his work at the Art From the Unknown art show in 2014, one of his paintings caught the eye of former premier Rachel Notley, and she asked his permission to photograph the blue on blue city scene for her Christmas card that year.

Shortly before his death, Bruce was approached by the Nina Haggerty Art Gallery to have a showing of 40 of his paintings. Unfortunately, he was still working on getting enough paintings completed at the time of his death.

Bruce’s family collected his work from the art house as well as his apartment.

Below: A painting by Bruce



Systemic racism in the RCMP: A thing of the past? Or bred in the bone? (Part 1)

By Allan Sheppard

On 10 June 2020 Global News online quoted RCMP Commissioner Brenda Lucki saying that, “while she believes there is ‘unconscious bias’ among members in the police force, she is ‘struggling’ with the definition of systemic racism and how that applies to the institution of the national police force.” (<https://bit.ly/2YP4hLe>)

Lucki was replying to questions about a violent confrontation between Fort McMurray RCMP and First Nation Chief Allan Adam, and incidents in which RCMP officers had killed two First Nations citizens in New Brunswick, one during a supposed “wellness check” on the woman who died.

Two days earlier, Alberta-based Deputy Commissioner Curtis Zablocki told reporters “I don’t believe that racism is systemic through Canadian policing. I don’t believe it’s systemic through policing in Alberta.”

On 12 June, both officials backtracked: “I did acknowledge that we, like others, have racism in our organization, but I did not say definitively that systemic racism exists in the RCMP. I should have,” Lucki said in a media release (<https://bit.ly/3hJCxQB>). “As many have said, I do know that systemic racism is part of every institution, the RCMP included.”

The Toronto Star reported that (<https://bit.ly/2V2YMr7>) “While (Zablocki had) previously said he believed racism to be an issue in all aspects of society, if not a specific problem of the RCMP, he now said he’d learned otherwise: ‘...systemic racism does exist in the RCMP.’”

Give credit for small progress that seems to have occurred. But Lucki, Zablocki, and the RCMP still have a long way to go.

At the simplest level: saying “there is ‘unconscious bias’ among members” while denying systemic bias is to exemplify the problem. Unconscious bias is systemic

bias; systemic bias is unconscious bias.

Conscious racism is ugly to see and far worse to experience; inexcusable. It is also recognizable for what it is; one can confront or avoid them in full knowledge of what one is dealing with. It does not deny itself; it flaunts.

Systemic bias denies itself. It reveals itself not through overt, acknowledged actions but through the accumulation of insults and injuries to a point where they become obvious to the victims, though still deniable to those who are deceived by their own deception. It can be difficult to pinpoint, impossible to deal with.

Systemic bias is a kind of gaslighting: “a specific type of manipulation where the manipulator is trying to get someone else (or a group of people) to question their own reality, memory or perceptions.” (<https://nbcnews.to/37LA2cf>) Black lives matter? Stop being so sensitive. Get over yourself. All lives matter. (But some matter more than others.) Indigenous people in Canada face similar tactics that blame them for their own victimhood.

There is another blind spot in Lucki’s and Zablocki’s take-backs on systemic racism at the RCMP. Watered-down admissions of culpability with statements like Lucki’s “systemic racism is part of every institution,” are a cop-out.

Zablocki’s “systemic racism does exist in the RCMP,” still frames the issue as part of a broader social environment. That is true in a generic sense. But the RCMP is a police force like no other in Canada.

The RCMP’s predecessor, the North-West Mounted Police was conceived, created, and nurtured as a colonial, racist enterprise. The force has evolved, as have Canada and Canadians, but an us vs. them relationship to First Nations was part of its original DNA and remains to this day. That foundational relationship is buried beneath more enlightened attitudes toward “diversity,” but it still shows itself from time to time.

A quick browse through online dictionaries for definitions of systemic turns up bland, generic statements—“of, relating to, or common to a system...affecting the body generally (systemic diseases)...fundamental to a predominant social, economic, or political practice (systemic poverty)” —variations of which are common in discussions of systemic racism.

The Merriam-Webster dictionary (<https://bit.ly/2V0wa1x>), where I found

the examples quoted above, also includes a more interesting definition: “of, relating to, or being a pesticide that as used is harmless to the plant or higher animal but when absorbed into its sap or bloodstream makes the entire organism toxic to pests...” It continues with a citation: “Neonics ... are what is known as ‘systemic’ pesticides. That is, the neonics are applied directly to seeds, and those treated seeds then grow into the crops that contain neonicotinoids in their pollen, their nectar and, indeed, their every fiber.— Joel Bleifuss”

What does the chemistry of pesticides have to do with racist bias in the RCMP? Nothing, factually; everything, metaphorically.

To get at the essence of an institution, one must look beyond the roots and fruits of its existence. One must look at the seed from which it grew, the sources of that seed, and any treatments it might have received to ensure its fertility, growth, and survival.

We have been taught to think of our iconic “Mounties” as a benevolent police force. According to the Canadian Encyclopedia (<https://bit.ly/2AKAQC5>), the force was originally called the North-West Mounted Rifles, a military designation. Prime Minister Macdonald “changed Rifles to Police to avoid arousing American suspicions.” It also chose “a scarlet tunic and blue trousers” as the force’s uniform to acknowledge “the symbolic importance of the traditional British army uniform among First Nations.”

The encyclopedia entry adds that recruits “were trained along the lines of a cavalry regiment (and) drilled in the use of revolvers and carbine rifles, and light field artillery.” According to the Library and Archives Canada website, the NWMP was established “to bring Canadian authority to the North West Territories (present-day Alberta and Saskatchewan).”

The NWMP, precursor to the RCMP, was a thinly disguised military force created and dispatched to occupy, and assert Canadian sovereignty over, territory that had been sold and ceded to Canada by the Hudson’s Bay Company in 1869, but which the fledgling nation did not effectively control and which interests in the United States were lobbying their government to annex.

In addition to sovereignty over the land formerly ruled under an act of

Continued on page 8

Economics, common sense and the Common Good

By Timothy Wild

In the book “For a left populism”, the Belgian political scientist Chantal Mouffe writes “Gramsci is an indispensable guide because he has shown the centrality of the cultural domain in the formation and diffusion of the ‘common sense’ that commands a specific definition of reality.” There is, after all, considerable power in setting the socially acceptable boundaries of what is deemed “common sense”, and quite often these normative, internalized and rarely questioned boundaries support the establishment and perpetuation of imbalance, inequity, injustice and inequality. Ideas matter as they lead to action or, sometimes, inaction. And, as a certain German philosopher once trenchantly observed, the dominant ideas reflect and serve the dominant interests of the dominant classes.

I think that the restrictions that “common sense” and dominant ideas place on us is a particularly important topic today in light of the COVID 19 crisis, and various attempts to relaunch a staggered return “normality”. Not surprisingly, many of the ideas of relaunch are based on the idea of business as usual; the status quo ante bellum so to speak. After all, that is what passed as “common sense” prior to the pandemic.

Ideas of a limited role of government, assumptions about ready access to deposits of social capital and notions of rugged individualism held the field. However, I would argue that the experience of the pandemic has seriously challenged that old-fashioned notion of a hierarchical, power imbued common sense, and has given space for the consideration of other, counter-cultural notions of belonging and inclusion. For many individuals and groups – both in Alberta and globally – the old order provided a miserable and precarious existence, so why not change it? In many

ways the world has been turned upside down; or maybe, just maybe, right side up? We need to consider what we can keep.

For example, there was significant government intervention in the economy to keep things flowing. Income support and replacement programs provided funds for individuals and families to meet the needs of daily living. Public money was made available to businesses and institutions (including, ironically enough, the atavistic United Conservative Party) to help them weather the COVID storm. And targeted funding was put in place to help specific populations such as indigenous peoples, seniors, families, students and low-wage workers. This was a good thing. I think the significant amount of public investment was worth it, and it kept a certain level of aggregate demand in place which prevented the economy from complete collapse.

Obviously, such investment is expensive. But the private sector was paralyzed, Corporate Social Responsibility was largely absent, and the price of public sector inactivity would have been catastrophic. The bill, however, must be paid and, if we do not question it, I expect that the pace of retiring that debt will be based on assumptions of “common sense”. As mentioned, I firmly believe that the large-scale investment was a good thing. It saved the economy and, likely, saved lives. My fear, however, is that the cold, punishing and bitter winds of austerity will descend upon the province, and the small advances in the rights of social citizenship will be quickly eroded. Issues of structural exclusion – such as food insecurity, limited access to technology, the lack of a living wage and inadequate housing – will be swept under the rug in an attempt to immediately slay the debt. Application of this agenda would be tragic because, as mentioned, public spending works.

Now, don’t get me wrong, historically, the application of an unreconstructed Keynesianism to support aggregate demand has had its faults. Nonetheless, it did save the western capitalist economies in the 1930s and was centrally present during the unparalleled economic growth of the 1940s to 1970s. This

growth and economic stability came as the state played a pivotal role in balancing the needs of labour and capital, and financial policy rather than the vagaries of markets and the wax fruits of Corporate Social Responsibility enjoyed a central role in economic decision making. But there were some drawbacks. For example, the model – when applied in the post-World War II context – was based on the idea of a male breadwinner being the sole income for an increasingly nuclear family. The model was also based on maintenance of aggregate demand within the context of an ever-expanding economic pie, for western, advanced industrial economies at least. Obviously, this had implications for the environment and also for the global community. Finally, despite everyone being a Keynesian, as Richard Nixon fatuously opined, there were different ideological approaches employed in terms of public policy, in particular to the relationship of full employment to inflation. But the basic idea of the promotion of aggregate demand to respond to aggregate supply remains a solid economic approach – if not necessarily an ideologically popular one. And I think this is one of the major lessons of COVID. But will the application of some kind of coherent economic policy and planning based on neo-Keynesian lens become accepted as common sense? I am not so sure. And this takes us back to ideas. Many people benefitted from living in an insular bubble of low taxation and high profit. They – and their political lackeys – will argue that the current system is working well, and COVID 19 was a freakish blip. In the end, therefore, the pace of debt repayment will likely be undertaken at a punitive pace, and it will be the working classes and other people on the social, cultural and economic margins who will pay the price.

This is both tragic and farcical. I am not suggesting that we embark on

measures of feckless spending, but I am arguing that government economic intervention worked. Let’s keep government working for the people, and let’s use markets as a place for the orderly exchange of goods and not as a central

Homeless campers moved

By Linda Dumont

By the Quasar Bottle Depot along the LRT tracks at 95 Street and 105 Avenue there was a homeless encampment since April, housing from 30 to 40 people. In June, the City moved in to disband the camp following complaints from nearby residents at Renaissance Towers that houses Metis seniors.

In April, the City of Edmonton halted the removal of homeless camps on public land during the COVID-19 pandemic for safety reasons. Instead, they began doing welfare checks to make sure the occupants of the camps were doing ok, and on several occasions sent in crews to pick up the garbage accumulated by the campers.

Some of the city's homeless population choose to live in makeshift encampments, many of which are on public lands throughout the city as well as in the river valley, either because they feel safer there or because living

outside offers more freedom than in shelters. In addition, campers often have personal possessions which would be lost or stolen if they were to leave them unattended while going to a shelter.

Homeless and other marginalized populations are at risk when it comes to COVID-19. Due to poor health and because they can't self isolate if they do become infected, the virus could spread rapidly. Fortunately, to date there have been no reports of infection among the homeless population.



Last month, lake water at Alberta Beach was on the verge of cresting onto the shoreline and flooding the back yards of cabins along the beach front. Former junior football Edmonton Wild Cat's quarterback Alek Papadopoulos volunteered to show ASN that the waters had risen a little too close for comfort. Photo by John Zapantis

Systematic Racism

Continued from page 6

dispensation to the Hudson's Bay Company by the British government, the deal gave Canada sovereignty over all First Nations and their traditional territories; without their participation or agreement; without the knowledge of some of them.

Under its agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company, Canada "legally assumed responsibility for the 'protection' and 'well-being' of the region's Indigenous peoples." (<https://bit.ly/2V3eCSt>) Treaties between First Nations in what became Canadian jurisdiction were negotiated under that paternalistic, colonial umbrella. of the region's Indigenous peoples." (<https://bit.ly/2V3eCSt>) Treaties between First Nations in what became Canadian jurisdiction were negotiated under that paternalistic, colonial umbrella.

The Library and Archives of Canada website lists the "general duties" of the NWMP:

- "establish law and order;
- "collect customs dues;
- "enforce prohibition;
- "supervise the treaties between First Nations and the federal government;
- "assist in the settlement process;

- "ensure the welfare of immigrants; and
- "fight prairie fires, disease and destitution."

That mandate goes far beyond the duties normally associated with police forces in Canada and other democracies. It is a mandate more appropriate to an occupying army. One could argue that it was pragmatic, given the lack of European, colonial-style governance; the by-colonial-standards "unsettled" status of the land; a threat of annexation from the south; and the need to forestall American ambitions by asserting sovereignty and control from coast to coast to coast, as the cliché ultimately came to be.

Are we and the First Nations who occupied the territory secured for Canada by the NWMP better off than we and they might have been under the U.S.?

Possibly. Arguably. But that is a question for another time. The questions I want to raise here are whether the tincture of colonial authority and omnipotence in which the NWMP was bathed at its inception was transmitted, to the RCMP, where it survives today, however well buried, however sincerely denied. That will be the subject of the next part of my extended examination of the antecedents and character of our national police force in troubling times.

Struck by a rubber bullet:

Street Roots staffer describes her experience as a Black woman at a Portland protest

15 June 2020 by
INSP News Service

By Sophie Maziraga, Street Roots

My first encounter with the protests following the police killing of George Floyd in Minneapolis was on 3 June, and it was accidental. I went to the Tom McCall Waterfront Park [in Portland] to sit and enjoy a late lunch. Then I walked onto the Burnside Bridge. That was where I saw hundreds, if not a thousand, of people marching. I joined in.

There are few of us, in terms of Black women in Oregon. Let alone those attending these recent events.

I was unprotected and unprepared for what was to occur. A lady handing out Gatorade to the crowd advised me to write down my emergency contacts for bail in the event the police arrest us. I wrote them on the right side of my ankle, one of the only exposed parts of my body.

I spent the following week attending rallies and demonstrations held by various organizations in support of the end to police brutality and the racism that plagues the Black community.

On Friday (5 June) afternoon, I listened to a variety of powerful speakers from the Portland NAACP and other demonstrators in East Portland. That evening, I observed another rally held right next to the Justice Center in downtown Portland. The building was blocked off with militarized police inside and boarding behind the fence. On our side of the fence, protesters chanted.

As the protest lingered, I witnessed several white or white-passing individuals throw a number of things over the fence, such as firecrackers, water bottles and flowers.

Someone in the crowd handed me a bottle of saline and warned me that we might have chemical weapons tossed our way.

Minutes passed, and police became readily agitated. They began selectively firing rubber bullets at people in the crowds.



Committee, which the bureau claims

Without having thrown anything, my hands in the air while holding saline, I was struck in the abdomen with a rubber bullet.

As I collapsed, I looked around; white and white-passing counterparts did not stop to help me. A few minutes passed before a protest medic came to my aid, offering Band-Aids, gauze and rubbing alcohol.

Upon standing with the support of the protest medic crew, I thought of Shantania Love, a woman from Sacramento who was struck in a similar fashion. Only her injury made her blind in one eye.

After rubber bullets were shot at us, mace and then tear gas followed. It's possible other peaceful protesters were hit as well; however, my frame of mind narrowed as I was in shock. I didn't have the ability at that time to check to see how many individuals were struck.

Luckily, I'm recovering physically. The mental impact may last a lifetime. Surviving police brutality is a different type of trauma known to an endless number of Black people. A trauma that puts us under insurmountable duress. I fear death could be the result of being present at a protest calling for human rights for people with my skin colour.

The use of excessive, unnecessary force is absolutely detrimental to the Black lives movement. Not every conflict calls for a weaponized response.

Back in February, I became a board member of the Portland Police North Precinct Equity and Inclusion Advisory

holds law enforcement accountable for equity. There was nothing equitable about Portland Police Bureau's actions. Innocent observers were struck. I was one of them. A few days after I was hit, this belief hit me: The Portland Police Bureau cannot be reformed. Believing the bureau can be reformed is akin to believing the heinous Nazi Party could somehow adjust their principles and values from within and become reformed.

No, that's not how it works. The Portland Police Bureau must be dismantled. If Black lives truly do matter, we need to completely defund police and reinvest those funds into Black communities, mental health services and social service programs — programs such as Portland Street Response, which will soon emerge as a pilot project. With a service such as this one, the community can rely on first responders to address their needs in a trauma-informed manner.

Justice is mixed with mercy. Abuses of power by those hired to uphold the law is by no means merciful. Cops ought to no longer act as the judge, jury and prosecutor with the penalty ending in grave pain and/or death.

Sophie Maziraga is a first-generation Ugandan American. She is the vendor program coordinator at Street Roots, and she is passionate about advocating for mental health, women's rights and socio-economic justice. Black Lives Matter, North America, Portland, protest, Street Roots, USA

Opinion

Long Term Care Dilemma.

Rodney Graham
Founding Editor. Street Sheet
(Canada)

They saw it coming but no one did anything.

There are a few reasons for this:

1. The people who profit the most from these 'organizations', whether profit - or not for profit, government run, don't want to rock the boat. They make a lot of money. Private homes want to make a profit. Government run actually may even be worse, but the mainstream has not tapped into that dirty little secret - yet.

Nurses who are supervisors within these 'care' homes make over \$40.00 per hour. They want to maintain the status quo - keep it running smoothly... keep it quiet - secretive. 'For the protection of the patient,' they claim - that's bullshit. Which means they

want it running smoothly, quietly, secretly, for the employees, not the 'clients' - no one hears the complaints of the clients, or, rather, not many do anything - and the big shots in health care industry know that very well.

2. Our society prioritizes issues based on status and power. That is partly explained in the former point. Government doesn't move unless there is power backing up the complaint, power and/or status. Elderly people have little power, voice, or status, nor do their supporters.

3. Most complaints - probably 90% of them, are dealt with in the courts - privately. Law suits brought on by parents or relatives of disabled or elderly 'clients'. In the case of a private law suit - if it is government run, in homes where the 'victim' is poor, the taxpayer pays for it. Because of this, everything in the private complaint process is pretty well covered up and not public - private law suits is how they handle it.

It takes time and effort, and they know that. Most do not have the

time or energy to take a big, powerful health care organization to court. This information is not widely known. Not unless you really hunt for these statistics.

What should be done? Independent NGO inspectors to regularly monitor these hell houses - and listen to patients more - and employees less. Also - Legislation to protect the elderly, infirm, and vulnerable. I would include in that homeless people, because many homeless people are spit out of these places and become homeless.

Our society has a very very long way to go, despite our apparent pride and contentment. We ought not to be content until the most less fortunate among us are treated with equal respect as all of us are.

Winnipeg, Manitoba is among the worst. But they cover their tracks well. One hand washes the other.

Battling Mosquitoes

By Joanne Bengier

July is the worst of the Mosquito Season and sometimes mosquitoes seem so large they have been described as Alberta's provincial bird.

It is time to get out the citronella candles, the DEET and the fly swatters and insect repellents. Those of us who remember simpler times recall the smokey smudge fires that kept mosquitoes away. Many swear that Avon Skin so Soft keeps mosquitoes away more pleasantly.

To avoid mosquitoes it is best to stay inside at dawn and dusk and when it is dull and cloudy. Outside, expose less skin by wear-

ing long sleeves, long pants and shoes and socks. Wear a mosquito net to protect your face. Then, for extra protection, spray both skin and clothes with a repellent, stay away from standing water and if it is on your own property, drain it. Even a rain barrel is enough water for a mosquito colony.

Some people attract mosquitoes more than others and it is commonly believed that mosquitoes are attracted by moisture, body heat, carbon dioxide and movement. Sweaty people and pregnant women are more likely to get stung. Certain smells attract mosquitoes so avoid milk and bananas.

To keep mosquitoes away the British swear by Marmite and many men claim beer also keeps

them away. Both beer and Marmite contain lots of B vitamins so take a B vitamin capsule to get the same result.

Mosquitoes are not all bad. According to folklore a mosquito can save a dying patient's life if the mosquito bites the patient and is allowed to leave the room alive. The mosquito will take the disease away and the patient will live.



Man tasered to death by police

By Linda Dumont

A Greek American man died after being tasered by police in New York on June 25. George Zapantis (29) was allegedly tasered first in his apartment, then again when he was taken downstairs. Witnesses reported that he said he couldn't breathe, and the officer said, "Don't play that card. No one is choking you."

In the online video of the incident, Zapantis is standing in the stairwell with his hands cuffed behind his back, and the police are yelling at him to get on the ground, then they taser him when he continues to just stand there unresisting. He was taken to the hospital where he was pronounced dead.

George Zapantis, no relation of writer John Zapantis, was a bipolar man who lived with his mother and took care of his sister who had Downes Syndrome.

Seeing both sides

By Angelique Branston

I was born mixed race, Indigenous and Danish/ Ukrainian. I had no choice in this. But from either side I have encountered racism.

I remember sitting in the cafeteria as a teenager and listening as my friends went on and on about the horrible Natives that should be locked away or kept on the reservations. I had not told them I am treaty. Or the summer I sat at the pow wow and listened to my relatives and friends run down the white people. Both times I was glad I somehow had managed not to be noticed as the enemy. Both times ashamed for not standing up to the racism.

But the day I tried to press charges against my ex-father for abuse and rape. I saw it in the police officer's eyes, when he asked if I was Native and I nodded my head and said yes.

He lost interest in the case.

I was one of those people (whatever those people are).

The case would be dropped. Just another complaint from an Indigenous perso. And sure enough it was.

I am of mixed race welcomed by both sides, and hated by both sides.

The walls of hate must come down.

You and I deserve the same treatment and concern as anyone else by the police, our government, the doctors, let alone the average citizen.

But it just isn't so. It is not how life works.

Maybe it's time we change how life works.

Opinion

This Wicked Crime Goes Unpunished

By Rodney Graham. Winnipeg, Manitoba

Something I've learned about the police - and about the homeless: The homeless are hounded, harassed, "criminally" harassed actually, by police, security, and also by the public - 24 hours a day. They never leave them alone. Of course I knew this before. But I've learned that the police spend an inordinate amount of time "policing" poor people. It's actually criminal harassment, technically speaking - a wicked crime.

We've seen well off people commit suicide, who were criminally harassed. The poor have no options at all. They suffer in silence.

For the homeless, this is probably one of the main reasons they have no time to do anything but look for places to sleep - they are moved constantly. How can anyone look for work, or

even look for a place to have a shower? They have no time to do anything but survive.

Most are poor, unsophisticated souls with little education and lack coping skills. Yet these healthy, intelligent, privileged, powerful people spend hours each day hunting them and harassing them - driving around in their air conditioned vehicles.

The reason: The status quo. The powerful. The chambers of commerce, the public, all want a pristine, sterile, "comfortable" neighborhoods surrounding them. They are very easily made uncomfortable by many things.

I'm sure if any of you have yuppie friends, or even middle class - you know how whiny, spoiled, privileged they are, looking down their noses at everything, constantly. Snot-bags. They are RATS. They call the cops constantly.

Besides the business community constantly calling the cops if they see a homeless person attempting to rest their bones, it is the general public, too. RATS.

If there is one thing that has made me lose all respect in the police it is this.

Love covers a multitude of sins.

By Angelique Branston

Statistics show that a child raised in a home with parent(s) that are abusive but love their children are better off than those taken by protective services and placed into a foster home, even if those people

are trying to help. In the first home the child knows he/she is loved.

There are always two sides to the same coin. There are those people that are alive and much better off having been taken away.

Too often, though, the child is simply exposed to different abuse and/or neglect. For myself, I am glad I was not rescued,

for it would have meant being taken away from my mother and sister, not just my ex-father.

I know I would have been spared much pain at his hands if I had been placed into a different home. But I would have missed out on family bonds that have held me together through many hard times.

FICTION

Garden In The Forest

by Sharon Austin

Somehow the ocean had called to her all of her life; the rhythmic lapping of the waves against the shore stirred long forgotten memories of another time filled with love and beauty and peace. Adopted at three years old, Lily wondered if these memories were her own or some beautiful daydream held so long that it became real. She had been ten years old the first time she had ever seen the blue expanse of the ocean and run barefoot along the warm wet sand of the Atlantic coast. Her family had taken a motorhome trip from their home in Montreal to a national park in New Brunswick.

Lily had loved the ocean shore so much; spending every waking moment splashing in the waves, building sand castles and collecting shells. Her brothers, however, were soon bored with endless games of beach volleyball and frisbee throwing and begged to go home. Lily had never really fit in with her adoptive family, who were all big hockey fans. She had spent much of her young life huddled against the cold in hockey rinks as she watched her two older brothers practice or play hockey tournaments. The cheering and jeering of the crowds was totally lost on her as she sat there reading novels or daydreaming the time away.

Her father, a hockey coach, had tried to get her involved with girl's hockey but she was not interested and showed little talent for skating. Thankfully, he had finally given up and allowed her to pursue her own interests of music, and literature, and painting.

Unless there was some sport involved her brothers were just not interested. They saw her as strange and a nuisance and Lily couldn't remember any time that they had ever been kind or said anything nice to her.

Even in appearance, Lily was completely different from the family. While they were all tall and big-boned with coal black hair and dark brown eyes, she was slim and willowy with hair like burnished copper and eyes of emerald green. The best gift she received on her 12th birthday was a sweet black and white pup she named Sparky who became her dearest friend. Also, as soon as she turned 12 her mother let her stay home alone and all the early morning practices and games were a thing of the past. Lily promised herself that she would never again set foot in a hockey rink. She had come to despise the bone-chilling cold, the smell of the dressing room, the empty food containers crushed on the floor and the roaring crowd. She dreamed of the day that she would move to the coast and breathe the sea salt air as she walked along the ocean shore. Sometimes she daydreamed about finding her birth family, who would be like her and love nature and flower gardens and beautiful music, and they would appreciate her just the way she was. Mostly though, she realized how thankful she should be to have been

she needed.

On graduation day Lily looked out over the sea of smiling faces knowing that there would be no one there for her. She told herself it didn't matter but her heart broke a little to see the proud parents hugging their children and taking endless pictures. When she got home only Sparky was there to greet her. Her mother had left a note that the family had big news. Her father was interviewing for a prestigious coaching job at a college in Florida and they would be moving right away. They had left her a check to cover tuition to the college of her choice and housing and wished her well.

Lily and Sparky stayed alone in the huge house until it sold and she realized she didn't miss the family at all. After that her contact with the family was reduced to a card and check at Christmas time. They never called or invited her to Florida and after a few years even the cards stopped.

One spring morning Lily heard the most beautiful music coming from the concert hall of her college. Peeking inside she saw a tall thin man with unruly brown curls seated at the piano. His fingers rippled over the keys effortlessly as the melody cascaded like a waterfall and filled every corner of the room. When he finally looked up to see her standing there the music faltered and stilled as they both seemed to realize that they had found a kindred spirit. Dominic was infinitely kind and sensitive and he loved animals and enjoyed fine literature and art just as she did. He was everything that Lily had ever dreamed of and she no longer cared about finding her family. They were married in a tiny chapel a few months later with two fellow students as witnesses. Lily hadn't even let her family know that she was getting married for she knew they would never come anyway.

Dominic was a concert pianist and together they travelled to concert halls in Paris and floated down the canals of Venice. They bought a cottage on the coast and spent their holidays walking along the beach and exploring the rocky coast. Sometimes in the dark stillness of the night Lily was afraid that the happiness they shared was too beautiful to last. As the most beautiful and fragrant flowers are often the most fragile, so was



adopted into a well to do family instead of being shuffled around in foster homes. Although she was ignored by her father and openly despised by her brothers she did have the things

” How could someone know her dog’s name she wondered as she pushed forward into the clearing.

The first thing that struck Lily was the beautiful scent of lilacs and stepping forward she saw a flower garden filled with purple and pink lupines, golden lilies, bright orange oriental poppies and scattered blue forget me nots. Then she saw the old bent man standing with Orion, his long white hair blowing in the breeze.

“Lily,” he gasped as he stared at her. “No, you can’t be Lily back from the grave, you must be her daughter.”

Intrigued, Lily moved closer and stared into eyes like sea washed green jewels so like her own. Still staring at her the old man struggled to compose himself. “Orion has found you at last,” he said softly not making any sense to Lily. “Please,” the old man half whispered, “Sit

down here on the garden wall and I’ll tell you a story. I would be your great uncle Nathan and I am the gardener. This was the garden of your ancestor Lillian who came as an Irish immigrant so long ago. They settled here on the coast and lived off the bounty of the ocean and her large gardens. She also loved flowers some of which she brought all the way from Ireland. She had a big black and white dog named Orion and they would sit together here in the flower garden. She would always tell him, “Orion, you must protect the garden, and he has through all the years. I thought I was the last of our clan but Orion has found you at last. I didn’t even know Lily had a child. My time as the gardener is drawing to an end; will you care for her garden?”

Lily stared at the strange old man and the beautiful garden and she wondered

if any of what he said was true, then she heard her own voice answer. “Yes.”

“Then, this belongs to you,” the old man said as he lay a thin gray shawl trimmed with tattered lace across her shoulders. Lily’s mind was somehow filled with visions of her ancestors and Lillian tending her garden with Orion. She saw herself as a little child running on the beach with her parents, then the car crash that took their lives. She had come full circle back to the very coast of her memories.. With tears sparkling in her eyes she turned to thank the gardener but he was gone leaving only the thin gray shawl and the memories. Down a narrow path she found her way back to the hiking trail with ease. Some things just could not be explained but she would keep the garden until her time was done.

Here’s August Dry and Warm

By Joanne Benger

August has arrived and gardeners are hopeful for “Dry August and warm, Doth harvest no harm.”

August 1 is Lughnassadh, the corn ritual celebration where corn cakes are traditionally eaten. Enjoy corn on the cob and use corn husks to make corn dollies with corn silk hair.

August 3 is a Civic Holiday, Heritage Day, when the new Canadians are traditionally sworn in. For others it is holiday Monday and there are still lots of festivals to enjoy in Festival City without over-crowding.

August 3 is Gordie Howe Day when we celebrate Mr. Hockey. Put on that jersey and watch a hockey video. August 5 is also Newfoundland’s Ragata Day, a good time to go boating.

August 12, 1827, the artist and poet William Blake died. He wrote “I was angry with my friends. I told my wrath and it did end. I was angry with my foe. I told it not and it did grow.”

August 12 is also Middle Child’s Day. We were lucky ones who got ignored and learned to do our own thing.

August 14 is Pakistan’s Independence Day followed by August 15, India’s Independence Day as well as Korea’s Liberation Day. Celebrate freedom.

August 15 is Assumption Day, known as St. Mary’s Day. The promise is, “Oh, St. Mary’s Day, sunshine brings much good wine.”

August 15 is also the last of the Dog Days which run from July 2 to August 15. Expect cooler weather ahead.

August 17 is National Love Your Feet Day. Enjoy a pedicure.

August 17 is also Thrift Day. Work out your budget and remember a penny saved is a penny earned and you can only spend a dollar once.

August 18 is National Ice Cream Day. One theory is that Marco Polo brought ice cream from the Far East to Italy in 1295. From Italy it spread to France and England and eventually reached America in the 18th century. The first commercial ice cream was made in the U.S. in 1881. Enjoy some ice cream today.

August 20 is Muharram, the Islamic New Year. Happy New Year.

August 14 brings us another weather forecast. “If the 24th of August be fair and clear, then hope for a prosperous autumn that year.”

August 24 is also Ukrainian Independence Day. Celebrate freedom.

August 25 is Banana Split Day as well as Second Hand Wardrobe Day. Be a second hand rose and buy pre-loved clothes.

August 28 is Phillipine National Heroe Day. Celebrate the brave and fearless.

Aust 30 is Plague Sunday in many parts of England in memory of the brave citizens of Eyam and their quarantine the winter of 1665-66. The Black Death was killing thousands in London and someone sent a box of infected clothing to Eyam. Soon the plague had spread throughout Eyam. The Rector explained to the villagers that if any of them left Eyam they would spread the plague throughout the countryside. And they agreed to isolate themselves. Food and medicine was taken to Momprsson’s well and people paid for it by leaving money in jars of vinegar. Church services were held in the open air to avoid close contact. By the time the plague had run its course only 41 of the villagers were left alive, but they had contained it. No one in the surrounding areas got the plague..

A God send of an orb that sent me a warning

By John Zapantis

I was in total disbelief of what I was witnessing, noticing a vertical glowing yellow light floating in front of me from behind a neighbors 15 foot leafless poplar tree out in North Edmonton.

I was going over what I was experiencing, while in the process of going out for my routine evening one mile walk. I stopped abruptly in my tracks to see this incredible sight before my eyes. I realized this sighting was what it was, so I remained still.

The vertical glowing light continued to pass through the tree, coming out into the open sky. I realized this moving bright light was no Christmas decoration, or even a lit up glowing yellow lantern hanging from that tree, but a moveable object, likely a UFO that left no distinctive sound like that of a helicopter, a plane or even a jet passing by.

There was total silence, as I will attest, as the object continually floated at a slow speed, trailing off towards the southeastern evening sky for about 15 seconds.

I'd estimate at that time that this object was flying at an elevation of around 2,000 feet and had travelled a distance of about two miles in those 15 seconds from the time I had first noticed the glowing, vertical yellow light.

I was amazed by this phenomenal sighting. It soon appeared to trail off, slowly shrinking to half the size of what I had originally seen. I then started to give up on following its progress as it continued to fly southeastwards.

I turned around the other way, satisfied with this authenticated UFO sighting.

I looked at my watch as I continued to walk up two blocks. My watch read 9:55 p.m. on that evening of Thursday April 23, 2020. I'd estimate that about five minutes had gone by and the original sighting had taken place at around 9:50 p.m. that evening.

I kept replaying this unusual sighting over and over in my mind, trying to determine what type of UFO I had witnessed.

The next day I shared my strange encounter with a Native lady that I had

occasionally spoken to, who worked at the cash till at a Petro Canada gas station, where I'd often fill my car up with gas.

After explaining my strange encounter regarding this glowing lit up yellow object, she theorized that it wasn't a UFO, but a Yellow Orb. She furthered her opinion, saying that the yellow glowing object that I had seen floating slowly across that Southeastern night sky was a Yellow Orb that's notable for warning people of the dangers that lie ahead. There are seven different kinds of Orbs that vary in different colors and each Orb serves a very different purpose.

The next day I turned on my computer to research facts on Google on Orbs and to see if I could line up the information that this lady at the cash till at Petro Canada had informed me about Orbs and their purpose. I started to discover the same facts that she had disclosed to me in an article written by a notable paranormal researcher named Sally Painter, who had researched and written some very interesting, helpful and informative facts about various Orbs and their purposes to people.

Here is a brief description of the various types of Orbs and their purposes from the context that Painter quotes, "The spirit Orb is a guide to one or more people and manifests in the form of an Orb when it needs to deliver an important message to its charge. The spirit Orb has chosen to serve as a bridge between divinity and humanity to provide hope and love.

The entity has chosen to be a guardian and protect their charges by showing up during threatening situations or pivotal moments in a person's life. Some of these spirits were protectors in their earthly life, such as medical professionals and religious leaders and continue serving in spirit form. Some are said to feel they failed in life and wish to redeem themselves in spirit form."

From what that lady at the till at Petro Canada told me about the Yellow Orb's purpose this next series of facts that Painter defines about the Orb that I had seen that night does actually line up with how she describes its purpose for appearing in my life that night.

Painter continues and clearly defines the many important roles that Orbs play when reading into our many serious social issues and dangerous situations, she quotes, "The more you can define what's going on emotionally at the time, you saw the Orb, or when the photo was taken, the better

the chance you have of deciphering the Orb's message. The Yellow Orb may have been a type of Omen or affirmation about a specific feeling you were having at the time. If you were upset or worried about someone, or a situation, then the Orb's appearance might be cautionary, but a call to action on those emotions, or concerns. Use your intuition to dissect the actual meaning of this visitation."

After only reading just this aspect of the full blown version of Sally Painter's research article about Orbs, the various kinds and their purpose, I could now see the whole picture of why I had witnessed the sighting of this Yellow Orb, floating slowly across that evening sky and that it wasn't a UFO after-all.

The meaning behind the Orb trying to warn me about its purpose in life started to make sense as I reminisced going back on my steps during that routine walk, before spotting that Orb in the sky. Prior to that strange sighting, a few blocks before, while walking on my routine walk, I had noticed a group of three tough looking men staring me down from across the street, talking tough, but the sound from that distance seemed muffled and I could hardly make out what they were saying about me. I wasn't certain if they were plotting to come over to confront me, or if they were talking about someone else that they intended to harm, but it all seemed suspicious to me.

I was feeling on the edge thinking that if I continued walking in that exact same route that I always favoured, I'd obviously head back in that same direction that these three characters were heading towards and I'd eventually meet up with all of them again. What prevented me from meeting up with them again, couldn't have arrived at a better time, as it stopped me in my tracks. It was the incredible sighting of that lit up glowing Yellow Orb floating across that evening sky.

That's when it dawned on me, as I reflected on what I had read about the purpose of Orbs and how that meaningful purpose lined up by helping me to avoid that dangerous looking group of men after being distracted by the sighting of that supportive and helpful Orb. It had managed to slow me down, while I stood amazed by its presence.

That Orb had taken up some of my time in slowing down my routine walk, so that I'd be able to slowly trail behind that bunch that I felt uncomfortable around.



It eventually worked all in my favor, when I stopped abruptly to look at that Orb in the sky and then later headed back safely to my place.

All I now know is that this Orb was some kind of a God send and it was serving its purpose to warn and protect me from falling prey to any danger that was coming my way.

Thanks to that saintly Yellow Orb, I can now say I was in the right place at the right time, while that Orb heroically distracted me from going to the wrong place at the wrong time!

Canada Day Fun

By Joanne Bengler

1. Your Canada Day menu may include such uniquely Canadian foods as poutine, green onion cakes, Nanaimo squares and butter tarts.
2. The ultimate Canada Day treat is a red and white sundae with a maple syrup topping garnished with Smarties and moose droppings.
3. Our flag has been the red white and maple leaf since February 15, 1965 so many patriotic Canadians dress in red and white on Canada Day.
4. The Caesar Cocktail is often the Canadian drink of choice on this day. However, it may not be as Canadian as we thought. In Mexico they claim the same drink as their own, only they call it the Sangre deCrista.
5. We have many uniquely Canadian words like brewski (beer()), shebang (all of it) matrimonial cake (date square), and of course shinnying (a scratch game of hockey). Use Canada –speak with pride.
6. We can always wear a Canadian t-shirt with a good patriotic saying like, ‘Live for the leaf and support those who wear it’, ‘Canada Proud, Canada Strong’, ‘True North Strong and Free’, ‘Keep raising the Bar Canada’, ‘I am Canadian –eh?’ and ‘Everyone loves a Canadian boy (girl)’.
7. Sing O Canada whether alone or in a group.
8. Finish the day with fireworks.

How much did it rain?

By Joanne Bengler

1. People grew webbed feet.
2. The government introduced a rain tax.
3. Potholes became swimming pools.
4. Uncut lawns grew waist high.
5. Sunscreen manufacturers went bankrupt.
6. Streets became waterways and cars became houseboats.
7. ”Rain or Shine” became “Rain or rain.”
8. Sun dried tomatoes became rain wet tomatoes.
9. Children at play wore life preservers.
10. Oil tankers sailed to Alberta so the pipeline was cancelled.
11. Garbage was washed into the river and floated to Saskatchewan.
12. All sins were washed away.
13. Street people became roof people.
14. Even paid up houses were under water.
15. Weather balloons were grounded.
16. People and their pets walked on stilts.
17. Trains floated off their tracks and became gondolas
19. Frogs moved into town.
18. Rust became the in colour and mold was the newest interior decoration.
19. People swam to work.
10. Mud puddles were so deep whole towns vanished.
22. Traffic cops became lifeguards.



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