

ALBERTA Street News

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No Seconds - the last meals of deathrow inmates

Award winning INSP
story
Pages 4-5

11/16/16 | GA | Steven Frederick Spears | 54 years old | Lethal Injection | 15 years on death row
A large meat pizza



01/07/16 | Florida | Oscar Ray Bollin Jr. | 53 years old | Lethal Injection | 23 years on death row
Rib eye steak, medium rare; a baked potato with butter and sour cream; a salad made of iceberg lettuce, cucumber and tomato; baked garlic bread; lemon meringue pie; and a bottle of CocaCola.

ALBERTA STREET NEWS

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THE VIEWS
PRESENTED ARE THOSE
OF THE CONTRIBUTORS.

Being Thankful

By Sharon Austin

The autumn season has never been a favourite of mine. To me it always meant the end of a beautiful golden summer spent running barefoot through the woods and meadows with my sister and the dogs. It signaled the end of haying and berry-picking and going to the lake, but worst of all it meant the return to school. It was hard to trudge the two miles to school in a pair of stiff new shoes and sit confined in a stuffy classroom that smelled of new erasers and chalk dust when I had known such freedom. It saddened me when the first frost would come leaving drooping wilted flowers and blackened potato plants in its wake. Even the red and gold autumn leaves were never as beautiful to me as the newly unfurled green leaves of spring.

Now that I am in the autumn of my life and no longer have to go back to school, or university or even back to work I see that fall has a beauty and magic all its own. The red maples, the golden birches, and the wild apple trees heavy with small red apples are so beautiful to me. Once again the ocean beach where I walk belongs to me. The children have all gone back to school, the vacationers have all gone home, and even the summer student who manned the ticket booth at the

park entrance has deserted her post. The only footprints in the wet sand belong to my daughter and me and the tiny paw prints of our two little dogs. I enjoy the outdoor markets filled with big bins of fresh corn, stacks of pumpkins, and baskets of ripe peaches. It is a time of thanksgiving for our families, our wonderful country, and the bountiful harvest.

Soon it will be Thanksgiving and once again the church will be decorated with orange and gold autumn flowers and a cornucopia of fruits and vegetables. As every year we will sing that old favourite 'Count your Blessings' as we smile and shake hands. Living in Canada we have so many things to be thankful for. I am thankful that in this world marred with terror and tragedy that Canada is seen as a model of peace and tolerance, and a refuge for those who need help. Most of us, if we go back far enough, are descendants of the flood of immigrants and refugees that came to Canada so many years ago. This summer, my son came home from Vancouver after a cross-country road trip ending here in Saint John, N.B. One of the places we visited was the Old Loyalist Burial Ground situated in the heart of the city; a place where all the tourists like to go. On his father's side, Jonathan is a descendant of the United Empire Loyalists who fled the oppression they experienced in the United States. Being loyal to the British Crown and opposing the revolution they were seen as traitors by those in authority. Over

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International
Network of
Street Papers

Dr. Richard Wilkinson's views on poverty

By Joanne Benger

Richard Wilkinson, history professor at the university of London and author of *The Spirit Level*, was a keynote speaker at the Manchester Global Street Summit for the International Network of Street Papers. He had a refreshing outlook on poverty. Dr. Wilkinson doesn't blame the poor for being poor. It's all a matter of luck. He looked on the poor with sympathy and understanding.

Life isn't fair. Rich men have rich sons. Poor men have poor sons. Children with educated parents score higher on reading tests.

Upward mobility is a myth. The belief that if you work hard you will end up at the top just isn't true. Sadly, social mobility is lower in societies with greater differences between the rich and poor, like the U.S.

The rich are seen as important. The poor are seen as valueless, stupid, inferior and lazy. Then rich people use income to express status. External wealth is seen as indicating internal

worth. To appear richer, poor people borrow money to buy status symbols they can't afford and go into debt. They only wanted to appear successful and get respect. They did their best against all odds and failed again.

The poor despise poverty and despise themselves for being poor. Even the smallest children feel humiliated and shamed by poverty. They know whose parents are richer or poorer.

The chronic stress of being inferior, disrespected and humiliated is hard on health. When the poor feel judged by others they withdraw, feel inferior and become depressed. Poor, stressed people have more clogged arteries. Their resistance is low so they get more colds and their wounds heal more slowly. Economic status determines health for health is 5 % genetics, 30% behaviour and 55 % social conditions. Life expectancy is lowest among the poorest.

Low self esteem leads to self advertisement or self enhancement as the poor talk themselves up and flaunt themselves. They are seen as liars.

The poor feel isolated and helpless and blame themselves. The shame of poverty and self loathing leads to anxiety and anxiety can lead to drugs, alcohol and self enhancement. As their lives fall apart they blame themselves.

Dr. Wilkinson sees hope for even the most hopeless of the poor. If they are befriended and able to participate in the community, their self esteem will improve. Friendship is very protective. It is as important to your health as whether you smoke or not. Regardless of class or income, people with friends have wounds that heal faster. Those with fewest friends are four times more likely to catch a cold. Isolation will make you sick but friendship and interaction with your peers will build up your self esteem and keep you healthy. Befriend a poor person today and both of you will have better health.

The message is that if you want to help the poor you must become a friend to them.

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Being Thankful

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170,000 loyalists from all walks of life from lawyers to craftsmen, farmers, ministers, soldiers and slaves united by a common cause and came to Canada in 1783 and 84. Many of them came to New Brunswick and settled in Saint John which is called the Loyalist City. The old gravestones are weathered and worn by the years, some unreadable, but most still bear the names of those who lived and died in Saint John over 200 years ago.

I am thankful that the tourists who come to Saint John on the giant cruise ships that dwarf the harbour see Canadians as peace-loving, kind, friendly, tolerant, and always polite. I

am thankful that this legacy has been passed down to us and continues on with the younger generation.

On the way home, my son and I stopped in the Wal-Mart parking lot. A young man approached us and asked for a few bucks so he could get something to eat.

Jonathan has lived in a large city for 15 years, which is in the throes of an opioid crisis, and I wondered to myself if this would have jaded him from giving handouts. We were close to MacDonald's and a KFC so he asked the man, whose name was Ted, which he liked better.

At the KFC, Jonathan bought him a big meal and Ted, who was burned red-brown from the sun, told us

that he was a part-time roofer.

It did my heart good to watch the two young men laughing and talking like old friends about cars and the places they had been in Canada. I couldn't have been more proud of my son than in that moment.

This Thanksgiving lets all try to do our Canadian heritage proud by being kind, helpful, giving, tolerant, and always seeking the way of peace.

And oh yes always remember to say "sorry."

N0 Seconds: Last Meals of Death Row Inmates

Award winning story, International Network of Street papers, 2017



By Whitley O'Connor | photos by Henry Hargreaves

If you were to choose one final meal, what would it be? Would you pick a classic steak and baked potato or try something you've never tasted? World renowned photographer, Henry Hargreaves, explores how food connects us all and what our choices of food say about us as people. By capturing images of death row inmates' last meals, Henry seeks to humanize individuals in their last moments before execution and spark a conversation on capital punishment in America.

Henry Hargreaves began his career as a model for luxury brands like Lacoste, Prada, and Hermes. After several years working in front of the camera, Henry decided he wanted to try his hand on the other side of the lens as a photographer. Having worked in the restaurant industry previously, Henry turned his camera's attention to his real passion – food. "I was always interested in how, when you serve people, you only have a connection for a few seconds. But the way they order their food and relate to it tells so much about who

they are."

Then, in 2011, Texas made national headlines when they eliminated their last meal program, piquing Henry's curiosity and sparking his interest in death row inmates' final meals before execution.

"I went online and was kind of shocked at how, when I read about the orders these people were putting in, it sort of humanized them. As I read about their requests, they became people in my mind and not just statistics." The tradition of a final meal dates back as far as capital punishment itself. Throughout history and across geography, the practice of offering one last meal to individuals set for execution is rooted in religion, superstition, and compassion.

The most well-known last meal was the Last Supper, in which Jesus shared his final meal with his Apostles before his crucifixion. In medieval Europe, the last meal was thought to please the spirit of the inmate, decreasing the likelihood that their ghost would haunt the executioner. And over time, the last meal tradition has evolved. Prisoners who were to be hung have long been offered one final drink, while those to be executed by firing

squad were traditionally offered one final cigarette. In the modern era, the last meal has largely been offered as a small token of kindness to an individual in their last moments of life.

Although not required by law, the last meal has been a privilege that states have extended to practically all inmates executed since capital punishment was instituted in the United States. However, in recent years, states have begun imposing tighter restrictions on last meal requests.

"Growing up in New Zealand, where there is no death penalty, to me, it's one of the strangest concepts in Western society. Then

suddenly you have this weird ritual that you're trying to get rid of. But you're trying to get rid of it for the strangest reasons."

In Texas, the last meal was eliminated after a death row inmate, Lawrence Brewer, ordered a particularly large last meal but ultimately declined to eat it, stating that he wasn't hungry. Other states limit inmates to only items found readily available in the prison kitchen or provide a maximum amount that can be spent on the meal. Oklahoma is fairly strict, allowing individuals to order food from outside the prison but limiting them to \$15. These meals and the food requests individuals on death row make are what captured Henry's interest.

"I think that one of the really interesting things about this is that everyone reads into it differently. These dishes mean something different to everyone because we all have our own emotions tied up into them."

Henry isn't the only one who is fascinated by last meal requests though. In nearly every media report on an execution, the individual's last meal menu is reported. The public as a whole seems to have a general curios-

ity about these final moments of an inmate's life, but little information is known outside of the request itself. "Do they serve it on a piece of china or a plastic plate? Does the chef take any time and put pride into serving someone's last meal or do they just throw it together without any thought? Is it served in their lap or are they eating at a wooden table? So, those are the kinds of things I've tried to show with this."

Henry first explored the topic in 2011 when he recreated the final meals of a dozen death row inmates. Among those whose last meals were recreated was the Oklahoma City Murrah Building bomber, Timothy McVeigh. His meal, two pints of mint chocolate chip ice cream, was one of the most powerful of the series, drawing a range of reactions.

"Does Timothy McVeigh's last meal represent a crazy man's last meal, or is it just the last meal of someone who doesn't care anymore? And is there necessarily a right or wrong answer?"

And then there was Victor Feguer, who asked for a single olive with the pit still in it. "A lot of people wondered if the olive represented peace or the idea of growth and rebirth after death."

One of the most haunting last meals was of Ricky Ray Rector, who had brain damage from shooting himself in the head after killing a police officer. His final meal consisted of steak, fried chicken, cherry Kool-Aid, and a piece of pecan pie, which he famously asked the guard if he could save for later.

Henry believes each meal leaves room for questions and interpretation. "Food can mean a lot of different things to different people. And I think that's what has really been the success of the series and why it's engaged so many people; everyone can relate to it somehow."

Henry's photos went viral, earning international recognition and sparking conversation and debate on, not only on the concept of last meals, but

on capital punishment as a whole.

"I ended up getting all sorts of exhibitions all over the world and lots of papers and magazines wrote about it. But I felt that I hadn't fully touched on the frequency of these executions and their cultural relevancy."

Fast forward to 2016, when Henry found a chance to revisit his project in greater depth. *A Year of Killing* focuses on all of the executions that occurred in 2016 and their associated last meals.

"Most people think executions are very rare, whereas on average 36 people are killed every year. That's nearly one per week."

With *A Year of Killing*, Henry was able to explore in greater depth what these last meals might have meant to these individuals. "To me, this was a way to empathize somewhat with these people. I think a lot of these people's lives have been painful rollercoasters the whole way. A lot of these people were born into really abusive families and households. And essentially, the end of their life is finishing just as violently as the life they had lived the whole way through. So, it's a complicated subject."

But like any work of art, Henry's series has received its fair share of criticism. "I have caught a lot of flak from people mistaking this with me condoning the actions that these people have done. But for me, it's not

about that. It's about seeing other things. I'm not trying to glorify them or anything. I think quite a few people have misinterpreted that, which I totally get. With anything that goes out there in the public space, you're going to get lovers and you're going to get haters."

But in the end, what Henry really wants is a conversation. He isn't looking to preach to anyone. Rather, he hopes to inspire introspection and dialogue.

"I can't imagine what it would be like. A lot of this, for me, is putting myself in someone's shoes, where they're taking those final steps. You've been read your last rights, and you've ordered your last meal. To me, I just imagine the tension for this person. I just really want to use this as an opportunity to explore that, and to me, there's not a right or wrong answer; nothing linear or concrete. I'm not trying to preach whether it's right or wrong to everyone. I just want you to think about this and be aware of it in a deeper way than you are."

In November 2016, 66% of Oklahomans voted to constitutionally protect the death penalty through State Question 776. With states continuing their capital punishment programs, Henry will have no shortage of material for the continuation of his last meal series.



04/06/16 | Texas | Pablo Vasquez | 38 years old | Lethal Injection | 17 years on death row
Salisbury steak, steamed rice, brown gravy, a vegetable blend, sweet peas, ranch style beans, sliced bread, and butterscotch brown
with a choice of water, tea, or punch to drink.

Life is a game (except when it isn't)

By Allan Sheppard

It isn't easy being poor.

It's hard work making ends meet on a fixed or minimum-wage income. It's harder still, sometimes a life-and-death struggle, holding things together when the ends don't meet; when the only alternative short of surrender is to accept charity, often with loss of dignity in one's own mind, if not in the eyes of others.

Whether subsisting below, at, or marginally above the poverty line, life is a treadmill. No matter how hard you work, and scrimp, and try to save, you can never get ahead. In worst-case scenarios you drift slowly backward as the speed of the machine increases or the incline slowly rises.

Inevitably, as one grows "another day older and deeper in debt" (to recall a hard-scrabble coal miner's lament) the risk of falling off the treadmill, or being dragged or thrown off, grows.

The carrot we hope to catch in what amounts, to many if not most of us, a race to oblivion is the chance to rise up the ladder of success and achievement high enough to escape poverty or, in exceptional cases (that may or may not prove the rule), to achieve success in the form of wealth, or influence, or power.

Or, if one is truly exceptional, all three combined for even greater benefit and profit. It happens. But not as often as the priests and priestesses of social Darwinism (take the Fraser Institute as an example; please) would have us believe.

Social Darwinists, otherwise known as market fundamentalists, believe that in life (narrowly understood and constrained as "the market") what they regard as a natural law—survival of the fittest—applies to everything and everyone, including me and thee and everything we do. (Or do not do.) There are many possible interpretations of that notion, but the one that

Darwinists/fundamentalists proclaim above all others is the idea that we live (or would live, in a more perfect world) in a meritocracy.

We get what we deserve. Or to put it in the way that is less commonly noted or noticed: we do not get what we do not deserve.

But is it so?

If we all and always succeed or fail according to our individual merit, does it follow that those who achieve success are meritorious and those who do not are not?

It depends on how one defines success and merit, of course. There are, by my definitions, some who embody the principle. But there are many who do not; at least some of whom seem, in our time, to have unhealthy influence on our society, our economy, and our politics narrowly conflated as a market.

An unhealthy market operates as what game theorists and economists call a zero-sum game. "Game" is understood in their minds not to mean competition for fun or recreation (its common definition) but competition for the very tools, materials, and tactics of survival and success. In a world/market endowed with a limited supply of resources, any gain I make must inevitably be matched precisely by losses sustained by one or more other players, known under the theory as "consumers," rather than "citizens" (which would imply that we exist in something larger than the market: a society).

To put it simply: your loss is my gain. And vice versa. Add notions of merit and outcomes become matters of morality more than fairness. The only way around the dilemma is to increase, by whatever means we can, the supply of resources so that we can take our gains from what is newly available, rather than from each other: that is, to increase the size of the pie from which we all take our share—or

more fittingly, what we can get. (Ignoring, for this discussion only, the fact of limits to growth, locally and globally.)

For a while, after the Second World War—until roughly the 1970s or '80s—things seemed to work that way for those of us lucky enough to live in the so-called West. As productivity increased, most of us managed to keep up. We adapted to an evolving environment, as the social Darwinists would have it.

But evolution manifests in different ways in different places and at different times. World population has exploded, dramatically increasing demand on and competition for resources. Other countries and regions have expanded their economies and productivity to compete with the West in what remains, at a global scale, a zero-sum environment: as Japan, and China, and India, and Brazil produce more, we in the West are hard-pressed to keep up.

In fact many if not most of us have fallen behind, but not just from external competition which, according to the theory, is a good thing after all. The market seems to have evolved to comprise not one pie (locally or globally) but two: one for the masses—the 99 per cent, as proclaimed by advocates a few years ago—and the elite—the one per cent.

Since the 1970s, the pie accessible to the masses has not increased in proportion to increases in overall productivity, which have been substantial; incomes, at least in the West, have remained static for many, if not most of us. (Part of that is surely due to increases in the incomes of masses in other parts of the world, but that's another discussion.)

Most, in fact almost all, of the increases in productivity and the fruits of productivity seem to have gone to a separate pie accessible only to elites in the West and abroad.

I offer these musings not as the

I offer these musings not as the ultimate answer to or explanation of things as they are or as I see them. I offer them to suggest, for discussion, that the conventional wisdom prevailing today is not sacred or immutable. I have learned to live comfortably with ambiguity.

There is more than one way to climb the mountain.

There is no certainty except uncertainty. Consider and discuss.

As things operate on the market level, so they must also operate on the personal level. Every purchase or investment I make in one area of my personal (and family) life, diminishes the resources I can use to purchase or invest in other areas.

If I have or can earn enough to have discretionary income or savings, I can absorb increases in the cost of necessities.

If I have not or cannot...

A recent Toronto Star editorial, headlined Rise in food-bank use points to need for housing benefit (September 19, 2017), points to the zero-sum aspect of life for too many Canadians today.

(The editorial was prompted by the 2017 annual report of Toronto's Daily Bread food bank, which seems not to be available on line as I write.)

According to the Star, "The average food-bank client spent almost 70 per cent of their total monthly income on rent and utilities."

Underline that: Seventy per cent of monthly income spent on necessities, the price of which most of us cannot negotiate or avoid, except by resorting to homelessness. (The statistic is for the cities of Toronto and North York, but it seems fair to extrapolate cautiously to all major Canadian cities.)

That leaves 30 per cent, amounting to \$7.33 a day in the population served by Daily Bread, for other things: food, clothing, transportation, medication, toiletries, personal grooming, education, recreation, and entertainment. (Yes, even the poorest among us is entitled dignity and modest access to recreation and entertainment.)

Good luck with that.

Food banks meet an obvious, sometimes desperate need. So do Goodwill, Value Village, and Find furniture outlets. So do churches and church-sponsored agencies.

But are these enough?

The Canadians we are talking about here are not welfare recipients. They are, as listed diligently by the Star, "senior citizens on fixed incomes; people living on employment and

disability benefits; workers among the 52 per cent of Torontonians who are precariously employed in temporary, contract or part time work; people over 45 who lost their job and can't find their way back into the workforce; and, of course, the children of people in these groups."

The Star suggests a federal housing tax credit, similar to the child tax credit, as a solution. Perhaps it is. But is that all there is?

We face an obvious and overwhelming question: Is the market subsidizing some of us by giving them more than they deserve? Or are the poor among us subsidizing the market (and the rest of us, especially the one per cent) by accepting less?

And are we reneging on our responsibilities as citizens of a society (where we make or help make the rules) to exercise presumed rights as consumers in a game/market (where someone else makes the rules, assuming there are rules at all)?

Read the Toronto Star editorial at tinyurl.com/y9nmdbp8; expand the discussion with Is taxation theft? at tinyurl.com/y7mr78bt
1,474 words



Sleeping outside with Chewy

By Vivian Risby,
Photo by John Zapanis

I do know a lot of people that sleep outside. - my street friends, so I wanted to see for myself how it feels to sleep outside and I did for three days. The second night it started to rain, and Chewy, she doesn't like being wet. She stole my blanket. I did try to take it from her. She growled at me, so I went and found a gabage bag. Then she was mad.

We got up in the morning. She wanted to come home, but we went and found the Hope Mission Van. They gave me water for Chewy and

lunch for me and clean clothes. There is a centre where people can shower but you have to put your name on the board.

After all that Chewy got me charged. She went into a dog door. I did not know the people who lived there. I've got until September 29. The cop was going to give Chewy the ticket. His partner said, "I hope you have tiny handcuffs." He asked, "Why?" "Four legs - it's a dog. Ticket has to go to the owner."

I wish his partner would have said nothing. Would have been funny - "Chewy, how do you plead?" "Bow wow. Not guilty." Would have been very funny.

Ovarian Cancer Canada Walk of Hope

raises over \$93,925 for its programs, services and research

Story and photo by John Zapanis

Ovarian Cancer is notably a silent killer that can sneak up on its female victims without prior warning, like a calculating snake slowly slithering up to its victim ready to release its poisonous bite. One past victim of that snake in the grass was an elderly woman named Florence Graff, who only lived for nine months, while courageously battling ovarian cancer.

Her tragic story was shared with Alberta Street News by her granddaughter Alana Kropielnicki during the 2017 Ovarian Cancer Canada Walk of Hope, hosted and organized by Ovarian Cancer Canada on Saturday September 10th at Kinsmen Park in Edmonton.

Prior to the starting of the 5 k walk and run at 10:30 a.m., Alana elaborated on her grandmother's struggle with stage four ovarian cancer.

Her grandmother was 80, when her life was tragically taken away by the disease.

Florence Graff led a healthy and happy lifestyle and was always actively involved in volunteer work. Her passion for making that big difference in the community changed for the worse at age 79. One day she started to experience unexpected pains in her abdominal area. The pains would come and go and after a serious discussion with her family members, they suggested that she have her pains checked out by a doctor. When she visited the doctor, he first conducted a test on her digestive system, confirming it was a stomach issue. Her doctor then referred her to an oncologist, who conducted a CT scan, where her results confirmed her for stage four ovarian cancer.

After the CT scan, she started receiving three rounds of chemotherapy, but despite the treatment, her condition started to quickly deteriorate, back in September of 2011.

To sustain the painful process, the doctor heavily sedated her, but the cancer continued to spread its reach. At that point, during her struggle with ovarian cancer, she became incapacitated and bedridden. During that September, she was sent to a care facility in Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta. She spent her final days there, up until the day when she passed away in December 2011.

Her granddaughter, Alana, recounted the final three months of her life prior to her passing, Kropielnicki said, "It happened very, very, fast. She went down quickly. She had like a growth. She had a mass on her left abdomen."

Prior to her diagnosis for stage four ovarian cancer, Alana recounts her grandmother's support for seniors like herself. Kropielnicki said, "Before she had to move, she was a really strong woman, which is how I know her. She was a person, who was always encouraging other elderly women. She was a person that always thought she was the most healthy. She'd play games with other people to help cheer them up. She was a volunteer for seniors, as a senior."

Her grandmother's struggle with stage four ovarian cancer has made her more aware of what needs to be done when it comes to early detection. Kropielnicki said, "It's just doing your research, knowing the signs and the symptoms of the different diseases and cancer out there, being knowledgeable and sharing that knowledge with other people as well, then talking to people who need support, when being there for everyone."

Since her grandmother's passing, she always reflects on her influences on her. Kropielnicki said, "My grandmother was full of life. She was a courageous supporter. She was a volunteer. She was just an all round good woman and strong."

The Ovarian Cancer Canada Walk of Hope, encouraged over 289 walkers and runners, like Alana and her daughter Abby K, who registered and took the time to come out to the fundraising event to help to raise money for its programs, services and research.

Prior to the 5 k walk and run a morning opening ceremony took place on a stage near a baseball diamond in Kinsmen Park. Event MC and Global Television personality Nicola Crosbie introduced several speakers, who spoke about ovarian cancer and its impact on women living with ovarian cancer.

These included Dr. Helen Steed of the University of Alberta's, Associate Professor in the Division of Gynecologic Oncology in the Faculty of Medicine and Dentistry. Nicola Crosbie was the other speaker who spoke about her mother's battle with ovarian cancer.

After the completion of the opening ceremony, the 5 k walk and run commenced at 10:30 a.m., when more than 289 walkers left the starter's gate towards River Valley Road and returned to Kinsmen Park after the walkers and runners completed their route.

The closing ceremony started at 1:30 p.m. when Nicola Crosbie introduced Ovarian Cancer Canada (OCC) founding member, Margaret Holt to the stage, who spoke about her experience, while once living with ovarian cancer. Holt said, "When I was diagnosed six years ago, I didn't know anything about Ovarian Cancer Canada. I wasn't aware of the support groups or any contact information, nor was there anything given to me at the treatment facility. I learned of OCC through word of mouth. Since then OCC and Tracy Kolwich, the Western Regional Director, have made a consistent effort to change all that for women, who've since been diagnosed. They've organized educational forums across Canada, for patients and their families.

Right: The Savoie family from St. Albert were out at the Ovarian Cancer Canada Walk of Hope. Cindy Savoie, the mother of this family, wearing sunglasses, recently recovered from a stage three Ovarian Cancer operation and gave back by walking the 5 k walk with family members. From left to right are daughter Danielle Buxton, husband Roger Savoie mother Cindy Savoie and daughter Kyla.



They've started petitioning the government for extra funding for research two years ago.

Ovarian Cancer Canada, made the biggest commitment to women, who are diagnosed with ovarian cancer. Tracy Kolwich was approached with the idea of "What if?" What if OCC would agree to stuff notices in every patient package that was mailed to patients from its local cancer centre? Tracy and OCC were fully on board. The Cross Cancer Institute was approached and was fully supportive of this project.

This started in January 2016 with one, then many more from there. Tracy approached other cancer centres. They came on board. Since Tracy took this to the annual conference and the project went national. This has been huge for many women to have access to literature and support throughout their treatment, especially women living in remote areas across Canada. OCC is also launching a new website for those who've been diagnosed for ovarian cancer. So thanks to everyone here today. Your support

has made this all possible. Also to Ovarian Cancer Canada, thank you for your tremendous support and commitment to bringing changes and awareness for all women and their families with ovarian cancer. Thank you."

So far the event has raised more than \$93,925 as confirmed by the Ovarian Cancer Canada's Walk Co-Chair Holly Newell. The final count must meet the deadline by December 2017.

During the closing ceremony Holly Newell gave her presentation acknowledging the great work her committee members have contributed in helping to organize the

event.

The money raised in this important event, will go to support Ovarian Cancer Canada's many programs, services and research in hopes of one day, preventing this silent killer disease from sneaking up on its victims and taking their lives away.

Invisible City Tours

Take a guided walk through Edmonton's inner city to see where the shelters and organizations are that serve the homeless. You may also see homeless people with shelters erected from tarps and shopping carts or just sleeping under a blanket.

Cost: \$10 per person or a minimum charge of \$40 for fewer than four persons.

Call Linda to arrange a time for your tour.

780-428-0805 or email Linda at dumontlc@hotmail.com



Hallowe'en's Lost Souls

By Joanne Benger

It's Hallowe'en. Come tour the netherworld of lost souls with out tour guide, Jack-o-Lantern, who was too evil to enter Heaven. He went to hell but the devil said Jack was too evil to enter Hell. That left homeless Jack stuck in the netherworld until Judgment Day. His only comfort is the lantern that he carries in his hand to light his way.

Often Jack walks in marshy swamps with his lantern. Scientists try to tell us that light is simply ignis fatuus caused by gases from decaying wet plants but don't you believe it!. The will-o'the wisp is also known as Friar's Lantern, Peg-a-lantern. Kit of the Cranstick, Spunkle, walking fire, elf fire, John in the Wad and Fair Maid of Ireland in different areas. In Henry IV, Shakespeare referred to the swamp light as a "ball of wildfire."

Anyone who attempts to follow the light of lost souls will be totally confused and get lost, perhaps forever.

According to the Russian folklore these wandering fires are the spirits of stillborn babies. British folklore has expanded their ranks to include all unbaptised children, who must wander through the air until Judgment Day because they are unbaptised. These children cannot enter Heaven, and they are too pure for Hell, so they are trapped in limbo. When we hear them, some people mistake their wailing for the sounds of wild geese in flight, Gabble and Ratchet.

Wild geese sound a lot like a pack of baying hounds in full cry. That's why people often refer to them as Gabriel's hounds. Gabriel is the angel of death as well as the prince of fire and thunder and his hounds are black. When hallowe'en hunting season and migrating geese converge, confusion reigns and the wailing babies are mistaken for Gabriel's geese if not his hounds.

All dogs howl when Gabriel, the angel of death, comes to collect a soul. Gabriel is invisible to us but he can be clearly seen by dogs. We all know that when a dog throws back his head and howls it is a sign of death in the area.

In Aryan mythology the spirits of the dead are carried away by the howling night wind that sounds like a dog. Meded, the goddess of witchcraft, another hallowe'en figure, wanders the earth by night and can only be seen by dogs who howl to warn the unwary that death is near.

Now Jack-o-Lantern is not the only evil soul stuck in the netherworlds. The first Duke of Normandy is said to have been the son of a fiend and his soul will not be allowed to rest until Judgment Day. He may sometimes be seen at night hanging about graveyards and looking like a big black wolf.

From the Duke it is a short step to the werewolf (wolf-man) who roams at night devouring babies and exhuming corpses from graveyards. Only a silver bullet can kill the werewolf and his friend, the vampire. The earliest vampires in Slavonic folklore were the ghosts of criminals who returned from their graves as monstrous bats who sucked blood from sleeping people turning them into vampires.

And that concludes Jack-o-Lantern's tour of lost and waiting souls. Happy Hallowe'en.

Battling Delta Airline

By Joanne Benger

On May 25th Linda Dumont and I went to Sears Travel where travel agent Erin Gingras got us well planned trips to and from the Global Street Paper Summit in Manchester. We were to leave Edmonton at 8:15 a.m. on August 20. We got there before the check in opened so we could have a leisurely breakfast, then fly to Minneapolis where we would have

five hours to walk, eat and enjoy the airport before flying to Amsterdam where we would have a short stop before our flight to Manchester. We would reach Manchester at 10:25 and could check in any time up to 5 p.m. so there was no rush.

At the check in counter, we were told our flight was over booked and asked if we would consider an alternative flight – Edmonton to Toronto to Atlanta to Manchester. We would leave at 7 a.m. and be at Manchester 8:20 a.m. We are good citizens and heard of rewards so we agreed. It was a mad rush at West Jet to catch the 7 a.m. plane. People seemed to

be irritated at us and kept asking why we were changing our flight. We explained Delta had overbooked. We expected to be treated like heroes but they made us feel like villains. In the end we had to run to catch our flight, and boarded hungry, stressed, and tired. No food was served on the flight. In Toronto it was rushed again but we did manage to get Starbucks coffee.

At Atlanta we finally relaxed. Then Virgin Airlines provided us a wonderful trip to Manchester.

We returned separately. Linda left right after the Summit, but I stayed on to visit relatives. We both

Hallowe'en Survival Guide

By Joanne Benger

The following has been collected from various unreliable sources, who wish to remain anonymous.

1. Even a man who's pure of heart and says his prayers at night may become a wolf when wolf bane blooms and the autumn moon is bright."
2. Talk to strangers. The undead can't carry on a conversation.
3. Vampires cast no reflection because they have no souls. Check out strangers with a mirror.
4. A vampire cannot enter your house uninvited, but once the rightful owner invites him in, he can re-enter at will. Be careful who you invite in Hallowe'en night. Hand out treats on your steps.
5. If you must drive on Hallowe'en night, be careful not to hit any small animals. The spirits of the evil dead inhabit cats and rabbits on Hallowe'en night and get very angry when injured.
6. If you must pass a graveyard on Hallowe'en night, hold your breath if you can and whistle if you can't. Don't even glance at the graveyard for the dead are said to come out and dance on Hallowe'en night and if you see them, you will die.
7. If you are walking outside in the dark, whistling will keep you safe from witches and ghosts.
8. If you are walking down the street on Hallowe'en night and hear footsteps behind you, do not turn around. It may be Death and looking into his face will cause your own death.
9. Don't look at your own shadow by moonlight on Hallowe'en night.
10. Put a broom across your doorway. The witch will accept your gift and leave you unharmed.
11. Lock all doors and window and wear garlic around your neck and hang it at the windows to keep vampires out.
12. To protect your home from witches, hide a pair of scissors under the doormat and hang up sprigs on holly and St. John's wort.
13. For protection against ghosts wear a concealed roman wood cross wrapped in red thread.
14. Put red berries on your windowsills and over your doorways to protect the living from the dead on Hallowe'en night.
15. Stock up on nuts and apples for withces and warlocks avoid houses which contain wholesome fruits of the earth.
16. Drink Coors, the official beer of Hallowe'en.
17. Vampires can be driven off with garlic, roses, holy water, the sight of the cross, the sound of bells or anything make of iron.



Battling Delta Airline

Continued from page 10

stayed on to visit relatives. We both had good, well planned trips home, Manchester to Paris, Paris to Minneapolis to Edmonton, thanks to Erin Gringras at Sears Travel.

At Minneapolis the flight Edmonton had been overbooked and the voucher gate agent announced they were giving \$1000 gift cards to people taking a later flight. This only applied to people beginning their trip there. The agent told me I should qualify for a reward as well, and told me to email Delta.com.go to Complaints and use the drop down. I took my laptop to

the library and the librarian couldn't get through, either, but the site had a phone number 1-844-576-5509. I called. It was Booking, but they gave me Complaints - 1-800-221-1212. I got Popsy, who told me not everyone gets a voucher. It's up to the voucher gate agent. She was sorry I had a bad experience and told me to call the Corporate Care Depot at 1 800 455 2720. It is open Monday to Friday 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.

I called on September 11. I told my story yet again. I was told our denial of boarding compensation was because the man at the desk recorded that he got us an earlier flight because

we requested it. It was recorded as a voluntary change made by us. I said, "He lied." I was told they would look into it and call me back.

Ms. West called back. She said according to the records our flight was oversold so he moved us over. She thanked us for switching flights and offered us each a \$200 voucher. I said we didn't want vouchers - we wanted gift cards like they gave a Minneapolis. She said only five stations in America give gift cards and all we can get in this area is travel vouchers. In the end Lind Dumont and I each got a \$400 travel voucher.

We can become what we were meant to be when we came into this world.

By Maria B.

We are gifts to this world and never forget this.

You will learn how “Me” becomes the primary drive in our life. Our role in this life is to become the best of what we can do.

Self-Empowerment is a divine gift, it is in our inheritance from our creator. But we must choose to use it. It comes from within and nowhere else. It is always available to you and never wears out. The only choice you have to make is whether or not you will take the necessary steps to be able to implement it in your life.

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. This absolute truth is so self-sustaining that our recognition of it is not required. We are offspring of such a powerfully divine force – creator of all things known and unknown.

Self-empowerment is a gift for everyone who chooses to make it a reality. In order to make it a reality, we must be aware of it. It comes from within and nowhere else. It is part of you and never wears out. The only choice you have to make is whether or not you will take the necessary steps to be able to implement it in your life.

I can understand that children have no choice, the choices are made for them, but as adults we must regain our self power and do everything to live in the truth of who we are and not what others want us to be.

I am not interested in what anyone else has told you - you are a divine being and all powerful creator. We are powerful beyond our means but if you constantly choose to berate yourself you will make all that negativity become a reality.

Extreme selfishness, a lack of empathy and a craving for admiration, is when people make everything about themselves. Focused on their own needs and frustrations, they become skillful at controlling and blaming others. As you can see, superiority and entitlement do not promote mutually-satisfying, long-term close relationships.

To obtain the praise and admiration they seek, they will exaggerate their talents and accomplishments. Their desire to be viewed as superior can lead to misrepresenting their history and accomplishments. They use lies and any means in order to get promotions, manipulate and/or to seduce people. These people have no acknowledgement of boundaries so they will cross any boundaries that exist in order to be noticed.

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. These people never change or see any reason why they should change but if you stand in their path they will hurt you and would not think twice about exploiting you if you let them.

Just as their image in the mirror is deceiving, they become masters of deceit in order to fulfill their needs. You can not expect them to fulfill any of your needs or desires, unless it suits their goal for stardom and then you will become their enabler.

Neediness is a psychological coping mechanism for people with low self esteem. They become toxic, wanting what others have and they will go to great lengths to make problems for others. 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, ironically they are rarely aware of their own low self-esteem. The only thing they know is how to try to take what other's have. They people are great manipulators. If they can not take what they want, then they use the “Sorry card” in order to get the attention that they badly need.

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, a person that thinks too highly of him/herself 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.

We should not make our self worth dependent on perpetually trying to please the needy person. While the charisma bestowed on you might feel irresistible at first, it could soon turn into punishing scorn and retaliation. Needy people are the vampires of society. Become your own empowerment source and live doing good in the world. Do not get fooled by the vampires of society.



Protected

By Sharon Spencer

It was a gorgeous summer day, one that you would like to freeze in a bottle and go back to again and again, with just the right amount of sun and summer mystery that made you inhale deeply. When I stepped off of the bus at the mission I was grateful to God to be alive.

I think I might have even said that. Finally! We had a building that we had waited for five years for. After our building burnt down, some brave members took the ministry across the street, giving out food and prayer, outdoors every day no matter the weather. We were proud of them.

I walked into the mission. Wow! I always got elated at the thought of ministering to the homeless. Because

of my disabilities a faithful crew prepares the food for the house and helps in many ways. After I had preached, I sat down to enjoy and interact with the people. It was not a busy night, with only seven or eight people there. I was enjoying the laughter and camaraderie. That made it so joyful. We were all caught up in the moment.

Suddenly, from behind me, a man snuck up to me. He whispered into my right ear, "Are you afraid to die?" Without hesitation, I answered matter of factly, "No." Without my knowledge or feeling, he then slipped a thin strong cord over my head and choked me, pulling it tightly backward. Then he said in a graveled, harsh voice, "Now are you afraid to die?"

As the noose grew even tighter, without hesitation, I heard myself say, "No."

Yet no-one in the mission saw a thing. He removed the noose and slunk towards the door. Now my brain came back to action. I remembered all my teaching from Promisedland Ministry and I yelled out, "I bind you in Jesus' name and get that thing out of here!" Referring to the cord in his hand.

At the mention of Jesus' name, his eyes went all weird as I saw the demon respond to the name of Jesus.

Then he was gone without a sign of detection.

Now I stammered and started saying, "Did ya see that?"

The answer around the table was, "What?" Quickly, without hesitation, words spewed out of my mouth as I tried to explain what had transpired. Thank goodness it was all caught on camera. Later when I called Collin, our I.T. guy, he went through the surveillance tape and took it over to the cops.

A clear picture of the guy showed up, as well as the entire incident. Everyone was shocked, but I knew it was an attack of the enemy. The devil himself tried to take my life. The power of God protected me. Psalm 23 was brought to my mind. "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me!"

That was August 23rd of this year, I have not been informed of anything to do with the case, or even if he has been apprehended. It is my belief that he is a very dangerous man. He has a practiced technique and I also believe that it is not the first time he has done this. I pray that he will be arrested and removed from our streets. Then the women of Edmonton will be safe.

Alberta Street News will be celebrating 14 years in print. On Thursday, November 21 we will be holding an Anniversary Party and Talent Show at St. Faith's Church at 117 25 - 93 Street starting at 1 p.m.

All vendors, writers and supporters for the paper are welcome.

Call Linda at 780 - 428-0805 for more informaion.

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The Reception

By Lanky

There was a boy name Michaelo. He loved horses and things to do with the ranch. He was especially proud of his dad, whom he looked up to in more ways than one. The wooden toys that Michaelo's dad made over the winter for Christmas made him especially happy and full of anticipation. Mom had remarried after the divorce and Michealo and his little sister along with their dad left their mom and younger brother and older sister behind for a land far away. Michaelo always felt strange being without his mom, and so far away from her. He was nine years old.

Far away form home, one day dad brought home a woman he had apparently met through a newspaper dating ad. Michaelo had never seen her before and thought she was pretty. Obviously the young boy's dad must have thought so, too, because they were married shortly thereafter. Michealo had a mom. Or so he thought.

On the dance floor with his new step mom at the reception all seemed well with Michaelo and the wedding party. Sometime during the dance, his step mom bent over to whisper, "I don't have a son. I don't plan on having a son. So don't get comfortable."

Devastated and in disbelief, Michaelo did not tell anyone the terrible words of his new mom and like any good boy finished the dance. Those hurting words would roll around in the back of his head the rest of his days. More than 20 years later, the boy went to pieces

inside. Believing that no one really cared, michaelo had reason to believe his thoughts very soon. Michaelo was 12.

Two years went by as Michaelo faithfully and willingly worked the ranch with the secret words of his step mother, but now his step monster, in his head. Abruptly and unceremoniously he was informed he would be staying with his cousins some distance away from his dad and grandma and the little sister he loved. Dad was the only thing left in his life besides his little sister and grandma. Everything Michaelo learned form his dad, ranching, farming, training horses, everything he knew he would be leaving behind. As far as Michaelo saw, dad was choosing his new wife over him. It was the Greyhound for Michalo. It only took two years for the new step mother to convince her hubby to dump the son off to a distant cousin and keep sis for the company of the step mother's daughters.

Feeling unlovable, the young boy, now 14, was in doubt. From the moment he arrived he could feel the discomfort of being at his cousin's place. Something must be wrong. I'm no lovable, Michaelo thought, and the controversy in his young mind went on and on in spite of his new family's hospitality. So Michaelo, uncomfortable in his own skin, hit the road.

From one love and heartbreak after another, Michaelo lived his life soothing the wound of his mind, with the nectar of the bartender. He became a lawman and put in his time and paid his dues. He was in control now and felt powerful enforcing the law and bringing people to justice. Considering the abuse of power and control that Michaelo faced on the dance floor. Life took

it's toll on Michaelo. PTSD became his unwanted companion instead of the company of his comrades. Hope seemed lost. Michaelo began to feel like that helpless, hopeless, powerless young boy again. Taking to the road, trucking from bottle to bottle, he felt powerful behind the wheel with the drink.

Homeward bound, he found himself reunited with his little sister. He also went to see Mom, and found her fatally ill. Michaelo found her just in item. They talked while they walked, when she could, and his little sister saw to all Mom's hygiene requirements at the rural care centre until the day of her passing. That turned out to be a confusing day for Michaelo. He loved, yet was angry, yet was glad that he had been there. If he was to make sense of it all, it wouldn't be that day. He found work in the family, this time an Uncle and Aunt. They exuded love continuously but in his heart of hearts that made Michaelo uncomfortable. He would never say so, he just expected that he would wreck everything somehow just as he blamed himself for many things done to him and things that he had to do in the force. Again, feeling uncomfortable in his skin, he left. Love had become foreign to Michaelo.

Relationship after relationship, Michaelo met with misfortune. If it wasn't his job on the force, or later trucking, he met up with crisis after crisis, usually self developed. Michaelo set out to prove he wasn't loved and became mean when he drank too much, pushing his friends and family away from him out of the basic fear of unpredictability. One day the havoc stopped along a highway not far way. The cruiser's occupants pulling Michaelo and his big rig over knew some-

HEALING WORDS



**BY THE CMHA
WRITING FOR RECOVERY GROUP**

thing was seriously wrong with him and took him to a hospital not to jail as you might expect. No, Michaelo's PTSD had finally come to a point where everyone could see that he needed help. Signing on the dotted line, he agreed to indefinite electro shock therapy until the doctor deemed him no longer a threat to himself.

That signature cost Michaelo five and a half years of his life. Monday, Wednesday and Friday he had ECT. When it came time to leave the hospital, Michaelo was still on intermittent shock therapy and counselling. He had an apartment of his own and was doing well most of the time, when he could remember and when he didn't over drink. Otherwise Michaelo was and remained a full time southern gentleman. Slowly the shock therapy ended.

Then one day Michaelo found out that his family was looking for him on the internet for several years.

With tremendous apprehension and procrastination, Michaelo reached out this little sister, who was with Michaelo on the search for his mom a decade before. She was the one who posted Michaelo's name. The little sister he loved so much and whom he grew up with on the ranch far away was back at home where Michaelo found himself. Things began to change for him. He was reintroduced to relatives he had forgotten and he was able to see his Grandma before she passed away at the age of 97. Before passing, she gently grabbed Michaelo

by the cheek and told him he was such a good little farmer when he was a boy. His heart was beating strongly in his chest as she spoke and as she handed him a cowboy hat in its original box that was given to Michaelo by his dad when things were better.

Over the next weeks the feelings of abandonment and anger and fury and joy and suspicion overwhelmed Michaelo. He met his older sister for the first time in a decade, and a younger brother as well, both of whom had stayed with their birth mother. Then as days passed he began to reason with himself that life could be a lot worse and he began to work on his pessimistic view of the world, which everyone can understand why he was so inclined. He reasoned that in even the worst of situations there has to be something that he could learn from it - a silver lining so to speak.

Everything was not going to

blow up in his face just when life started getting good, he reasoned rightly. Sure enough, another call came to Michaelo's home in the concrete and steel jungle of the city. It was his uncle from years ago, 10 or more, that he had worked for and felt loved around. Help was needed in the fields and in the pastures and the heartlessness and hopelessness and uselessness left Michaelo. With a resounding yes, he agreed to be picked up two days time, not for a parade like Michaelo thought, but for real work. Life was happening for him.

Soon, perhaps the injured boy, now a healing man, found his estranged father and young daughter he had to leave behind in his youth. Michaelo would never consider himself worthy of meeting before. Left alone he let himself think about it. Dad abandoned him as far as he was concerned, when he was a boy. And as Michaelo reasoned, why would his daughter that he abandoned want to meet him.

Now the man, Michaelo had his hope restored, his mind opened to new possibilities that were at one time unthinkable to him. He could see his dad and his child again. To reach out to those, who loved him and always had, changed Michaelo's heart. What was taken from him on the dance floor at the reception on his father's wedding day by his evil step mother was now being recovered. As he considered the request to live at his sister's place near the uncles' ranch, Michaelo had come full circle. He started out as a farmer and was ending up as one. His heart was content. No more horrors. Only straight lines in the field

The unsung hero

By Angelique Branston

I would like to take some time to tell you about the hero cat, Mouselegs. I know it is an unusual name. She helped to name herself with the help of my little sister. She stood about a foot tall and was about a foot and a half long, with silvery grey striped tabby fur and tiny white tufts in her ears. She was part Alberta wildcat.

Her mother had been found starving in the river valley, and given to us, but we never could really tame her. She was a little wild cat, who would hiss and scratch. She took her partly grown kittens and ran off to the woods of the ravine. Finally, she never returned from her trips to the wild. She left us with a batch of kittens, and we found homes for all but Mouselegs.

Mouselegs was scary when she decided to hunt our food instead of her diet of wild mice and birds. She would alert us when the mailman came to our house by hissing and growling. One day my little sister was talking to the mailman and he was lecturing her about the sidewalks needing to have all the ice removed. She was a little girl of ten but she looked like a teenager

because she matured very young. She pointed at the mailman and Mouselegs attacked. She unleashed a wild cry and leapt at the mailman, claws out. He ran away from the house and there was an investigation that ended up with him phoning to apologize. We got a nicer mailman after that.

Mouselegs fiercely defended anyone that was a member of our family. I had moved out, but when my son, Joshua, was six months old, I moved back in with the family. Mouselegs went up to Joshua and sniffed his head gently, claiming him as part of our clan. We enjoyed walking with her to



the local store. She would walk two feet ahead of us and check the perimeter to make sure it was safe. People walking by would look for the invisible leash. In those days, we never thought of leashing a cat.

One fateful hot day in the middle of August, my then two year old son was playing in the yard, exploring our flowers and his beach ball. I was having a glass of lemonade on the porch with my

little sister. I had just gone down the stairs to pick up my son and place him back in the yard (he had wandered beyond the fence), when I heard wild barking and the pounding of feet crashing into the ground. To my horror I saw two out of control pit bulls charging down the sidewalk their eyes narrowed on my son. With the speed at which they were running, I knew, with sinking heart, I wouldn't make it to my son in time to rescue him from harm.

Then there was a shot of silver as Mouselegs ran between my son and the dogs, breaking their line of site. They focused on her. It

gave me time to bring my son into the house.

Mouselegs gave her life to save the life on my son. The two dogs grasped her with a deadly grip, and it felt like forever before she was finally pried from the jaws of the pit bulls. She was rushed to the vet's, where she spent the night. They concluded that her injuries were too severe, and nothing could be done. Before she died, I thanked her for saving my son and told her how much she was loved. She was put

down, and we brought her body home in a cardboard box.

Mouselegs was buried on the family farm. She was a member of our family and will always be remembered as a hero, our little furry companion who loved us unconditionally and without hesitation laid down her life.

It is our honour and duty to care for our pets as best we can, always with love.