

ALBERTA Street News

VOLUME 17

ISSUE 9/10

September/October 2021



July 13 is Mary Burlie Day in Edmonton

By Linda Dumont

The City of Edmonton has announced that July 13 will now be known as Mary Burlie Day in Edmonton to celebrate the life and legacy of the social activist known as the 'Black Angel of Boyle Street'.

Previous to this, the value of Burlie's work in the inner city was acknowledged, when the park at 10465 97 Street was named Mary Burlie Park. The park is now in a state of disrepair with broken needles and cut off from view by the old railroad bridge but the new Chinatown plan for the park is to have it renovated with an open square, art and adjacent patios. The Burlie family are not pleased with the new plan that will make the park a place for tourists and business people to frequent instead of an area where homeless people can congregate.

Mary Burlie spent 26 years working at the Boyle Street Community Co-operative, where she was one of their first volunteers and after 25 years went on to become a paid staff member until her death in 1996. She was known for her compassion for the people using the services of the co-op.

Left: Mary Burlie

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ALBERTA STREET NEWS

**Founder/Publisher/
Editor, Design and layout:
Linda Dumont**

Writers:

**John Zapantis
Joanne Benger
Allan Sheppard
Sharon Austin
Timothy Wild
Linda Dumont
Darlene Collins
Karen Petersen**

Photos:

**John Zapantis
Maria B.**

Cover photo:

Mary Burlie

**Deadline for the November/
December issue is October
15, 2021**

**Alberta Street News
9533-106A Avenue
Edmonton, Alberta
T5H 0S9
780-975 -3903
dumontlc@hotmail.com**

**Web:
albertastreetnews.org**

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**International
Network of
Street Papers**

From the editor

By Linda Dumont

Thank you to all of the people who support Alberta Street News through buying papers from our vendors on the street and through donations towards printing costs, like the man who gave me \$200. There has also been a renewed interest from people, who want to try vending, and who want to write for the paper as well as contributions from some who have not written during the pandemic.

The past year has been very challenging for many of us, but I am seeing a revival of things that were laid aside. Just last Saturday Richard Farr, a volunteer and former vendor, made a decision to try to sell papers again, and he also does yard work such as garbage removal and yard clean up. I was very happy to see him out and about.



There is help for seniors who are abused

By Linda Dumont

You see signs everywhere with phone numbers to call if someone is being abused. One such sign at a hospital reads 'Victims of domestic violence including grandparents and those with guardians or caregivers. Domestic violence affects all aspects of health. As part of your medical assessment you will be asked if domestic violence is of concern to you.' Abuse can be verbal, financial, physical, emotional, or sexual or a combination of any of these.

When June (not her real name), a 72 year old woman, moved in to share a duplex with a woman, Marjorie, whom she met at church, she was overjoyed. The rent would be cheaper, at only \$500 a month, and the woman said not to bring her old furniture because she had lovely new furniture, even a bed that June could use. June threw everything in the dumpster except her clothes and personal effects like paintings and special items.

At first, it seemed like a good move, but things started to get tense quite quickly. Marjorie was very particular about how things were done, especially with housework, and had a lot of rules. She goes to work four days a week and is often very tired and wants to rest, when she gets home.

June is handicapped- she uses a walker and has difficulty with raising her arm, so she has a nurse, who comes in daily to dress and bathe her, prepare her breakfast and see to her medications. During the day, she was often

unable to cook for herself, and because of the front steps, could not leave the duplex. She also has incontinence, and occasional bouts of diarrhea due to stomach problems. When she left a mess in the bathroom, Marjorie was outraged and started calling her names and putting her down. She said, "I didn't know you were so handicapped or I never would have let you move in."

June was stuck. Marjorie became more and more verbally abusive to the point where June, who had a street background, started swearing and yelling back. There were even threats of violence by both women. After a few months, the landlord got involved and said June had to move, but she had no furniture, no money and no way to move. June called the seniors abuse hot line, and made an appointment to speak to them.

After they heard her story, they said she could move into their seniors shelter. They even sent a taxi to pick her up with all of her clothing. She paid Marjorie to keep the rest of her things until she found an apartment.

The shelter was a special wing in a seniors housing unit, and she had her own apartment, completely furnished. They provided her with all of her meals. The only conditions were that the address was to be kept secret and no visitors. She could, however, come and go as she pleased. June stayed at the seniors shelter for three months before she was able to find another apartment to rent. While living with all expenses paid for three months, she was able to save enough money to cover the rent and damage deposit for another apartment. The shelter gave her a new bed, dishes and other items and even paid for all of her moving expenses.

June decided to rent an apartment with her 50 year old son who is on a disability pension due to multiple health concerns.

THE VIEWS PRESENTED ARE THOSE OF THE CONTRIBUTORS.

Its September and the grass is drying

By Joanne Bengier

"The Moon of the Drying Grass" is the Cheyenne name for September and it pretty much describes our landscape. September is International Square Dance Month, U.S. National Sewing Month, Arthritis Month and Alzheimer's Month. September 1, 1905 Alberta entered Confederation and its motto is Fortis et Liber (Strong and Free). September 1 is Random Acts of Kindness Day in New Zealand. A random act of kindness is a selfless act performed by a kind person with no expectation of anything in return.

September 3 to 11 is National Organic Food Week. Eat food as close to nature as possible.

September 6 is Labour Day which has been a statutory holiday since 1834 and became an act of parliament in 1894. It owes its beginning to the U.S. labour movement and many see it as the end of summer. After Labour Day there are no more picnics and white shoes should no longer be worn. In fact some say you will get warts on your toes if you wear white shoes after Labour Day.

September 7 is Ukrainian Heritage Day so you can eat perogy. It is also Salami Day, Acorn Squash Day and Beer lovers Day. Bon appetit. September 7 is also Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year which is spent in prayer and begins the Ten Days of Penitence.

September 11 is 9-11. Light a candle for the nearly 3000 who were killed that day plus the 226 who died afterwards.

September 12 is Grandparents Day. September 12 is also Brazil Independence Day followed by Mexican Independence Day on September 16, Chilean Independence day on September 19 and Armenian independence Day on Sept. 21.

September 14 is Cream Doughnut Day and September 15 is Green Peace Day. Reflect upon ecology.

September 16 is yom kipur, the Day of Atonement, a day of fasting and praying for forgiveness.

September 18 is National HIV-AIDS Day as well as Aging Awareness Day. September 18, 1888 Archibald Standfeld Belaney was born in Hastings, England. He would later become Grey Owl, the author who was the saviour of the Canadian beaver. On September 1, 1975 the beaver became the official symbol of Canada.

September 19 is Talk Like a Pirate Day. Ahoy, Avast me hearties, blow me down, thar we be, prepare to be boarded, scurvy dog!

September 20 is Full Moon. It is known as the Corn Moon or Harvest Moon. September 21 is St. Matthew's Day and "St. Matthew brings the cold dew."

September 22 is Autumnal Equinox and fall officially begins. A good ay today heralds good fall weather.



September Riddles

By Joanne Bengier

Q. Why are people unsure of themselves in the fall? A. They are faltering.

Q. What strange flavour of tea do most people drink in the fall? A. Faulty (fall tea).

Q. What do you take for awesome indigestion in the fall? A. Awe tums (autumns).

Q. Why did the man lie on the sofa all day telling old jokes on the first Monday in September? A. It was Lay-bore (Labour) Day.

Q. What is the favourite fashion for awkward people in the autumn? A. Fall styles.

Q. What do farmers wear when gathering the grain? A. Har vests (Harvests).

Q. What do you call things you should do in the fall? A. Ought ems.

Q. What is the most popular back to school lunch? A. Soup in Souptember.

Q. What is the teacher's favourite type of back to school test? A. A true or falls (false).

Q. What type of stars do you wish upon in the fall? A. Falling stars.

Q. Why did the leaf get dizzy? A. It was turning too fast.

Q. Which of Adam and Eve's sons was ill fated and got killed? A. Fall-Abel.

Reading glasses

By Darlene Collins

It is wonderful to be able to sit back relax and watch what this City of Edmonton has become, looking through either black or brown 100 to 400 reading glasses.

I look and realize that our wonderful city has a Lucky 97 Convenience Store and in that store is where all the glasses come from. It's wonderful that I stay right next to Church Street. To me this is the heart of the city, the hood. I am very proud to be a part of it something my grand children and children will be told through stories about me, their Kookum.

It seems like on paydays we all look the same – it's wonderful- we congregate in front of the store, being really nice. If it weren't for the glasses we all seem to need., we'd be lost without them.

My Toilet Paper

By Timothy Wild

There is a lyric that has been going around my head for some time now. I haven't been able to actually track it down, but it might have been from a play produced during the New Deal in the 1930s. Regardless of its provenance, the line "give me a song with a political meaning" still rings true with me. I appreciate the politics of Thomas Mapfumo's chimurenga songs, Billy Bragg's clever ballads about the working class, Public Enemy's critique of racial injustice, Johnny Clegg's appeal for work for all, and the history of ordinary people captured so vividly in American folk music. Along those lines, I was listening to my iTunes on shuffle, and the song "I'm a stranger here" by The Five Man Electrical Band started to play.

The song chronicles the putative advances humanity has made, including the development of bombs, concrete jungles, synthetic food and pills that help folks cope with the numbing alienation of capitalist society. An extraterrestrial stranger looks at what is happening and, initially at least, tries to give the benefit of the doubt to what the people have to say about the planet and human development. However, it eventually gets too much, and the stranger (quite possibly a Fallen Angel) laments "Oh you crazy fools, don't you know you had it made? You were living in paradise." These words ring more clearly than ever. Sadly, it is forty years on, and our abuse of the gifts of Creation is gathering even more speed. The stranger warns "I only pray that you take my advice, because Paradise won't come twice."

I have just finished reading Maude Barlow's recent book – Whose water is it, anyway? Taking water protection into public hands. Barlow outlines her work with the Going Blue campaign, which is designed to maintain public control of the public good of safe water. Unfortunately, this isn't always the case, and she provides a wide range of examples of water being privatized due to the strictures of so-called "free trade" agreements

and the so-called "logic" of the market. This results in the commodification of water, which has implications for the access to water by the working classes. Barlow discusses the impact of both soft drink companies and bottled water companies on the availability of water to all. Aquifers are being captured for profit not the common good. And this, in turn, has significant environmental implications.

Barlow further illustrates that women and Indigenous groups in particular pay the price for privatization of a public good. Barlow writes that "in a world where more people have access to cell phones than toilets, women and girls without a toilet collectively spend 266 million hours each day finding a place to go to the bathroom". She also notes that "First Nations communities in Canada are 90% more likely not to have running water or toilets in their homes than the Canadian population in general." It goes without saying, that I think you should read this book. It contains excellent information and provides advocacy tips to help in efforts to ensure that water remains a "public trust to be shared, carefully managed and enjoyed by all".

***I am certainly not
advocating a pee for all, but
I do think we need to ensure
that there is adequate public
toilet infrastructure
available.***

For sure, water is recognized by the United Nations as a basic human right. But, in reality, these "rights" are often overlooked. People in Canada do not all have access to water, as can be seen by the boil water orders that remain in effect for many Indigenous communities. And, internationally, I was involved in an advocacy campaign in Zambia related to making access to water and sanitation an actionable constitutional right, as opposed to an aspiration. We are still waiting. As usual fundamental human rights are being sacrificed to profit and, ultimately, marginalized folk and the planet pay the price.

In Calgary, this is a problem too. I must admit that I drink a lot of tap water, and it is certainly good quality. I also have ongoing access to a toilet at work and home. Even when I am out shopping I can usually afford to buy something, so that I can use a business' toilet if necessary. But that is a luxury that some can ill afford, and the lack of adequate public toilets in Calgary is a social issue. Low income people can't always buy a product so they can use the toileting facilities of a business.

As a result – given that there are no other options – they have to relieve themselves in public places; sometimes easier, perhaps, for a man than a woman, but still a degrading experience. Yet when people do this, they can be charged with offences that are based in constructions of social disorder. I can certainly understand the concerns of residents who do not want their trees, flower beds, fences and alleys used as public toilets. I can also empathise with businesses in high traffic areas, whose facilities are used by the general public. These businesses are not in the, well, business of public toilets. So, it comes down to the fact that it is the responsibility of government to ensure that people have publicly accessible places to relieve themselves in a dignified, safe and nonjudgmental manner.

People can use the futuristic facility on 17th Ave SW in Calgary, and maybe folks can sneak into government offices. But, for the most part, public toilets are a thing of the past – in Alberta at least. And there does not seem to be much advocacy for them. In fact, there is active opposition. This is a shame as I would argue that access to a public toilet is a clear example of a basic social right of citizenship. It is also a daily requirement; however rather than ensuring that people can meet that basic need we criminalize it or make it a chore to achieve. I am certainly not advocating a pee for all, but I do think we need to ensure that there is adequate public toilet infrastructure available. The sad fact is that some people in our province don't have safe and predictable access to toilets. Perhaps we need to sit on that?

Housing problems

By Darlene Collins

This seniors housing where I am living is not what its supposed to be. When I moved in I thought finally, safety and security. Little did I know that it's safer outside than inside. I am striving to become the woman I'm supposed to be and moving towards sobriety, a clean healthy life again. Then I get placed here where it's OK for any tenant to bring in alcohol, drugs, and prostitutes into the building. The old men get beaten, robbed and

stripped of their old age pension from the young women that go through here.

Then at night, there is constant traffic, when the men pick up hookers and a constant cart going back and forth. I think it's counterfeit money. I should know. My daughter is squatting in this building, with others of course. And then I hear a child, a young boy, screaming at the top of his lungs and in a lot of pain. I just about lost it. Then my daughter goes outside from this building and the child runs after her calling, 'Mom, mom.' What's a person to do? And inside they have about five to seven young girls doing their prostitution

with business men who park wherever they can from 4 to 7 p.m., sleeping with the girls. I should know – my bedroom is right next to them and I can hear it all.

Where and when are the kid's parents? The child is getting totally abused and I don't know what to do about it? I'm so disgusted in this whole place and what is going on here. I am moving ASAP and will report everything that is going on. Something needs to be done. This child was obviously being abused by one of the men and nobody said a word as he screamed in pain. I need help as to how to go about getting the truth about this place.

The Hell House in Winnipeg: A Manitoba Housing Building used for long term care

By Rodney Graham

The first person I noticed, who was abused: A quiet, mild-mannered woman named Dela. She was very friendly and kind. She kept to herself. Sat in the upstairs hallway and drank coffee. Probably to keep away from the 'bullies' who hang around in the lower lobby. They sit and gossip and bully people. They are the "favourites" - volunteers who suck up to the employees.

She was being bullied by two guys, who would taunt her and harass her. She was probably 'targeted' and shunned by the favourites - probably why she sat alone upstairs. One day she took a bunch of pills. She tried to walk to Grace Hospital but didn't make it. She died on the sidewalk.

Then there was another lady. She was also a nice lady. A kind person. She would go looking for cigarette butts in the neighbourhood. She also dumpster dived. The favourites didn't like that. She was a very simple person. She was shunned and bullied. She was evicted for not moving her furniture for bug spraying. But I think they made little effort on her because she was 'targeted'. She became homeless.

I remember the day she let me in because I forgot my buzz in card. Others were there but wouldn't let me in even though they knew I lived there. I thanked her when she opened the door for me.

'You're welcome dear,' she said with a warm smile.

I heard that she would try and sneak in - it was the middle of winter. Tried to sneak in to sleep in the laundry rooms. Of course, the favourites, the volunteers would rat on her - tell people to not let her in. It was winter. I used to see her in the neighbourhood after she was homeless. Then I stopped seeing her. I think she may have died of exposure. In Winnipeg, the temperatures go down to -30c and even colder at times...

While this was going on - over the past 15 years I lived at 125 Carriage Road, they were using the apartment next to mine for people needing special care. Two of them died. One was moved. Probably because I complained 'for' him. The men before him both died of pneumonia. They both had something in common. Home care didn't like them. Wayne was the first. He was living here when I moved in. He yelled quite often. I would hear home-care yell too. Mock him... they didn't like him. He died of pneumonia one winter.

It seemed quite sudden. I was suspicious.

The next man often yelled too. He yelled for help. Very loudly. No one did anything. They ignored him. I guess everyone was conditioned and/or told to ignore yells for help. Or perhaps they were scared to say anything. If you complain - they will punish you. He died of pneumonia. Especially night shift, would not come for hours.

That winter I looked out my window which is adjacent to his window and noticed it was WIDE open. The next man also yelled for help often. They would leave him laying in his own feces for hours. I also complained of this to WRHA. He was moved. I don't know his fate, but was told he is now in another part of the building under the care of a different group.

I think I was the only one to complain for him or call for help.

They stopped sending the ambulances because the home-care probably told them I was making false calls. I'm sure they did. I also believe I was 'targeted' by WRHA staff. I was not a 'favourite' and was watched and followed all the time - for no apparent reason. Almost from the day I moved in. But I stayed because I couldn't afford to move.

There is now a woman living there and I fear for her.

I forgot about the woman who was there for a few short weeks. She was 'targeted' - The volunteers downstairs decided she didn't fit in probably, the same pattern I'd seen over the years. And I know this because they targeted me years ago, too. But I just avoided them and kept to myself and I am able bodied - I'm very lucky.

There was a woman, who was here for only a few weeks... next door in the apartment beside me... This woman would cry almost every night - I would hear her cry quite loudly. And she said the same thing... 'I don't know what to do.. I don't know what to do..' and then she would cry herself to sleep. Not every night, but very often. She was evicted because she finally did do something about the bullying - and it wasn't wise. One day she was in the hallway near her own apartment and she 'tried' to spray someone in the face with hair spray. I say tried because she was a small woman in a wheelchair. of course.

The bullies - and the employees, too - use the same tactic and have done so for years. They provoke, bully, and intimidate with rudeness - and also follow and watch their victims - until they respond, retaliate, such as yell, swear, or something similar. Then they call the authorities. Often the victim is evicted. It's like a game for sadists.

The poor woman was provoked and reacted. They play the same game all the time. I had the opportunity to talk to her before they moved her. She was sitting in her doorway waiting for the movers to get to her. She probably was too afraid/intimidated to wait downstairs where the bullies hang out. I told her 'don't worry.. you're not the only person

who has been bullied here.' Her face brightened right away, and she smiled. 'Thank you so much,' she said.

'I'm sure the next place will be better,' I said, and left her.

Another incident I found alarming. One of my neighbours - a woman, had a breathing machine, wore these tubes in her nose for oxygen. One night I heard a commotion across the way. And found that the woman couldn't breathe. Her tubes weren't working or something was wrong with the machine. As we (myself and another neighbour) stood in her doorway talking to her - two home-care people came by and we told them what was happening. They walked by quickly - these home-care women looked terrified! Why the hell would they look terrified? Why would they walk away?

Fortunately, we called the ambulance and they came in time. We later learned that home care people are not supposed to have anything to do with anyone who is not on their list of 'clients'.

Over the years the gossip and backbiting, neglect, abuse, has gotten much worse. It continues to get worse. Now it is not only the WRHA employees who are sadistic, and the 'favourites'/tenants, who are bullies, but bad apple police find the place a happy hunting ground too. It is a playground for sadists, and a hunting ground for bad apple police.

Last week the police came to my door. They asked me this - "What is it going to take for you to stop stalking _____?" The person they named is one of the favourites - A ringleader who has probably had several people evicted wrongfully. A psychopath. She loves attention, and also loves the authority she has although she is really just a volunteer in the kitchen. She, and others seem to be willing to do whatever the employees want. I also believe that is why this woman has recently accused me of stalking - She knows that is exactly what I accused the home-care of doing - and rightly so! Because they have been doing that, and not only them, but due to the malicious gossip, over the years the security community, and more recently the police have targeted me.

I have sent letters to the property manager with Manitoba Housing - years ago!. He told me that he didn't think I was being followed or watched. He said - many times - that 'nobody is concerned about me.' Over the years the stalking increased. Home-care would come out whenever they would see me leaving - getting in my vehicle to leave. They would come out and stand, staring at me suspiciously. One of the tenants did the same - the same person who recently accused me of 'stalking' her.

I even called the police and made reports about it. I also contacted WRHA. Nothing was ever done and I never got any reply. I recently called the police about the false allegation and police at my door and got no response whatsoever.

Continued on page 6

Hell House

continued from page 5

I have complained about being criminally harassed, watched, followed, by security, police, home-care, and also tenants of 125 Carriage Road, where I live. These tenants are the 'favourites' of the home-care people, and they gossip continually. Although I have been accused of these things it is I, who am the victim, and have been bullied this way for many years. I believe it is partly because I kept to myself, didn't get involved in the bullying and gossip myself - and also because I am a large Metis man.

This criminal harassment took a real upswing a few years ago when, after being pointed out - probably by phone calls to businesses I shop at in my own neighbourhood, I complained about the security guards, mostly plain clothes LPs (Loss Prevention) would continually harass me by following me - I think they also started, at some point, following me out of the stores to find out more about me. So, throughout many years, people in the security industry, along with employees in the health care industry have targeted me - and done so very successfully. I believe friends/and/or relatives have been orchestrating this vendetta for years. At least one or more supervisors in WPS have been promoting this criminal harassment now for the past few years and it has become more and more intense all the time. This is the pattern with criminal harassment - It is addictive, and there are many cowardly, malicious characters out there more than happy to be involved with hunting a Metis person.

I am concerned

By Darlene Collins

I have a concern, a great big one, and I believe it is starting to really bother me. Almost to the point where I'm starting to believe this place is haunted. It might be. Sure isn't every place that has experienced turmoil, abuse of power and authority on the first people who used to use this mental institution.

At first it was OK. I was comfortable and happy, however at night from 4 to 5 p.m. all the people start coming through the back door. Then it seems like everything is quiet and OK. Once the doors are shut - of course there's a door man inside and out and I've seen them on several occasions. Then everyone disappears into the building. Where do they go? I can hear them. My kid, CB, is involved. She sings with them, then not long after I could hear the girls, mostly First Nations, to the non First Nations. They are very young girls who have a pimp, D.B. I could even hear a young child screaming at the top of his lungs, like he's getting ----- I can't even say it. I could also hear some of the girls go around with lots of cash. I'm the only one who won't partake in any of this illegal activity. I'm sure you can see and hear them better than me.

I never thought this palace would be so rugged and corrupt. There's only four women and 36 men in 40 bedrooms and the place is infested with cockroaches and bed bugs. It's awful. If I knew it was this bad I would never have even thought about moving in.

I hate waking up here in the middle of the night and all I can smell is institution smells and loud clanging doors. .

I am a First Nations woman who just made it to see my 60th birthday. I am from Cold Lake, Alberta. You would think after three years of being stalked, harassed, threatened, stolen from, even date raped at one of the three places I've moved to in six months, these people keep finding me. I feel I am going through the worst hate crime a person can go through. And the worst part is I know these people. If this is the only way I can get help then I will do what is necessary to help myself.

Three years of going through this - I get preyed on, hit, stolen from - lots of stuff, a whole house full of my pride and joy gone. Just gone. I am tired of it. I have to do something. I'm so tired of them constantly banging on the floor above me. This 55+ club is messed up. There is something going on and I don't like it, not when I'm here. I try to mind my own business and its hard considering where this bedroom is and where I can hear them. I believe they are trying to make me go crazy by doing this but I am not playing into it. If anything they're the troubled ones. The constant cart that goes by all night, if I'm not mistaken - counterfeit money. My daughter C. was showing off a bag of this money and a person I barely know became a friend suddenly and she was throwing away money. She gave me a \$100 bill, I cashed it not knowing it wasn't real and I got away with it. She, Judy, kept trying to give me more but I refused after I realized the money wasn't real. The people involved are staying in this building somewhere, not paying rent but probably paying someone. I want to get out of here. I hate it so much but I feel trapped.

Never in my life have I ever been in such a corrupt place so I want to get out of here. I hate it so but I feel trapped.



Wasteland of the Free

By Linda Dumont

We've been fed the myth of freedom
But we really have no choice
For there is no freedom
In the face of despair,

In the grip of criminal poverty
And the bondage of insanity
It's all just a wasteland
In the backyard of the free.

To the myth of freedom
Where it's survival of the fittest
We'll raise a voice not silenced
Though powerless and faceless

Though robbed of human dignity
With broken dreams and blasted lives
Where love is just a lie
We'll speak out from the wasteland
And in the backlash of our rage
Though ill armed and ill fed
We'll wage an all out war
In this backyard of the free.

Morinville

Librarians come to the rescue

By John Zapantis

The Morinville Library in Morinville, Alberta has been a very helpful asset and supporter ever since I first started using their library's computers, back in 2014.

Librarians aren't just about having a friendly librarian to help you find a particular book of interest, while signing out that read to return, but they can also convert to teaching us the most helpful of learning methods when programming your computer.

Many of a time, I've run into the odd obstacle, while just trying to start my computer and then minutes later, to find out through the librarian that I had called over for help, who

would tell me after examining the problem that moving over to the next vacant computer would be the best bet in getting started because this other computer that I was struggling with simply never wanted to be compatible with me because of a dysfunction of its own!

Recently I was having a problem with downloading a series of photos that I had taken of my new 2021 Toyota Corolla LE Model 4 door sedan that was involved in a minor fender bender. So I had taken a series of pictures of my car involved in this accident and decided to send the photos to my insurance company to validate the minor damages done on my vehicle and the 1999 Toyota RAH Jeep that I had hit lightly from behind, while stopped at a traffic light intersection.

The problem I was facing, while sharing these photos with my insurance adjuster seemed to me at that time an obstacle in itself for I did not know how to download photos. I went to the Morinville Library to see two librarians named Margaret and Alliah, who

were more than generous with their time in helping me download this series of photos and finally allowed me the convenience of sending them over the computer to my insurance adjuster.

I'd like to firstly thank these two 'Librarian Floor Angels', Maragaret and Alliah for showing their true colours in helping to lighten the pace, helping me to stay calm, when I was feeling the pressures of a deadline that was crucial in determining how my insurance premiums will increase when receiving my next renewed insurance policy that will make this adjustment the more convenient.

Let's also not forget the long-term support that I've had from previous library supporters that would also include Ginger and the rest of her supportive staff that makes the Morinville Library, the talk of the town and a gem that should be embraced by the many readers and computer users who walk through its welcoming friendly doors!

Woman warrior poet dead

Betty Nordin

February 8, 1946 - August 14, 2021

By Jim Gurnett

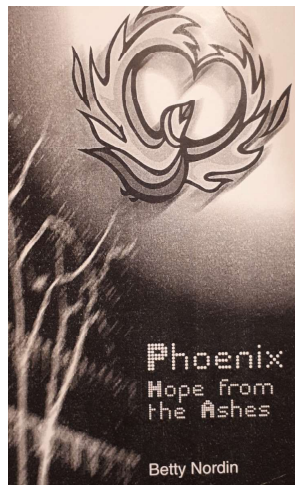
When Betty Nordin wrote the words of her poem "Nobody sees her" in 2002 she was sharing her own painful experiences and calling for readers to pay more attention to the lives and dangers of women trying to survive homelessness and life on the streets. It was a deeply personal sharing, like each of the poems she wrote.

She had no idea it would be handed out on the street in Vancouver during the Picton murder trials or shared even further by Amnesty International. She had no idea her moving poetry would lead to her being honoured with an Esquao Award. She just knew too many women, who could have been her, had died or been profoundly damaged and no one had noticed or cared.

Betty Nordin died in August at the age of 75, after many years of poor health. She was laid to rest in a green burial, as she chose, a dream catcher made of elk points that she created tucked in the shroud with her. After smudging with sweetgrass, those gathered at the grave listened to "Women's warrior song" by Sawt Martina Pierre sung as she was buried. But for those who knew her over her years living in Boyle Street and McCauley she will be remembered for her hard work on behalf of murdered and missing women, a strong supporter of Prostitution Action and Awareness Foundation (now CEASE) in its work to end sexual exploitation, and as a vendor for "Our Voice" street newspaper, on the street in every sort of weather with a welcoming smile for each one who passed by.

Even when poor health confined her to her apartment she still cared for others. Each year in November she would have a box set up in the building's lobby and ask all the residents of the facility to donate socks to go to Bissell Centre for giving to those in need.

During her life, she had four collections of poetry published. She believed she was led to writing by God and that it was a path for her from the life of struggle on the streets to a new stability and peace, although she had to work hard to find that new life. At her funeral service one of her poems was read, with some lines that say, "My life is like a Phoenix/ **Hope which rose from the ashes/ of loneliness and despair, anger and frustration,/ ... But today this is all behind me/,, For I have/ risen like a Phoenix from the ashes.**"



Left: Betty's first book of poetry, *Phoenix, Hope From the Ashes* was published in 1999



Below, Betty Nordin in 1999

Animal rights are coming

By Joanne Bengner

The age of Animal Rights is coming. The UK has formally recognized animals as sentient beings and it is expected to have a ripple effect around the world. The term sentient means capable of feeling pain. It puts animals into another legal category. At present they are seen as property like cars, houses and furniture and have no rights so in the future animals, with the help of a human representative, may be able to sue for unnecessary pain and suffering.

At this time the main goal is more humane treatment of farm animals. George Eustice, UK Secretary of State for Rood Rural Affairs, has stated they want to 'encourage shifts worldwide toward higher welfare forms of livestock production' and he says they will support this through trade agreements.

Ironically this is a step backward to kinder, gentler times. In many cultures around the world animals were considered almost equal to humans until recent times. In Europe in the Middle Ages, animals and humans alike were held accountable for their actions and could be charged and taken to court where they were represented by lawyers. In 1451 in Lousanne, leeches were found guilty and a sentence was passed. They were allowed to live but had to leave the area within a week. It is believed that England's last animal trial took place in Chichester and involved a dog.

In the late 18th century fictional tales about animal trials became popular. One children's chapbook was titled, "The Trial of an Ox for Killing a Man". At the end of the trial the judge summed it up "The poor ox was pricked and beaten by a most inhumane master, the drover, and that being driven to desperation by cruel treatment he turned suddenly around and gored the hard hearted drover." The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. The judge fined the ox a blade of grass and ordered him imprisoned for an hour.

In both America and the Scandinavian nations bears were respected and it was considered unlucky to name a bear so they called them by euphemisms like 'golden feet' or 'the old man' to prevent an attack. In Lapland hunters who killed a bear were considered unclean and had to live apart from the tribe for three days. After slaying a bear, members of the Nootka tribe on the Pacific coast would take the dead bear into their underground house, prop him up, seated like a human. Then the hunters begged forgiveness and apologized for killing it, explaining how they had to do it to eat and survive. To prevent offending the spirit of the bear they had killed, Inuit hunters reverently laid out the bear's body parts as they prepared their cuts of meat.

With this new British legislation it is expected that the treatment of both wild and tame animals will change. Factory farming with its caged laying hens and its farrowing crates for pig will probably be the first to go. It is expected that all people who deal with animals will be affected, including veterinarians, groomers, food suppliers, and pet owners. Even hunting and fishing may see new rules.

The Animal Alliance of Canada is among the many groups who are already suggesting people move towards plant based diets for environmental and animal welfare reasons. Now they will be able to add a third reason- animals are sentient.

World bat week

By Joanne Bengner

The last week in October is Bat Week world wide every year. Bat Week is celebrated to raise awareness about the need to protect bats and to help dispel the common myths about bats.

The very hard working flying mammal helps control insect populations as well as pollinating plants and spreading their seeds. After a wild fire, the little bat can be counted on to help reseed and restore the forest. Bats help keep our ecosystem and economy thriving. In return we have to protect their habitat to make sure they continue to thrive and survive. If you find a bat residing in an outbuilding or wood pile, treat it as an honoured guest, not a pest. If you see bats swooping about in the evening sky on a warm summer evening be thankful they are there catching mosquitoes.

The bat has a mixed reputation in different areas. In the east the bat is seen as a good omen. Five symbolic bats are often worn to bring the wearer the five blessings of wealth, peace, virtue, happiness and long life. In both China and Poland bats are symbols of long life and happiness, and Australian natives believe that killing a bat shortens a man's life. "If you live and thrive, let the bat remain alive."

In old England, children used to urge bats to fly away home in verse the same as lady birds. In an old Cornish poem, gifts are given to the bat for luck: 'Airy mouse airy mouse, fly over my head, And you shall have a crust of bread. And when I brew and when I bake, You shall have a piece of my wedding cake.'

Then came witch trials and because both witches and bats work at night and vanish at dawn, the poor bat got labelled 'the witch's bird'. This led to the superstition that witches were shape changers and could transform into bats if they wanted to enter a house to do mischief. Soon people believed that if a bat entered a house, flew around the house three times or merely hit a window while flying, someone in the house would die.

The witch's bird also played an important part in helping witches to fly on broomsticks for the witch's flying instrument was allegedly made of such herbs as aconite, hemlock, hellebore, and hemlock mixed with soot, baby fat and bat blood. Witch trials ended but fear of bats persisted. Many women were terrified that bats would get tangled in their hair though no cases were ever reported.

Now we have bat week so people will learn to appreciate and protect bats before we lose the ones that are already labelled as endangered species.



Celebrating the Falling Leaf Month

By Joanne Benger

Aboriginals called October the Falling Leaf or Travelling Moon month with the Hunters Moon. Early settlers saw it as a month of weather forecasts. Much rain in October means much rain in December. If there is much frost and wind in October expect a mild January and February but a warm October brings a cold February.

October is Foster Families Month, Cyber Security month, Women's History Month and Small Business Month as well as Breast Cancer Awareness Month. Think pink. Wear pink. Men wear T-shirts with the slogan, "Real men wear pink to show their support."

October 1 is National Seniors' Day. Be nice to an older person.

October 2 is World Farm Animals Day followed by World Animal Day on October 4. Show your support for our four legged friends.

October 2 is also the Feast of the Guardian Angels. Jean Paul Richter wrote, "The guardian angels of life fly so high as to be beyond our sight, but they are always looking down upon us."

October 3 is Foundation Day in Korea.

October 4 is World Teachers' Day. Let special teachers know how much you appreciate what they do.

October 9 is John Lennon's birthday. He would have been 81 today sharing one of the happiest days of the year with us.. Felicitas, the Roman goddess of good luck and joy is celebrated today.

October 10 is World Mental Health Day. The pandemic has made us aware that mental health is a component of overall health. Be kind to those who are struggling.

October 11 is Thanksgiving Day in Canada and Columbus Day in most of the U.S., but Native Americans Day in South Dakota. Whatever you call it, Happy Thanksgiving Day and I know we will all be very thankful if we can gather to share turkey today.

October 11 is also National Day of the Girl. We are reminded that girls should have the same opportunities as boys.

October 15, 2020 was declared National Handwashing Day. Hopefully handwashing, distancing masking and the vaccine will have resulted in fewer restrictions by the time this is printed. October 15 is also National Boss Day. Be kind to your superiors.

October 16 is National Feral cat Day in the U.S. In ancient Egypt it was a crime punishable by death to kill a cat so surely rescuing one must bring its own reward.

October 17 to 23 is Small Business Week as well as Waste Reduction Week. A good way to reduce waste is to follow the old adage, "Eat it up, use it up, make it do or do without."

October 17 is Squirrel Observation Day. If squirrels have saved up more nuts this year than last, expect a harsher winter. This is followed by St. Luke's Summer on October 18, our final chance for good weather this fall. October 18 is also Persons Day in honour of the Famous Five, who worked to have women recognized as persons. Women got the vote in 1917.

October 20 is Full Moon – the Hunters Moon.

October 26 has become Pumpkin Day. This is the most popular day for buying pumpkins that will make this year's Jack-o-lanterns.

October 28 is St. Jude's Day. Saint Jude is the patron saint of lost causes. He helps those in trouble and assists in finding lost objects.

October 31 is Halloween. For safety, follow the ancient advise, "Hang thy windows with vervain. Bar thy door and light thy light. Pray that God will keep thee from The Visitor that comes tonight." Happy Halloween.

Have a happy Halloween

Collecting the Loot

1. Trick or treat, trick or treat, Give me something good to eat. Not too big and not too small, just the size of Montreal.
2. Halloween apples.
3. Anything for goblins?
- 4 Trick or treat, smell my feet, Give me something good to eat.

Enjoying the Party

1. Be noisy for noisemakers and firecrackers were once used to scare spirits away on Halloween night.
2. Serve Spooky Sundaes. A scoop of orange ice cream is given a chocolate chip Jack o lantern face.
3. Freeze gummy worms in ice cubes to make frightful drinks.
4. Make a poor man's Jack o lantern. Fill a brown paper lunch bag with crumpled newspaper. Twist the top to make a stem. Draw on a face with a black marker.
5. Bob for apples, tell ghost stories and dance the monster mash.
6. Have everyone eat an apple for eating one tonight gives a year of good luck.
7. If a single girl sleeps with an apple under her pillow on Halloween night she will dream of her future husband.

Great Halloween Thoughts of Yesteryear

1. This tongue twister is a spelling test. "Outside a cemetery sat a harassed cobbler and an embarrassed oculist, picnicking on a desiccated apple, and gazing at the symmetry of a lady's ankle with unparalleled ecstasy."
2. They are neither man nor woman. They are neither brute nor human, They are ghouls. – Poe
3. The Gobble-ons will get you if you Don't Watch Out. John Whitcomb Riley.
4. But first on earth as vampires sent
The corpse shall from its tomb be rent
Then ghastly haunt they native place
And suck the brood of all they race. – Byron
5. Never did bough creak so mysteriously and never did the far away howling of dogs send such a woeful passage though the night. Bram Stoker

Halloween Night protection

- 1 Put salt in a circle around your house, cover all mirrors, burn sage, and have the protective light of a blazing fireplace or Jack o lanterns.
2. Vampires can be driven off with silver crosses, roses, garlic or anything made of iron.
3. "Don't ever laugh when the hearse goes by for you may be the next to die." And "If you would live and thrive let the spider run alive." - old superstitions.
4. Protection against the bogeyman – "Lock your doors, bolt your windows, turn off your lights, don't go away."
5. Have nuts and apples in the house and put red berries on the windowsills for the wholesome fruits of the earth will protect you.
6. When frightened say, "Deliver me from the Powers of Darkness."

Fiction - The Reason

By Sharon Austin

The chill of early September was in the air as the old Ford truck rumbled along through the darkness. Ghostly wisps of fog floated across the dark highway from the nearby marsh making for poor visibility. "Just another hundred kms. to go and he would be back at the cottage," Nick comforted himself. With each passing km. he could feel the anxiety slowly fading and he took a deep breath and sighed. The big black dog beside him moved closer leaning against his shoulder.

"I'm ok, Beau," he smiled giving the big dog a pat on the head.

As time went by, he was getting better largely due to his service dog Beau. Still, it was always unnerving to travel to the city for the counselling sessions he attended for PTSD. As a combat medic he was not only expected to bear arms but also to tend the wounded. He had seen too much blood and too many broken bodies, heard too many explosions, and suffered through the unbearable heat and dust. He would still be in the force had it not been for that fateful trip in the Humvee. One moment he was riding along with his comrades laughing at something Jacque had said and the next they were flung in the air in a terrible explosion of roaring noise and fire. Jacque was killed instantly and he had tended to Jim and Quinn as best he could. He was the only one who survived and that was the hardest thing to understand.

His counsellor said it was a very common feeling called survivors guilt and in time he would accept his fate and be grateful for his life. Why was he here to breathe the fresh air and watch a beautiful sunset when his three friends were gone? He had wept to see their flag-draped coffins carried slowly by in a heroes' funeral procession. They were so young—so full of life and hope. His physical injuries had healed but his mind would still circle back to the panic and terror of the explosion.

Once his brother and his wife had taken him to a fancy restaurant for a meal. When a car back-fired outside the window he had yelled, "Get down" and dove under the table. They were so embarrassed by his behaviour that they left the restaurant and he hadn't seen them since.

Now he mostly stayed away from everyone and lived a quiet life with his dog Beau. The cottage on the lake was a perfect hideaway and days would go by without that feeling of panic overcoming him. Thunder and lightning storms were terrifying and he was glad to have Beau who would nudge him and lick his hands trying to keep him in the present. He did have one friend, a fellow vet named Decker, who had a metal plate in his head. Decker would turn to his bottle of whiskey if the memories got too painful but Nick had never gone that route. That, he knew, was a slippery slope and

too hard to crawl back up.

On the bridge ahead, Nick saw a white car parked in the driving lane. "Must be car trouble," he thought as he slowed ready to offer assistance. Suddenly he saw a woman in a white dress standing on the bridge railing. As if in slow motion she fell, the white cotton billowing around her like fluttering wings and her long fair hair gleaming like a golden halo in the headlights beam.

Knowing the water was very deep Nick tore off his jacket and boots and plunged into the icy black water after her. She was nowhere to be seen. He dove again and again reaching out with his arms in the blackness trying to find her. As he surfaced, the clouds parted and a silver sliver of moonlight danced across the ripples.

At last, he could see a glimmer of white in the water just to his left. Dragging the girl with him he swam to the bank and carried her up to the road. Nick's medic training kicked in as he checked for signs of life. She was not breathing and had no pulse but he would try his best to bring her back with CPR. Time stood still as he gave chest compressions and rescue breaths again and again. Finally, she took a gagging breath and he carried her up to the truck. Tucking his warm jacket around her he sped off to the service station that was just up the road. Beau pressed himself against the dazed girl offering comfort.

The plump gray-haired woman at the service station stared at Nick in shock as he charged in the door. "Call an ambulance," Nick directed as he stood shivering in his soaking wet clothes.

"Are you hurt?" she questioned as she dialed. "Can I help you, some way?"

"It's not for me," Nick said through chattering teeth. "The girl in the truck almost drowned but I got her back with CPR." They both ran to the truck, the woman carrying blankets from the breakroom.

"Oh, you poor dear," the woman soothed as the frightened girl clutched her sobbing brokenly. Far off they could hear the distant mournful whine of the siren somewhere in the darkness.

Nick waited as the EMTs loaded the confused young woman into the ambulance. He told them all that he knew about the situation and turned to leave.

"Wait," one EMT said sternly. "We have to check you out too. You could have hypothermia from the cold water." Nick knew better than to argue with the man but there was no way he was going to go and be examined at some hospital. "Sure," he said agreeably, "Just let me go and check on my dog first." With that he walked away, jumped in his truck and took off for home.

"Must be a criminal," the ambulance driver grumbled shaking his head. "Did you get his license number?"

The next day, Decker came for his usual Saturday visit. Hearing of Nick's adventure,

Decker was incredulous. "Trust you to see a falling angel," he laughed. "What were the odds that you would be on that bridge the exact moment she jumped. Other folks couldn't have helped her but you've got the training and the courage. You were meant to be there!"

Decker's face clouded over and his smile slowly faded. "I wish I could have helped that girl in Afghanistan," he said sadly. Nick knew what was coming; it was the one thing that Decker couldn't get over. On one mission, he and Decker had seen a beautiful young woman shot down by enemy fire right in front of them.

He had tried to tend to her wounds while Decker had held her as she clung to him. Decker was drifting back to that terrible day, his eyes taking on a glazed dark sadness. "She looked just like my sister Clara," he half-whispered. "Remember how the blood on her white robes looked like the big red poppies in my grandma's garden."

It was the same conversation every time. "You did real good, Decker," Nick comforted him. "I tended to her wounds but you tended to her very soul. Remember how you prayed for her and gave her peace? It doesn't matter that she couldn't understand you, a prayer is a prayer in any language and God hears them all."

Decker shook his head as if to dispel the gloomy thoughts. "You got any whiskey, Nick? He pleaded.

"Well now, I think I've got just one swig left in the bottle," Nick said agreeably as he reached in the drawer where he kept the almost empty bottle for times such as this. Beau, feeling Decker's unease, pressed up against him and licked his hands. "I've got to get myself one of these dogs," Decker said patting Beau's big head. "Who could be sad with a big fellow like this around?"

The next day an expensive black car pulled slowly down Nick's rutted driveway. A tall thin man in a navy suit approached him extending his hand. "Nicholas Black?" he questioned. As Nick nodded, he continued, "We had a hard time tracking you down but Mr. and Mrs. Case request the honour of your presence tomorrow at three o'clock." He handed Nick a formal invitation in a cream-colored envelope. At Nick's confused look the man explained. "You were able to help their daughter Jasmine at the time of her accident. Shall I call for you in the car?"

"No, that's ok, I'll drive my truck. Is the girl, Jasmine, all right?"

"Yes, she's recovering nicely at home. Until tomorrow then."

It was easy to find the Case mansion with its gated driveway and lush lawns and gardens. Mr. Case met him in the driveway and threw his arms around him. "I can't thank you enough for saving my girl," he cried. It was the first time in a long time that Nick had been given a hug. It felt strange, yet somehow warm and comforting. The girl was waiting in a lavish sitting room filled with flowers.

Continued on page 11

My Big Fat Thanksgiving Day

By Joanne Benger

Thanksgiving Day is different things to different people. To me it is Over Eating Day. The more thankful I feel the more I eat to express my thanks and I have heard that when you eat your Thanksgiving dinner calories don't count.

I don't want to be the one with undone belt and popping buttons so I dress defensively for Over Eating Day. I wear either six way stretch or the biggest baggiest clothes I own.

I find it best to forget those tiny suggested portion sizes found in diet cook books. For Thanksgiving even the stingiest of cooks prepare the suggested minimum of one pound of turkey, one potato, three quarters of a cup of stuffing and half a squash per person plus a variety of healthy fall vegetables. Most generous cooks double and triple these amounts and insist you help yourself to second, third and even fourth helpings.

Sometimes I am handed a prepared plate with too little gravy and too many vegetables. I am thankful for that beats eating alone at home but I do prefer being able to load my own plate. I place a huge heap of dressing beside my jumbo sized piece of turkey and add a mountain of potatoes, then I hide the lot under a thick layer of rich brown gravy and add a red garnish of cranberry sauce the size of half a squash. For health's sake I add a spoonful of cooked veggies and a thimble sized serving

of salad.

Then come seconds and thirds and burps and things but I remember to leave room for dessert - traditional pumpkin pie with whipped cream. Sometimes there is an exotic surprise like pumpkin pie topped with vanilla ice cream and drizzled with caramel sauce.

Finally we have coffee and everyone starts making speeches expressing their thanks. I find it safest to always come up with a simple prepared speech of thanks. Otherwise, relaxed and over stuffed, surrounded by my fellow eaters who are now my new friends, I venture into the field of taboo subjects and there are more every year. This year it is wisest to stay away from politics, religion, the economy, fossil fuels, plastic, gender, heat waves, smoke, climate change, masks, and vaccine, garbage, and pollution and that is only the short list.

In my well prepared safe speech, I thank my hostess/cook for the wonderful meal and then I express my appreciation for being able to share it with such wonderful people and then I express my thanks for having had such a wonderful year, thanks to friends, family and neighbours. I finish up by saying I hope everyone else had such a wonderful year to be thankful for and I hope the coming year is even better.

I could try for witty but I know I would dig myself into a hole, something like this, "I am thankful the puritans came to America and invented Thanksgiving Day, our yearly Turkey Day. If the politicians had invented it, it would be Tax giving Day. The politicians would tax the turkey. We'd pay higher tax for breast and drum sticks and lower tax for neck and parson's

nose....." Yes, I said that

"Forgive me parsons, it is not your nose we are eating. I just don't know how to politely describe the part of a turkey found at the rear. Granny Benger, a very distinguished lady and daughter of a blacksmith called it that and if it was good enough for her it was good enough for me. I never questioned it before and I am sorry if I offended anyone.

"And now I would like to thank our delightful hostess for the wonderful meal... Chin chin Happy Thanksgiving Day."

Then I would go home feeling awful because I used that rude term for that turkey part for so many years in polite company. I imagine I have even used that offensive term at church suppers. How could I be so insensitive? My rosaries should be confiscated.

I looked it up and found the first use of this slang expression for that part of the turkey is believed to have occurred following the reign of King James 11 (1685 to 16880) when anti Catholic feeling ran high in England. Initially it was the pope's nose but soon both terms were used. A person may be Protestant so I am now in the dangerous area of religion.

In my defence, I have always assumed it was a Victorian euphemism first used in literary works I have never read. Let's face it, the Victorians were so proper they could not say the words breast of leg when referring to those parts of the turkey in mixed company. Instead they referred to them as light meat and dark meat, terms that I no longer use because they could have racist overtones.

And now to one and all -Happy Thanksgiving.

The Reason - continued from page 10

"Oh you brought your dog. That's really all I remember, the big dog hugging me. Thank you, Mr. Black, for being my angel and saving my life. You've given me a second chance. I'm going to change everything now. I'm going to help everyone I can and make a difference in this world."

On the way home Nick mulled over the events of the day. Decker was right, he was meant to be on that bridge that night. That was the reason that he had been spared when his friends had died. A warm feeling of peace was flooding through him and he knew it was time to start to live again.

Mary Shares her Bad Luck Experience

By Joanne Benger

1. I have been leaving messages at a wrong number for weeks and wondered why they never answered.
2. The styles I want to wear never come in my size.
3. Bills arrive promptly but when I am expecting money the check is always in the mail.
4. I have never received a gift of unexpected money.
5. I am always a day late, a dollar short and the last to know.
6. I am always the one left waiting when things are delayed or cancelled.
7. My best fall dress shrank in the closet over the summer.
8. I am poor as a church mouse but I qualify for no government help.
9. I finally got a personal phone call and it was a wrong number.
10. My free subscription expired.
11. My Scratch and Win ticket was a scratch and lose.
12. Most days my only mail is flyers and bills.

Have a funny, punny Halloween

By Joanne Benger

1. Vampires are a pain in the neck. Dracula is a real sucker.
2. Ghosts have ghoulish friends. They are such a fright. They're real scaracters.
3. Mummies are all wrapped up in themselves and they wear death masks.
4. All skeletons are bone heads. They say 'Bone appetiti' before they eat and they greet you with 'Bone jour.'
5. Why aren't male mummies called daddies?
6. When you drop a pumpkin you get squash.
7. Fear of flying? Ghosts fly on Booing 727.
8. I hear Dracula is over-drawn at the blood bank.
9. There is a man who is so cold blooded Dracula would get pneumonia if he bit him.
10. Which witch is which witch and which witch is not which witch?
11. What do werewolves wear and where do they wear it?
12. Frankenstein had a mechanical mind. I hear it is rusted and the gears are stripped.
13. Frank Einstein is an honestly brain monster.
14. Last week the vampires couldn't play baseball because they couldn't find the bats.
15. Halloween candies come in sick flavours such as lemon lung, blue burries, maple wall nit and toffangs.
16. Haunt-made foods include sand stiches, root bier floats with I scream, baby ribs, fish in bat turds and potty toes.
17. Knock knock. Who's there? Boo! Boo who?

Local Artist Takes to the Stage to Raise Money for Food Banks

In 2020, when the pandemic shut everything down, Travis Dolter felt it was important to boost morale. Wanting to make a difference in the community, he tossed around a variety of ideas, however the continual change in restrictions took these opportunities away.

In early May of 2020, the thought of a Drive-in style concert was discussed, but at the time, no artist had done one. Working with Dianne Kohler at the Camrose Regional Exhibition, Dolter turned his aspiration of boosting morale with music into a fundraiser for the local Food Bank.

With the support of numerous local agricultural businesses, Travis held his first successful Drive-in concert on June 19, 2020, at the CRE grounds in Camrose. A total of 114 vehicles attended, and over \$1,600 was raised for the Camrose Food Bank.

Dolter was thankful to be able to secure sponsorship support within the Camrose and area business community, and invited everyone to join him on Friday, July 23rd for another Drive-in style concert at the CRE grounds in Camrose.

This time due to the relaxation of restrictions people were able to choose to listen to the concert from picnic tables. A limited number of VIP Ticket Packages were available. The VIP packages included: a table for four, four complimentary beverage tickets, snacks and autographed Travis Dolter Merchandise. The VIP's enjoyed a close-up and personal concert experience, with sit down bar service. VIP Packages were \$100 per table.

Some guests enjoyed the concert in a fun drive-in atmosphere for only \$20 per vehicle. They could sit outside their vehicles if they preferred.

About 300 people attended the July 23rd concert and \$1160 was raised. All proceeds went to the Camrose Food Bank. In addition people made donations on line through the website: www.canadahelps.org, to a food bank of their choice.

Travis Dolter is a local CCMA recording artist, raised on his family farm near Cittern, Alberta. He graduated from the University of Alberta with a degree in kinesiology and is taking a year off before pursuing further studies.

Dolter said, "I didn't like on line classes so I took a year off to work on the farm and to work on my music. I have a new song coming out on

Monday called "Somewhere." It will be on radio after September 1st.

To date Dolter has released six songs to Canadian radio and two songs to international radio. Accolades include placing in the top three in the Global Country Star Search, winning the 2019 NACMAI International Male Vocalist and Entertainer of the Year and 1st place in the Country 106.5 Star Search contest. Dolter has a magnetic personality on stage, balancing emotional song writing with humour and storytelling.

He was hired to perform on Wednesday August 11 with Peace on the Field to raise money for frontline workers at Capital Care Foundation and played for a dance in Drumheller on August 13.

Travis wishes to thank all the following sponsors who have made this concert possible:

- Crop Management Network Inc
- Allstar Show Industries Inc
- Camrose Regional Exhibition
- Wild Rose Co-op
- Viterra
- Strebs Automotive & Industrial Supply Ltd
- Nutrien Ag Solutions
- Richardson Pioneer Legacy Junction
- Cargill
- A-1 Rentals
- Maplewood Acres
- R&D Waste
- AMRAA Equipment Ltd
- Drever Agencies Inc
- Rocky Mountain Equipment
- Paterson Grain
- 98.1 New Country
- 840 CFCW



The Letter of the Law, and the Spirit of the Law

By Rodney Graham

It has always amazed me that some fundamentalist Christians are so deceived yet don't even know it. Any authority is 'of God' seems to be their mind set. Literalists of the scriptures. There are some scriptures they base their views on:

'But chiefly them that walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government. Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities. Whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord.

But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not; and shall utterly perish in their own corruption;' ~ (2 Peter 2: 10-12 KJV)

And:

'For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.' ~ (Romans 13:4)

Is it possible they are so gullible that they cannot see evil done by authorities? Are they so indoctrinated by tradition, and so-called

Christian "values" they allow our governments to torment, imprison, and dehumanize other human beings? Is it possible people can be so self-righteous and blind? Apparently, it is. Protest is not even allowed - Not even protest...

These Christians don't question police, government, any authority for the most part... I think they are actually convinced that any police person is "a minister of God" - and questioning anything they would do is a sin. These people are following the 'letter of the law' and not the 'spirit of the law.' When the word law is mentioned in the Bible it can mean regulatory issues, but it normally means, simply, "instruction". It refers to teaching. It does not mean to take the writings of the books complied by the followers of Christ and the Hebrew books as one would legal jurisprudence. The 'teachings' are to be taken as instruction. Guidelines - not law.

To do what Almighty God wishes is probably a very good thing - If one interprets Christ's teaching in the spirit of compassion, truth, and justice in mind. Christ even said it Himself - "Do as they say, but not as they do." "Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You give a tenth of your spices—mint, dill and cumin. But you have neglected the more important matters of the law—justice, mercy and faithfulness. You should have practiced the latter, without neglecting the former. You blind guides! You strain out a gnat but swallow a camel.

"Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You clean the outside of the cup and dish, but inside they are full of

greed and self-indulgence. Blind Pharisee! First clean the inside of the cup and dish, and then the outside also will be clean.

"Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You are like whitewashed tombs, which look beautiful on the outside but on the inside are full of the bones of the dead and everything unclean. In the same way, on the outside you appear to people as righteous but, on the inside, you are full of hypocrisy and wickedness.

"Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You build tombs for the prophets and decorate the graves of the righteous. And you say, 'If we had lived in the days of our ancestors, we would not have taken part with them in shedding the blood of the prophets.' So, you testify against yourselves that you are the descendants of those who murdered the prophets. Go ahead, then, and complete what your ancestors started!

"You snakes! You brood of vipers! How will you escape being condemned to hell? Therefore, I am sending you prophets and sages and teachers. Some of them you will kill and crucify; others you will flog in your synagogues and pursue from town to town. And so, upon you will come all the righteous blood that has been shed on earth, from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zechariah son of Berekiah, whom you murdered between the temple and the altar. Truly I tell you, all this will come on this generation.' ~ (Matthew 23:23-36 NIV)

Edmonton Social Planning Council Launches the Social Well-Being Tracker,

How many Edmontonians live in low-income or poverty? What is the voter turnout rate during elections in Edmonton? What is the average monthly rent for a two-bedroom apartment? What is the high school completion rate at Edmonton's public schools.

Questions like these on the collective health of Edmonton can be answered by the Social Well-Being Tracker (the Tracker), a new resource from the Edmonton Social Planning Council (ESPC). The Tracker is an online platform adapted from ESPC's long-standing publication series Tracking the Trends, first released in 1989. As an online platform, the data is searchable, with quick links so users can jump between topics and indicators. Charts and graphs can be exported in various formats, which means that the data from Tracking the Trends is now easier to access and use.

"The way we govern and use data has

changed since Tracking the Trends first debuted over 30 years ago," according to Susan Morrissey, Executive Director of ESPC. "Data should be easy to understand and accessible to everyone—not just the 'gurus.' The Social Well-Being Tracker will enable community agencies, policy-makers, and the average citizen alike to access data in order to foster a complete understanding of social issues that affect Edmontonians, and work towards solutions for the common good."

Data in the Tracker is organized around the social determinants of health framework. This framework is used by the Public Health Agency of Canada and places an emphasis on societal conditions and their impact on personal well-being.

While most Canadian publications and resources present data on a national or provincial level, the Tracker focuses primarily on the Edmonton region. This makes it a useful tool for people working on social issues in our city and the surrounding region. The Tracker will be regularly updated as new information and data is released. The Social Well-Being Tracker can be accessed on our website: <https://edmontonsocialplanning.ca/social-well-being/>

Aboriginal Day

By Darlene Collins

Monday June 21 was Aboriginal Day. I was noticing that most of the papers did not have it advertised about national Aboriginal Day, June 21, 21, let alone the Aboriginal Week which was June 21 to 26, 2021.

There weren't too many people who even knew about it, especially the youth and that there were many activities going on to celebrate this very important Day, especially on Churchill square. If you ask me it should be advertised all over the place in other towns and cities, Wishful thinking, Anyways, I had a good time for the week and tried to partake.

Have a very nice day and God Bless.

Novena

St. Clare – Ask St. Clare for three favours, one business,, two impossible. Say nine Hail Mary's for nine days whether you have faith or not. Pray with candle lit and let burn to the end on the ninth day and put this notice in the paper. J.B.
Most Sacred Heart of Jesus may thou be praised adored and glorified throughout the whole world. Amen.

Tim Hortons e-Camp survives COVID-19 under the bubble for the 2nd year

By John Zapantis

Children who face adversity while living in poverty are often the ones, who are deprived of the opportunity of experiencing a summer wilderness mountainous camp getaway that other children in middle class families commonly enjoy. Those marginalized kids may go into a life of crime and never see the light of day, when it comes to becoming future leaders and successful productive members of our society.

One organization that can help to turn things around for those less fortunate is the Tim Hortons Foundation Camps that has filled that void for disadvantaged youth for 30 years since its establishment back in 1991. This summer Tim Hortons Foundation Camps hosted their Annual e-Camp for the second time, since the COVID-19 pandemic first started back in March of 2020.

The mass spread of COVID-19 viruses throughout the world encouraged the Tim Hortons Foundation Camps to subject its youth campers to an indoor e-Camp. The camp was hosted on Wednesday, July 21st, 2021 where computer online instructors, who are paid, and volunteer leaders, who

were once campers themselves, instructed young campers on an array of camp activities online from their computers.

The e-Camps often offer free camp activities accompanied by a online camp leader, who teaches young campers 12 to 16 years of age, in building self-confidence, self-esteem and leadership skills through participating in various camp day activities that includes, archery, kayaking, rock climbing horseback riding and other adventurous activities.

This year's e-Camp hosted seven camps throughout Canada and the U.S. Youth participated from their homes and enjoyed the teachings of an indoor e-Camp that offered challenging opportunities, helping to enhance the quality of life for young campers.

The leadership mentors, who provided free e-Camps instruction to young campers, would not have been possible had it not been for other additional funding supports provided by the various essential funding that was primarily offered through the compassionate and generous support of Tim Hortons many customers, who were on hand that day at various Tim Hortons locations, while purchasing a variety of coffees, iced coffees, novelty products that included, \$2.00 bracelets, a Rent-A-Tent, and Rent-A-Cabin.

All proceeds from the sales of these items were donated to the Tim Hortons Foundation Camps that have supported thousands of young children, who enjoyed the amenities of this online e-Camp.

Tim Hortons owner Dave McEachern operates the Tim Hortons located at 16039-97 street in Edmonton. He is an enthusiastic booster of the annual Tim

Hortons e-Camps and in an interview with ASN he elaborates on the benefits of past Tim Hortons Camp Days and now the e-Camps and how they have served as a game changer, especially for children from deprived homes.

McEachern said, "A large portion of the campers, they start off as campers and then become counsellors at the camps. Then they help other kids. Some of their stories are from being from broken homes, living in poverty, not great, not a lot of self-esteem in their lives, to going through the camp experience and just turning it all around, then using those experiences to help others."

McEachern has also heard from graduates of this unique program, who have told him about their successful progress in the real world, which inevitably goes to show that these campers are benefiting immensely from the program.

McEachern said, "Some of the campers come from disadvantaged backgrounds. We have to respect their privacy. So we don't hear a lot about it, but we've heard certainly about some cases, where, like for instance, students, who have gone, who are struggling in school, struggling in their home life, in trouble in their community and they go on and turn their lives around and end up going in and graduating at the top of their class in college. From there, they see a world of opportunity open to them. It's going from a sort of bleak outlook on their life to a wide open view of their future. I mean it's really inspiring and life changing for them. They can do anything."

This year's e-Camp raised \$12.4 million dollars in donations, surpassing last year's total that continues to enhance the quality of life for young campers who will eventually go on to become future leaders and productive contributors in a promising future for tomorrow!

Left: Tim Hortons, located at 16039-97 street in Edmonton, was one of many locations across Canada and the U.S. that helped raise monies for its e-Camps. Here to help celebrate that special occasion are, left to right, Tim Hortons employee Pam, Owner Dave McEachern and ASN Founder/ Publisher/Editor Linda Dumont.

Photo by John Zapantis



1959 Cadillac Deville lodged into the ground has motorists entertained on HWY-33

By John SZapantis

When you drive by the property of Brent Hove on Hi-Way 33 going southbound, to your right you'll notice a vintage 1959 Cadillac Deville lodged into the ground at an upright 45 degree angle, like I did when I first discovered the 'Art Piece For Eyes' while recently looking out my car's window on my way back to Edmonton from a recent trip to Barrhead, Alberta.

Impressed by this 'Amazing Sight For Eyes', I pulled my vehicle over to the right hand shoulder of that Hi-Way and reached for my camera, while running over to the art piece and started shooting my prized photo. After this interesting venture, I decided to contact the owner of this art installation and later caught up with him at his place of employment, with the added help of some car buffs from Barrhead's car collecting community.

By the looks of this interesting looking piece some people might think, when immediately distracted by this, 'Work In Progress' that the owner of this car must have been dropped on his head at some time, but when you finally get talking to the owner about why this art piece evolved the way it did, like I did when I interviewed Brent Hove, then you finally start to see the real picture. I realized that this car didn't actually fall from the sky either!

Well here's the story that may help eliminate any misconceptions that the odd passing motorist might have about Brent's 'Bizarre Work Of Art' or maybe even the owner and the state of mind he was in, when he created this 'Amazing Sight For Eyes!'

Brent Hove is 38 and married. He works as an auto parts man in Barrhead, Alberta. He lives on an acreage in a beautiful big house. A few hundred feet up from his home right



smack in the middle of his property, and a few hundred feet from Hi-Way-33, you can see his 1959 Cadillac Deville lodged upright on a 45 degree angle with its tail end sticking up in the air. He lives about 15 kilometres South of the Town of Barrhead.

Brent started collecting cars when he was 10. His father inspired his passion for collecting vintage cars back in 1980. He also inherited a 1930 model Ford-A-Sedan that he currently has sitting back further from his prized art installation. It sits over a water well, so that ski do riders in the winter time don't run over his well.

But back to the story of what started this crazy idea of his to make a statement with this odd art piece and what really inspired his drive to lodge this interesting old relic into the ground.

One day back in 2016, he encountered a lady who owned an old beat up 1959 Cadillac Deville. She told Brent that the Cadillac had been in an accident in 1970. The lady had her regrets about purchasing the car, realizing that there was a lot of work ahead in restoring it back to normal working order and decided then in not maintaining it. She decided it would be more convenient to have it taken away and forgotten, selling the 'Vehicle Of An Eye Sore' to Brent Hove who bought this vehicle in 2016.

After giving it some serious thought, while examining this interesting specimen, Brent noticed that the vehicle's front end was completely obliterated and smashed in. The frame was bent and the vehicle in Brent's eyes was not repairable.

So what came to mind was Brent's empathy for people, who were experiencing COVID-19 fatigue and the depression that would follow them from its impact. Brent set out with a mission to turn those frowns into smiles and hopefully get some laughter from his crazy idea. As the creative side of his brain took over, what a better way to make people smile and laugh a little, with his added physical effort than putting this vintage 1959 Cadillac Deville head first into the ground with its tail end showing upright on a 45 degree angle.

That added effort came with the assistance of his old 1963 Alice Chalmers tractor that he used to dig a hole in the ground and a hoist to pick up this grand old car and lodge it into the ground.

To view this 'People Pleasing Sight For Eyes' you can coast up to it along Hi-Way-33, driving from the main street in the Town of Barrhead going southbound, whose main street merges into Hi-Way-33, where you can continue driving another 15 kilometres until you run into this art installation that you'll finally notice to your right on Hi-Way-33 in front of Brent's home located at 57017 Hi-Way-33.

Early Learning and Child Care

The Edmonton Social Planning Council and the Edmonton Council for Early Learning and Care are very pleased to hear the announcement that British Columbia's provincial government reached a deal with the federal government to participate in a national system of early learning and child care that seeks to make child care more affordable and more accessible to families. The aim of the national system is to create new spaces over the next five years, with average fees cut in half by the

end of 2022 and reaching \$10 per day for children under six by 2027.

Access to high-quality, universally accessible, inclusive, and affordable child care is a proven method for lowering child poverty across Canada. It is an especially profound intervention for single mothers, who are among the most affected by poverty. When staffed with highly skilled and well-supported early childhood educators, early learning and care can nurture the development of young children, provide important support for families, and generate long- and short-term economic benefits for society.

CRYSTAL BLAZING SPIRIT

Story and Photo by Maria B.

To me a blazing spirit is when the voice of your soul is being heard and you give it the due recognition through the acknowledgement that this is an incredible gift that is uniquely yours.

As a mother it is an honour to see how your blazing spirit has been developing in its own uniqueness. While at the same time you are experiencing a full range of feelings, like faith, excitement, imagination and an unsurpassable sense of wonder.

Demonstrating your own wondrous ways, it's like a constellation of lights which changes at the rhythm of your unique blazing strikes. What is good in believing that anything is possible, is that you will have the energy to soar up yourself into action.

I have felt your fear and the insecurity that goes hand in hand with fear but you have surpassed it and you have decided not to give up.

I am aware that it took strength and incredible belief in yourself but you regained the drive and your courage; how proud I am of every accomplishment that you have been able to conquer.

Even if we never talked about it, there was an understanding that I never wanted you to follow my foot prints as I did not have the

kind of realization that you have and I was completely unaware that I even had any gifts to develop. I always encouraged you to be true to yourself and develop your gifts and you have masterfully done it.

You were so little when you decided you wanted a horse; I saw this as an impossible dream living in the city and look at you now, all the horses you have, goats, cows and other incredible creatures that you are daily enriching their lives in wondrous ways full of love and compassion.

For every challenge that you have gone through, you have used it and chosen not to stay stuck in the power of wounds and you have come to be receptive of the lessons that they have imparted in your life. As your mother I am so proud of your wondrous and blazing

spirit that continues to lead you to leave as a legacy and an expectancy for every member of your incredible family.

You seem to move through challenges and to help others through painful episodes in their lives. As your mother I am so proud of who you are; you have demonstrated incredible courage and striving, you have made things happen in your life, which I call miracles.

As I told you previously, you were born to accomplish so much. I can see it in the shine that you give out with your presence that lights the path of others. Soar as high as you can, I will always be here for you, my incredible daughter.



HEALING WORDS

by Writing for Recovery

The Wellness Network

Ode to Paper & Pen

By Karen Petersen

Oh paper & pen, how inviting you are when my emotions and thoughts don't make sense.

How satisfying it is to put you two together.

It brings such awareness to me & allows me to get out of my head to make sense of what's in there!

Thank you to such a fine couple for the amazing opportunity to see my thoughts out of my head.

Where would I be without you both?

It truly is such a privilege to so intimately acquainted, my dear paper & pen