



Both Stella and I were at the FWIC 11th National Convention held in St. John's, Newfoundland and although we worked hard and for long hours we thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The ladies on the Newfoundland organising committee with their warmth of manner, charm, and humour were a delight, and the entertainment arranged for the delegates gave us all a taste of Newfoundland culture and humour.

The two theme speakers were Sylvia Gold, President of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women and Dr. Margaret Fulton, past President of Mount St. Vincent University in Halifax. Their speeches are available from your provincial office. A summary of the presentations of the panel members is in this issue of Federated News.

We all had different experiences, some amusing, some interesting and some better forgotten. I think that mine was unique. On the first day of the Board meeting, before the Convention began, I was walking from the cafeteria to the meeting room and as I turned a corner I came face to face with a moose! No book of etiquette has told me what to do under such circumstances. Should I stand still, look it in the eye or lie down and play dead? I need not have worried. While these thoughts were chasing through my mind the moose walked right past me, ignored me and went on its way. It, no doubt, was as surprised as I was. On somewhat shaky legs I continued on to the meeting and the day's deliberations.

Grace Sparkes ended her speech at the banquet with this special prayer: "Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will some day be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from the craving to straighten out everybody's affairs.

"Make me thoughtful, but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest Lord that I want a few friends left at the end.

"Keep my mind free from the recital of endless detail; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience. I dare not ask for improved memory, but for growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

"Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint — some of them are hard to live with — but a sour old soul is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people; and give me the grace to tell them so.

Amen"