Now it's a different prayer

There was a time in my life when I liked winter, but I find that time is long gone.

Man, I'd stand outside at night, peering up into the heavens of the crisp winter sky, just praying for a major snowfall overnight.

I was an avid snowmobiler, and when I wasn't working at home on the farm, I was on my TNT Skidoo, flying across the fields and through the bush, where no human being ever walked at that time of the year.

I'd join with a bunch of my snowmobile friends and we'd head off to places like Hillsburgh or drop by the Bushholme in Erin, to 'warm up' a bit between rides.

We'd go hill climbing at Three Sisters, just south of Acton, where the hills were so steep it was bordering on insanity to ascend them. But the view from the top was outstanding.

We'd find ourselves sitting at the top of the hill on the west side of Hwy 7 just north of 22 Sideroad, another great vantage point, where one could see right down to Toronto on a crisp clear February night with no pollution to hamper the view.

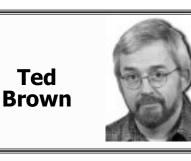
I was a young 20-something kid, free as a bird from the time I finished chores until it was once again time to milk the cows.

I also used to enjoy blowing snow, and clearing the driveway.

I'd do my very best to keep the edge of the snow as straight as possible and leave the driveway looking like a perfect Christmas card.

Today, even with more sophisticated snow blowing equipment, and a warm, quiet tractor cab, I still derive some satisfaction clearing the lanebut the 'fun factor' is no longer there.

After an all-night blowing snowstorm, my friends and I used to enjoy the challenge of 'corkin' the snow drifts that blew across the country roads. It was so cool watching the cloud of snow fly over the hood of the old pickup, and then we'd turn around



and go back to see how deep the drift was, and stand there and admire the tracks the truck left bursting through the snow.

(Of course, those fond memories don't quite extend back to those occasional times when the drift pulled the truck into the ditch...)

The joy is gone in that area too.

This past week, I trudged to the barn one evening, with the dusting of snow crunching and my feet slipping and sliding on the ice under it all, and I wondered where all my enthusiasm has gone.

I think about the somewhat crazy things we did, I think of the lack of concern about personal safety and I often wonder how some members of my generation got through it all without major consequences. We weren't suicidal, but certainly were fun-loving.

But those days are long gone, and I'm now getting to that point in my life where common sense, fiscal financial responsibility and the fact that doing those things now makes things hurt, makes me a bit hesitant to venture down that road.

While I reminisce about those wintertime snow-filled silly adventures of my long gone youth, I now go outside every evening to take Hamish the dog to the barn, where he curls up on his bed of straw for the night.

And on my return trip to the house, I still stop, and look up into the heavens, to hope and pray.

But now my prayer is "Please don't let it snow tonight!!!'

Removal of roadside memorial a 'heartless' act, says cousin

Continued from pg. 1

He said he has also spoken to a Town Public Works employee who assured him it was not Town staff who removed the memorial items.

"For somebody to do something like this, it's almost like doing it at somebody's grave. It's a very heartless type of person. It's quite upsetting, the family has enough stuff to deal with."

Dick Spear, superintendent of public works for the Town of Halton Hills, said Town employees did not remove the items, and would not.

He said the roadside memorials are permitted.

"They can't be big, they can't steal the attention of other motorists going by," said Spear.

Spear said the Town hasn't received any complaints from the public about the memorial.

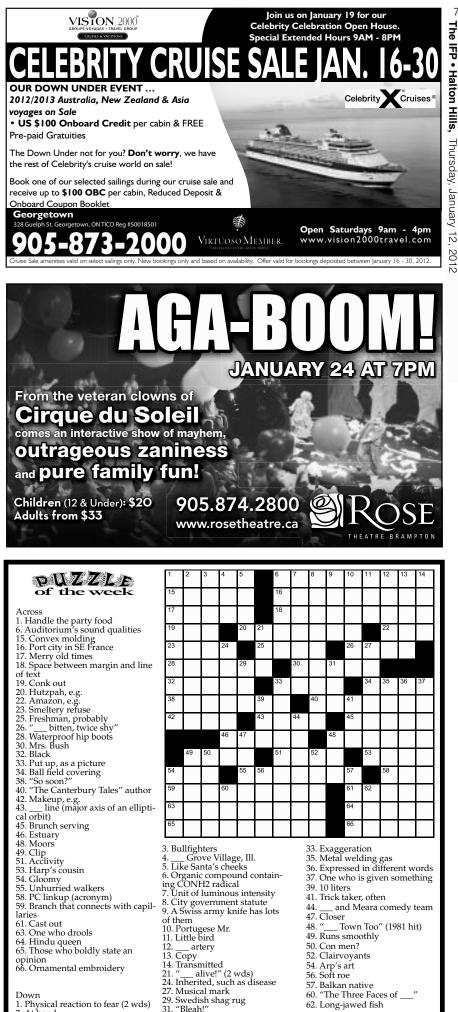
1. Physical reaction to fear (2 wds)

361 Guelph St. (Hwy. #7), Georgetown

2 At hand

The family plans to put an aluminum cross up behind the guardrail.

Kevin asks anyone with information about the missing memorial items or who has a problem with the memorial being there to call him at 905-866-8041.



62. Long-jawed fish

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