

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Farewell Mary

The following letter on the pending farewell of Rev. Mary Campbell, minister at Norval Presbyterian Church, was filed with this newspaper for publication.

Good luck, Mary:

Why was I so lucky in my lifetime to meet such a person?

Was it to learn the beginnings and endings that accompany the death of a father?

Was it to learn that a religious, spiritual person doesn't have to go to church to prove he's such.

Was it to be reassured that just because I don't want a house or marriage at 30 years old it's all right, and that going back to university really is a great idea?

Maybe it was to be shown that friends have the right to make their mistakes, and you can't change the world in a day.

Even though you are just one small voice among thousands if you yell loud enough you can make a difference. Perhaps I was meant to meet such a person so that I could

Letters to the Editor

tell others about her and they could feel the inspiration and confidence that comes with talking with her.

Maybe it was the fact that she bought an old house and needed me to help fix it up.

For whatever the reason I know that such a person comes around rarely, stays for a short time only, and must be shared with others.

You truly are a joy to be around Mary Campbell,

Good luck in Clarkson.
Your friend,
Stu Eckert

Please note: Letters to the editor are welcome, but each must be accompanied by a signature, telephone number and address before they will be published.

A tax grab

Dear editor:

The Fraser Institute has calculated that each and every Ontario family now has to pay a total of about \$27,000 per year in taxes just to pay for this year's spending.

The NDP have gone mad with the lust for fee increases — here are some examples.

In the car industry: dealer plates from \$132 to \$156; retail transfers from \$5 to \$10 (up 100 per cent); trip permits from \$10 to \$15 (up 50 per cent); safety standard certificate from \$1 to \$5 (up 500 per cent) In the sporting industry: deer licence from \$20.25 to \$24.25; licence (store) from \$25 to \$100 (up 400 per cent)

These are supposed to be times of low inflation — perhaps the idiots in Toronto have not turned on the T.V. to find out. I might add this is only a small sample of the tax grab that is going on.

Thank you.
John Shadbolt
Leader, Ont. Libertarian Party,
Acton

Glad to see it

It is with some relief we see that Halton Region plans on backing away from a multi-million dollar effort to construct a centralized composting facility at Milton's landfill.

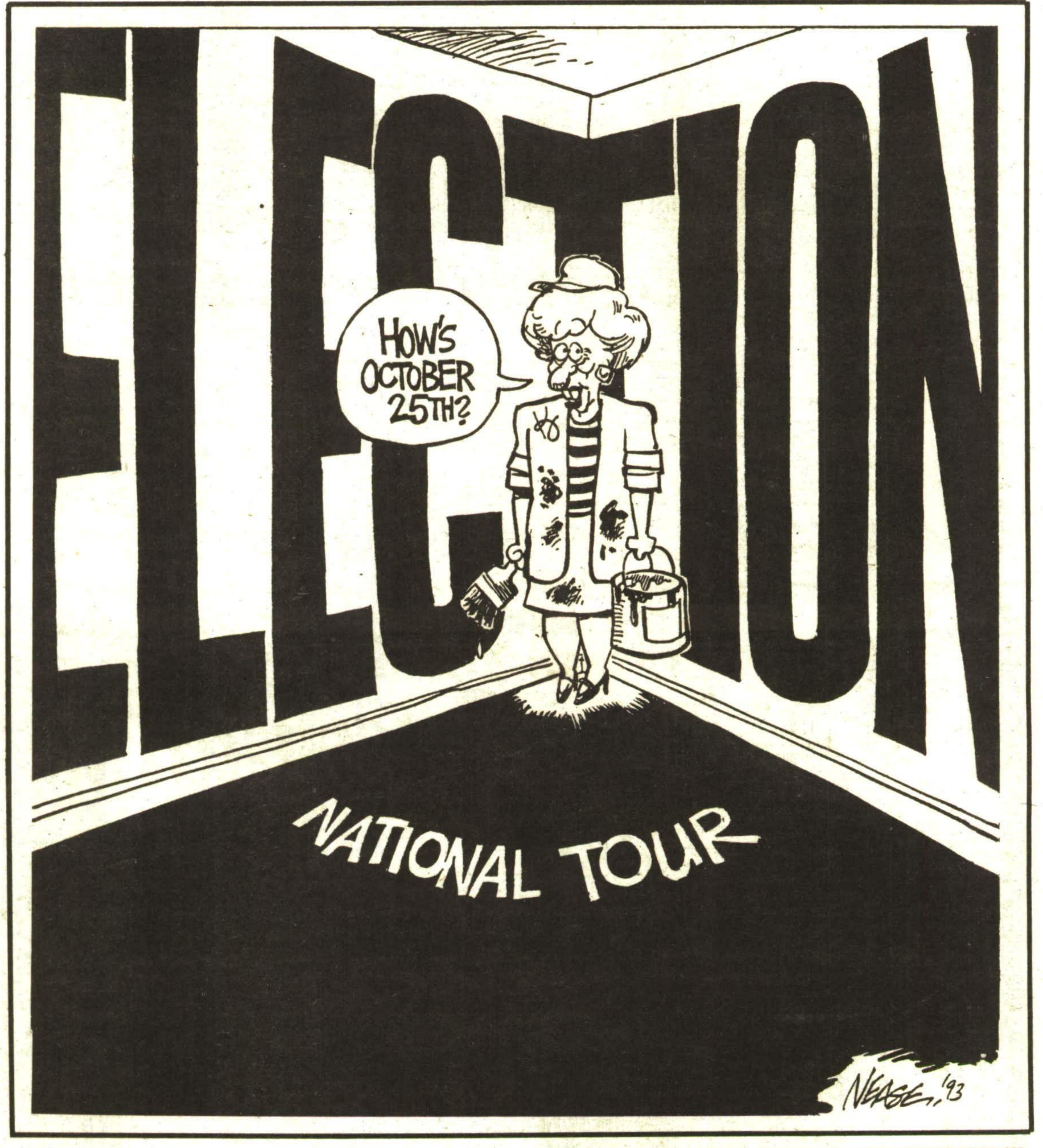
There is nothing wrong with composting per se, indeed quite the opposite. There is nothing wrong with a great many other relatively well-intentioned endeavors either, but that does not mean millions of dollars in taxpayers' money should go in support of them.

This is no time for taking a multi-million dollar flyer with the latest en vogue waste disposal method.

It was not so very long ago that burning garbage for fuel in so-called 'state of the art' incinerators was touted as the most promising method of responsibly divesting ourselves of surplus waste. That idea fell politically and ecologically out of favor.

Those who argue that composting is far more environmentally benign could have a point, but mulching up tonnes of waste is not as simple as it may seem on first blush. Witness the problems with Jim Scott's open-air facility in Hornby, which was originally welcomed as a simple, practical and cost-effective method of waste diversion. To date it has proved anything but, although Mr. Scott is apparently striving to improve it.

If a much larger constituency, such as Peel Region, plans to build a composting centre, to whatever scale, that is their own business. We in Halton may use it, we may even end up emulating it. But there is no good reason for us to be trailblazers in this. It's too expensive on the scale that was being proposed. And it may not turn out to be the wave of the future after all.



Being Mr. Mom isn't all that bad — for a week

Last week I was Mr. Mom. Or maybe I was Adam of the comic strip fame.

Whatever the case, I was the parent in charge as I headed out for a week of vacation, with our three younger daughters in tow, without my wife.

You see, I had one more week of summer vacation left, and my wife had already exhausted her holiday time, so I decided to take the kids to the beach.

Eldest daughter proclaimed she would pass on the venture and make the supreme sacrifice and "stay home with Mom, just keep her company," as well as answer to her part time job commitments. But I suspect a few high profile appointments on her social calendar had a more significant influence on her decision.

The other three kids were of mixed feelings. No one under the age of 14 in their right mind would pass up a chance to spend a glorious week of sun and surf, doing nothing. It was a fitting end to a summer of near

perfect weather.

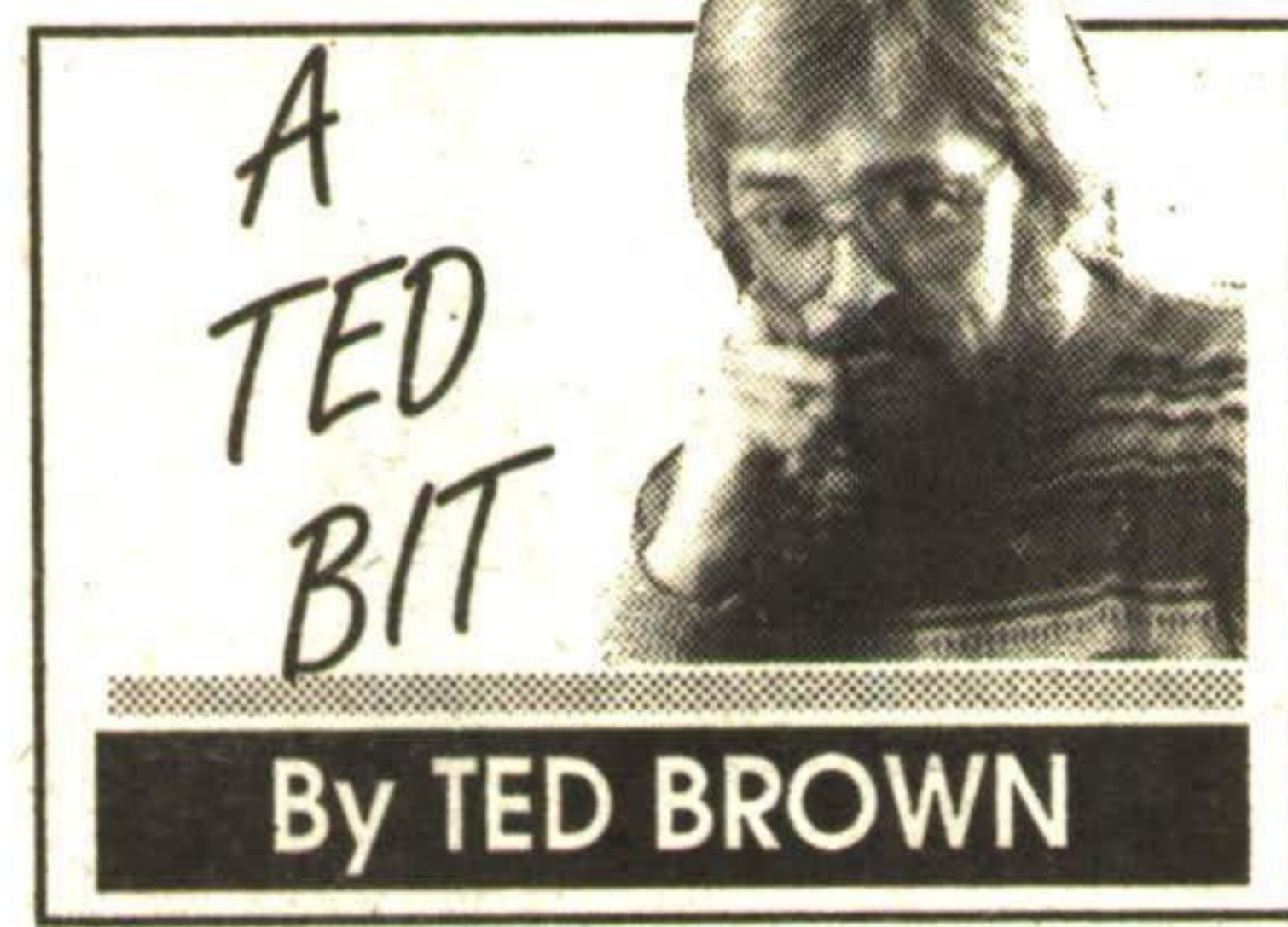
But with their Dad? Our youngest, the ripe old age of seven, doubted she could ever last a week without Mommy to tuck her in, while other two simply summed up their feelings about my looking after their wants and needs for an entire week in a few words.

In their eyes I'm incompetent.

Maybe not in getting everybody to our trailer park at Sauble Beach in one piece, (they tend to doubt their mother's abilities in that area, always figuring it nothing short of a miracle when she arrives at Sauble without taking a wrong turn.) But for them to rely on dear old Dad to buy their groceries, plan and cook a few meals, and look after all their worldly needs, they were a little skeptical.

After all, the only thing Dad represents to them is their own personal "instant teller."

Now they didn't come right out and say it, but the signs were there. Like feeling compelled to follow me into the grocery store when I bought



a few provisions, "just to look around," all the while quietly monitoring what I bought so they wouldn't die of starvation before the week was out.

And the phrases "Mom lets us do that..." or "Mom lets us have that..." were really overworked at times, so I ignored them.

The first night of our stay had its challenges — we had to settle sleeping arrangements. (Why is it fewer people in a specific area suddenly require more space than usual?)

Then the giant killer; we had neglected to pack the youngest's favorite blanket.

This is the same blanket the kid has owned since the day she was conceived, and sleeping without it wasn't in her contract.

After a few minutes of heated, and sometimes emotional discussion, I made an executive decision and told her driving home for her "blankie" wasn't in the cards, and she had to endure the pangs of withdrawal and get to sleep, before she had a much bigger and more prevalent problem to deal with; me.

It worked. We had moments of "discussion" when the girls didn't think it was right they washed dishes while on vacation, but I simply resurrected their mother's favorite line about "it's my vacation too," and had the dishes washed without incident every day.

Of course beach time was my real bargaining chip. If they didn't tow the line, I could threaten to stay glued to the deck of the trailer, with a cold Sleeman's on the table beside me and a good book

in hand, until all the chores were done. (I never had to make good the threat; the sun was shining too much for them to waste the warmth of the beach.)

I'm happy to report we endured the week well, with everyone partaking of a variety of good hearty meals (although I do admit to cheating one night and buying pizza) and no one died of starvation. In fact, they seemed to actually have fun with 'old-stick-in-the-mud-Dad.'

And at the end of the week, they were really excited when their mother arrived on the scene with their oldest sibling in tow. We were able to enjoy the weekend as a reunited family. (Actually I was excited to see her arrive too; she was driving my car.)

After all is said and done, when the last inflatable beach toy is stored back in the shed and the last suitcase is unpacked at home, the kids even admitted they had fun with me at the beach.

Of course, they still think I'm incompetent.