

More Letters to the Editor What about Christian values?

So help me understand this. We have banned the Lord's Prayer in the school system, provincial government and council meetings, yet we see fit to allow Muslim prayer services in the Peel school system during teaching hours.

We do this because we do not want to offend other beliefs.

Really? What about Christian beliefs? Do we not count any longer?

What is good for the goose is good for the gander.

Glenn Voakes

Love will always prevail over evil

May peace be with you all.

The shock, grief and anger at the senseless and horrific Quebec City Mosque shooting has hit all Canadians hard.

On Monday (Jan. 30), at Burlington City Hall, there was a vigil with approximately 300 people in attendance.

The love, compassion, support and sharing in one another's grief found at the event was overwhelming.

I know that many may have wanted to join but were unable to do so, due to the short notice and prior commitments.

At the event, we shared a few thoughts and I wanted to share those same thoughts with those of us who couldn't make it.

Our thoughts and prayers are with the families and community of our brothers who lost their lives in this heinous crime.

Although an event such as this naturally brings on feelings of grief, fear, anger, uncertainty etc., I am inviting all of us to see the positives in such a dire situation.

For the families, the Muslim community and our larger Canadian family, this is a true tragedy that cannot properly be expressed. However, for those who were killed, their last moments were spent in doing what they loved.

As Muslims, we believe that the closest a person is to God is when they are praying to God and that is what they were busy in. We are convinced that they are in a better place. So, while we all are dealing with the grief of their loss, we can take comfort knowing that they died doing what was beloved to them.

For the Muslim community in Burlington, the days following the attack have been

bittersweet. While the grief is sometimes crushing, the love, compassion, concern and support has given us great comfort and filled our hearts with hope and inspiration.

Those who love are many, while those who hate are few. While the tragedy is one that brings tears to our eyes, the support of our community has also brought tears to our eyes and has touched our hearts. There are no words to express our gratitude for your support at this challenging time.

In conclusion, although at the time of writing this, the motive for the attack is not clear, the fact remains that Islamophobia is on the rise. We still have a lot of work to do.

My advice to the Muslim community is that we must become more active in our larger community. I know all the negativity in the media can sometimes make us feel insecure and uncertain of how society perceives us, but we must be strong, be positive and make a positive change in the lives of people around us.

We must get out of our comfort level. If the past few days have taught me anything, it is that our larger community is full of love, understanding and respect and is very receptive to all efforts of building bridges.

To the larger community, please understand how difficult it is to be a Muslim in the current environment. There is a lot of uncertainty. If a Muslim passes you on the street without a hello, it very well may be that despite wanting to, they may feel too uncertain to take the first step. Help us out a little. Give a smile. It will make a world of a difference.

Imam Abdullah Hatia, Halton Mosque

Her name is Sadie Grace

I'm fairly comfortable with technology, having email in my pocket, and the Internet just a click away.

I love being instantly informed, as soon as someone fires off a message to me especially if it comes from the other side of the world.

Last year, while I was in China, The Sidekick and I communicated daily, keeping me up to speed with the farm operation.

Last month, my second daughter was in Thailand for more than three weeks, lecturing Thai nurses on Canadian nursing practices. Again, we were able to converse back and forth at will.

It was great. I think we take this communication-on-demand scenario for granted at times until we're faced with a situation that is overwhelming like last week.

My eldest daughter Lindsay and her husband Josh have been counting the days until their baby is born. Their little bundle of happiness was due to arrive April 4.

However, Jan. 31, Lindsay didn't feel just right so hubby Josh drove her to the hospital just to be sure.

Once there, ER staff checked her vitals and the baby's vitals. I don't think they checked Josh, but he might have needed it too.

Nothing remarkable showed up everything was good. But just to be safe, they kept Lindsay overnight.

The next day after an ultrasound, staff conferred with the staff at McMaster Children's Hospital in Hamilton. McMaster staff thought it might be prudent to move her there. Once there, they checked things and all seemed the same but they still kept her.

Late in the afternoon around 4 p.m., the vitals on the baby suddenly dropped and in a heartbeat, (seriously) the staff at McMaster were galvanized into action, and Lindsay was wheeled in for a C-section in minutes. At the time, I was on BBM, (BlackBerry Messenger) with my four daughters, discussing the baby,

etc., when suddenly, a message came across from Josh. They took her away. Delivering now. I'll be back.

That was 4:04 p.m. That BBM session had instantly gone from social chatting to a direct connection to the delivery room in McMaster in seconds.

A little taken aback, I typed, What's going on?

Sounds like Lindsay is having the baby, right now, one of my daughters replied.

For what seemed like hours, I sat with the cell phone on my lap, waiting for another message to come across. Comments from my other daughters were flipping back and forth, then at 4:29 p.m., a photo came through, followed by a message, It's a girl!!!!

I think Josh was excited.

On the tiny screen of my BlackBerry I saw a photo of my new granddaughter, a myriad of tubes, monitors and all sorts of equipment attached to her to help her in the first few minutes of her birth.

Her skin looked so soft and warm. She was about eight weeks early, which means she will be staying at McMaster for a few weeks no doubt in my mind THE best hospital she could be staying at. Another message came across.

Her name is Sadie Grace.

It was now complete. Her name is Sadie Grace so sweet. The name Sadie is from Josh's great aunt, and Grace was my grandmother's name (as well as my youngest daughter's middle name.)

Sadie is the second Brown grandchild to arrive a little early. Her cousin Oliver arrived five weeks early in August of 2015.

Sadie weighed in at three pounds, eight ounces, and is still in the incubator, but comes out to chat with Mommy and grab lunch.

And the staff at Mac are quite pleased with her progress she's doing great. So I have another grandchild to hold, to spoil and to love. So welcome to the family dear little Sadie



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