

Letters to the editor Birthday gift appreciated

I met up with my family on Feb. 24 at Turtle Jack's in Oakville for dinner. We had a lovely server named Erin, who asked if it was a special occasion.

I did have to admit that it was my birthday as my four granddaughters were handing me birthday cards and little gifts that they had made for me.

I did notice two young women at another table, who occasionally glanced at us and I thought that perhaps we were being a little noisy, as we can get into the general hubbub of a restaurant.

When it came time to ask for the bill, our server told us that it had been paid for, in full, by the young

women and she handed me a little note from them, wishing me a happy birthday and saying what a lovely family we are.

Indeed, my daughter and her husband are raising four kind, caring and wonderful girls (of course, as the Granny, I'm biased) and there are many families doing exactly the same thing, so I can't imagine why they chose us.

I want to say a huge thank-you to those thoughtful young ladies for making my birthday so special, and reaffirming my faith in kindness and generosity towards others.

Sue Stopford

The Way We Were



How did Georgetown residents celebrate Canada's 100th birthday? With a bonfire of Christmas trees of course. In mid-January 1967, a ceremonial torch was lit at Cedarvale Community Centre and carried in Olympic-style fashion to a then vacant lot just east of Delrex Market Centre, now known as Georgetown Market Place. There, thousands of trees from the holiday season went up in flames, accompanied by music from the Georgetown Citizens Band and Georgetown Girls Pipe Band.

Photo courtesy of Esquesing Historical Society/Text courtesy of Heritage Halton Hills

Witnessing the magic of birth

Most people who know me can attest to the fact I'm not very sociable this time of year.

It's lambing season and I'm pretty much married to the stable.

I've been spending several hours a day in the barn, watching the sheep, as this spring's crop of lambs arrive.

It can be incredibly demanding at times, and I see a lot of births over that two-three week lambing period.

Last weekend, a couple of my friends dropped by to see the sheep and their newborn lambs.

Let's face it, one cannot look at a lamb and not smile.

It's simply impossible as those bouncing little bundles of joy bound around the pens with a little bah.

They are simply too damn cute.

The day my friends visited, they had a rare treat—they witnessed a set of twin lambs being born.

It was certainly a truly emotional event for them, as they saw a tiny little lamb's hooves and nose appear, then in minutes, arrived into the world.

And less than ten minutes later, that first lamb was on his feet.

I tell ya, it doesn't get any better than that. I was pleased they were able to see it.

One doesn't always have that opportunity, as ewes are only in labour for about 20 minutes.

After they left I thought about what they'd seen.

During my 65 years, I've seen hundreds, maybe thousands of things being born.

When we had cattle, I sometimes aided a calf coming into the world.

For a short time we had pigs and we were mesmerized to see those little pink piglets arrive, almost landing on their feet running and scurrying to get some milk from mom.

We always had kittens born in the barn, and sometimes we'd have hens setting on eggs and watch them hatch.

And most recently, I've seen and helped hundreds of lambs come into this world.

Of course, topping the list, I had the sheer privilege of seeing all four of my daughters arrive into this world, which was without a doubt the most poignant moment in my life.

As I watched my friends last Saturday, all smiles and full of warm fuzzy feelings, I realize this was a big deal for them. I got the feeling they haven't seen many things born in this world.

As I thought about those lambs and my friends, it occurred to me that I've been very lucky, blest even.

I truly believe seeing life the precise moment it begins tends to make one a bit more aware of how precious that life can be.

Sometimes we have a lamb born the wrong way, a breech birth, or two lambs tangled up inside their mother's womb.

It's impossible to describe the feeling one experiences when you're able to make an adjustment and manoeuvre the lamb inside its mother's womb, and in doing so, sort out the problem and save that tiny animal.

I've said to The Sidekick on many occasions I can imagine, to a point, how an obstetrics doctor must feel after delivering a baby that was a challenging birth.

It's a high that one cannot describe, only share it with someone who has also experienced the same thing.

I'm now at a point in my life where my grandchildren are arriving, allowing me to once again appreciate the magic of birth.

I've watched with wonder as they now grow and strengthen daily.

I once again relate to the joy and beauty of life, seeing their challenges and triumphs as they grow and develop.

Yes, I've been quite privileged and I'll never become complacent about the joy of newborn life.

It is truly magical.



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