

Letters to the editor

Can you smell an election coming?

On Friday, I heard on my car radio that the Ontario government is lowering my hydro bills by 25 per cent starting in June. Wow!

The radio ads were paid for by the Ontario government - your tax money.

That's right Kathleen Wynne and the Liberals, who have made a complete disaster and mockery of the system apparently, now have seen the light and are coming to save us from it.

My tax dollars are a bottomless pit for the Liberals.

Kathleen Wynne and her predecessor Dalton McGuinty are the ones who drove our hydro bills through the stratosphere and beyond for the last 10 years, including spending over a billion dollars moving power

plants around to save Liberal seats in the 2011 election. Our provincial debt is now well over \$300 billion and counting.

Anybody with an ounce of common sense knows there is something terribly wrong and it's getting worse.

No doubt I can smell an election coming.

Her next carrot will no doubt be free beer and Lotto Max tickets along with more statutory holidays in the coming months, wait and see.

When my grandson's hydro bills (and I would call hydro a necessity of life) are still through the roof 30 years from now, I will tell him he can thank McGuinty and Wynne, and the green energy act of these two individuals.

Steve Panchuk

We never truly own those worldly goods around us

I'm an animal of habit- no doubt about it.

I start every day in the same manner, with the same rituals.

One of those daily rituals involves preparing to go to the barn, to feed the animals.

And it happens each and every day- same way, same time.

We have a walk-out basement, making it a perfect mud room, where we hang up our barn clothes, away from the main part of the house.

It keeps the barny smell of the clothes in the basement.

Over the decades, I've done the same thing every day- pull on my coveralls, and sit on the old chair to lace up my boots.

Then I sit there.

It might be a matter of minutes- seconds even- but I sit there, cross my legs and my arms, close my eyes- and think about the past.

I've noticed that I sit there and ponder a bit, just like my dad used to do, as he waited for me to come downstairs, to head for the barn.

I'm even sitting on the same chair, an old chrome kitchen chair that was part of my grandparents' kitchen table and chair set, from the 1950s.

The thought struck me- we all think we own those things around us- be it our house, our cars, our property- you name it.

But in reality, we're really just borrowing it.

Oh sure, we have paperwork that says we are the registered owner of all those things, but really, we're not.

We're simply stewards, a temporary caretaker of sorts. Take my dad as an example. He sat on that old chair to lace his boots, and never for a moment thought that chair would outlast him. But it's here, and he isn't.

In 1973, we bought a new tractor, an International 574. The day it was delivered, I'm sure

no one even considered that tractor would outlive Dad- and probably me as well! But it's still here.

Every morning, I walk out the basement door and pass by the old locust tree at the corner of the house.

There is a photo of my grandfather in uniform, taken in 1918 as he prepared to head off to war. His parents (my great grandparents) are standing on either side of him.

They are all gone, but that locust tree remains. And I regularly walk on the same ground where they stood for that photo- 99 years ago.

Sitting in the kitchen of our farmhouse, it strikes me that all my forefathers lived there- walking, talking, eating, sleeping, cleaning-

all the things we do every day- probably never thinking that 185 years later, the house would be still here- and they're not.

I can go on- structures in the barns, fences in the fields, and all sorts of things that were a part of my forefathers- still here, and they aren't. So I truly believe we never truly own our worldly goods.

We just borrow them.

And that's a good thing. My dad did often say "When you take over here . . . and he'd impart some sage advice, I never thought of it being a stewardship with the land, the buildings, the fields and the plants.

But it is, and as I mellow with age, I find ownership becomes less of an issue, and being a good caretaker is by far more important.

We spend the bulk of our lives, amassing worldly goods, which we will ultimately leave behind- the moment we take our last breath.

So I intend to enjoy that stewardship, and do my bit to look after what was handed over to me.

Because, I'm just one of many Browns who were caretakers of this farm.



TED BROWN

The Way We Were



While the lack of snow has hampered local snowmobile enthusiasts this winter, this photo from 1967 shows two members of the Credit Valley Snowmobile Club out enjoying typical winter conditions on their sled. This shot was taken at the Georgetown Golf and Country Club, now known as Eagle Ridge Golf and Country Club.

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

TUTT ELECTRIC
RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL • INDUSTRIAL
BILL TUTT
905-877-7207
★ Competitive Rates ★ Fully Insured
ECRA/ESA License #7003940

Furnace Air Conditioning Gaslines Boilers Water Heaters Radiant Heating
Brooks Heating & Air.ca
905-877-3100
NAPOLEON
Local Experts You Know & Trust
proud local dealer of Canadian made products

Speedy Glass
We handle all insurance work.
• Truck Accessories • Upholstery
• Heavy Equipment Glass
• Window Tinting
354 Guelph Street, Georgetown
905-873-1655