

Letters to the editor Religion is not a club

Re: Letter Someone is always offended, May 11.

What am I missing? The student asks, Imagine being targeted by those around you because of something that defines you, something that gives you strength, courage and hope, something that you would never dream of changing.

It is my opinion that as a fourth generation Canadian I have been forced to give up a lot of my rights, including religion being taken out of schools and other public areas.

Now I read that they are asking that Muslims be given the right to be allowed to have it in the schools calling it the same as any other club.

Since when is religion classified as a club? I do not believe that religion is an extracurricular activity.

Why do people want to change things here in Canada to be the same as the country they left? If they want it the same as the country they left, why did they leave?

People coming into our country are welcome but as the old saying goes When in Rome, do as the Romans do.

There is nothing wrong with change and sometimes it is necessary but we should consider the impact of some of these changes.

Marjorie Thomson

The Way We Were



Ever since the Grand Trunk Railway opened in Georgetown in 1856, there has been a bridge over Main St. The route travelled through Brampton, Weston and on to Toronto. In this 1967 photo, construction continues on the new Main Street bridge, replacing the earlier bridge known locally as The White Bridge.

Learn more about Heritage Halton Hills at www.haltonhills.ca/committees/heritage.

Photo courtesy of Esqueing Historical Society/text courtesy of Heritage Halton Hills

Just like Christmas morning

The Sidekick is pretty easy to keep happy.

There are two things that can win her over any day of the week.

One is flowers.

Yup plain and simple, she loves flowers and would be very happy if I brought home some every night. I do on occasion, but not every night.

The other thing?

Chocolate is great, but don't ever bring white chocolate into the house, (unless it's for me.)

Ferrero Rochers are a pretty good choice.

But back to the flowers. As I said, The Sidekick loves them she can bounce out of the worst mood at the very sight of flowers.

But she has a problem.

She's a flower assassin.

If she is given a plant, she will kill it in days. It's just a talent she's had for years.

She receives mostly cut flowers and by the time she gets them, they're indestructible.

However, over the years she's found a way to keep flowers growing and not kill them.

She plants bulbs.

Every fall for the past few years, we've gone out and planted a bunch of bulbs tulips, daffodils, hyacinths and maybe some snow drops.

Last year, my sister gave her a bag of bulbs with assorted red and white tulips.

I think it had 20 bulbs in it.

That was only the beginning.

The Sidekick walked past a display of bulbs in a store and bought a few more, like 180.

She picked numerous varieties and we took a nice sunny fall day and planted them all over the place.

Okay, I planted them, she picked the locations.

Her theory was that those bulbs will pop through the ground (snow in some places) and brighten up the area.

A month or so ago, the bulbs started to bloom and The Sidekick has been smiling ever since.

There are all sorts of colours and varieties that have come up this spring.

And The Sidekick has a unique perspective about her bulbs.

She says they're like Christmas morning.

She has no idea what ones were planted where, so it's a surprise when they come up, just like getting a Christmas gift.

A few years ago she had a great surprise.

That year she planted a bunch of daffodils in one of the flower beds.

I suggested it wasn't a good spot, as the squirrels were quite active, and I said they would likely dig up the daffodil bulbs.

Next spring, sure enough, no daffodils.

But a few weeks later we had a pleasant surprise.

One morning we noticed there was suddenly a bright ball of yellow

low right down in the middle of the marshy area below the house. It was almost like a glowing bowl of yellow sunshine.

It seems the squirrels had transplanted all the daffodil bulbs in one place.

And man, did they grow!

The marshland always has a good sprinkling of marsh marigolds, with their little yellow flowers all through the wetland.

But they pale to the brilliant yellow daffodils that are growing in that ball of flowers.

It was a few years ago that the squirrels transplanted them, and those daffodils are still growing, strong as ever.

They are in a circle which is about 24 inches across and are really quite vibrant.

I watch The Sidekick as she looks at the yellow blooms and a smile comes across her face.

We have outcroppings of tulips and daffodils all over the farm some growing along the front of the barn, between some trees, and little clumps of colour are all over the yard.

As we drive out the lane, and see those colours, that smile comes across her face.

Just like Christmas morning when she opens her gifts.



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