

JUST A THOUGHT

I MUST be wrong



By
Trish Bell

BLM. Charlottesville. MMW. Sir John A. #MeToo. The list appears never ending: a massive bombardment now imposed on us daily, telling us of our collective shame; we, today's society, must pay permanent penance for the wrongs done by our ancestors in times that were so different from this. After all, history shows us that an eye for an eye always brings the scorecard back to rights. And besides, it isn't like people are being told what to think or what to say, nor are they persecuted simply for their social-economic standing or mere colour of their skin. But wait, isn't that exactly what's happening here? Stanford's Thomas Sowell says it best: "the word racism is like ketchup. It can be put on practically anything—and demanding evidence makes you a racist"—although, after this past weekend's march, I'd add sexist too. Lately, every moment, every decision, every person seems to be measured upon the scales of racism and sexism, and if your skin is of a certain colour, your pocketbook a certain weight or your gender on the male end, the scales of justice are seriously askew. Truth appears lost to the pressure cooker of storytelling and spin doctoring, neither the master of accuracy. So before we get out the pitchforks and string up anyone else, might I suggest a few things.

First, man is an animal. Pure and simple. Sure we dress ourselves up and call our daily culture civilized, but when it comes right down to it, we are little more than a hierarchical pack with a mob mentality. We claim to care about each other, but when the chips are down many of us, most in fact, will turn tail and save our own skin before caring for those around us. We callously step over each other and then look each other in the eye and say we didn't do it. Racist? Heck we're just plain selfish folks. Even today's culture of appeasement isn't about setting right our future course. Perhaps it is

an incessant need to be part of history or simply the desire to be part of a cause, but we are bullishly headed once again towards the same mistakes. Now, because I have white skin, I am incapable of knowing the heartaches of others. Because I have only ever lived in Canada, I cannot grasp the idea of losing my culture or traditions. Because I am considered middle-class, I do not understand struggle. And, because I am a woman, I am merely a victim waiting for someone to give me a voice. Yet, I am none of these things. It doesn't matter if I came from humble beginnings, am the daughter of labourers or granddaughter of someone who fought and bled for his country. No one asks what I have done, what I have been through, or whether I treat each person before me as the individual he or she is. It doesn't even matter that I recognize "facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored." Society now decides what I think and who I am, by looking at me and telling me it is so. Yet, more than all else because I dare to say I think different than what's popular, that I open my opinion up to scrutiny, that I cast aside the safety of political correctness and call out the ills I see around me, I MUST be wrong. I must be wrong to want us to stop whitewashing our past with the brush of presentism, asking those of today to forever atone for the wrongs of our ancestors. I must be wrong to want government that lives up to the morals and values we expect from the society that elected it. I must be wrong to want people to stand up, vote and care about the world around them. I must be wrong to think Morgan Freeman's idea about stopping racism—and sexism—begins by refusing to see ourselves as different. After all, I only know white privilege. It really doesn't matter what I have actually done, because you will decide who I am and what I believe based on your decision about me and that insatiable need to right wrongs of the past with wrongs today. Too bad, 'cause if you got to know me you'd see: I don't live in the past, I learn from it.



ENJOYING WINTER: 10 members of the Seniors' Hiking Group enjoyed fine weather and exercise while hiking the Roberts Side Trail at 27th Side Road and 9th Line (Silvercreek) recently. - Submitted photo



20 YEARS AGO

As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted

If you liked Alan Rock as Justice Minister (brain-dead gun registration, insipid changes to section 745 as not to offend mass murderers and the Mulroneys Airbus scandal), you're going to love what he does when he takes over the blood supply.

Michael Jackson and his missus are in the news again. The happy couple (?) announced that they are having another child. A girl, whom they plan to name "Paris" because that's where the child was conceived. The mechanics of that event are too bizarre to dwell upon, but my point is that this is a bad idea.

Would you want to say "this is my son; back-seat -of-a Broncho!!? If you hate kids, why have them?"

The new Acton Arena and Community centre is open for business. I heartily suggest everyone drop by and check out the facilities. In addition to the rink there is a nice community room, suitable for weddings, meetings etc. We can all be proud of our new arena. Congratulations to all concerned.

The only good thing to come out of the recent ice storm emergency in eastern Ontario and Quebec was that it drove Alan Eagleson's puss off the front pages.

Would the new council please do something about the Beardmore property? It's bad enough that it's an eyesore, but a disaster is waiting to happen with all the PCB's stored there. Mark my words; we're going to end up paying for the cleanup of that toxic sewer if our local council doesn't get moving on this issue.

The most recent ratings boom crowned Howard Stern as king of morning radio. This has many people upset and understandably so!

I listened a couple of times and it reminded me of a bunch of pubescent boys talking about their pee-pees. A few chuckles at first, but it got real boring - real fast. I

The Way I See It

with
Mike O'Leary



have, however, developed a strategy to get Monsieur Stern out of my life! I share it with you freely. "I listen to another radio station." Y'er welcome.

Readers of the old Tanner will know that nothing drives me around the bend faster than the trendy politically correct movement to neuter the English language.

A perfect example occurred during the west coast salmon dispute last summer. Canadian salmon fishermen blockaded an Alaskan ferry and were tearing around the harbour in inflatable boats, waving flags and rifles. There was almost as much testosterone flowing as there was sea water.

In describing the dispute, Fisheries Minister Anderson, CTV broadcaster Sandie Rinaldo and others insisted on calling the protesters "fishers." One musn't say "fishermen" you know, lest the feminazi brigade gets upset.

What riles me is that "fishers" is neither a word nor a correct description of what these people do.

If we must be politically correct, the very least the language crastrators should be accurate.

Herin, after, fishermen shall be called "hookers."

Parents with children in grade school will know that the Ministry of Education has been tinkering with your kid's psyche again. Yep - the touchy feely troops came up with yet another new improved format report card that parents will be able to decode. Sure!

Ever mindful of the psychological trauma hanging over our kids, they've replaced the "F" for failed (flunked, we called it) with an "R" for remedial. This is to help the child's self-esteem you see.

How long do you think it will take for Grade 6 boys to figure out that the "R" will stand for "retard?" If you want to take two minutes you're too late. That's my estimate. Don't you wish these people would stop helping?

The Canadian Olympic Association, in its wisdom, decided not to send Emanuel Sandu to Japan. As if figure skating as a sport doesn't have enough problems now.

The world knows that the judging, if not fixed, is at the very least, incredibly biased. In most cases they could mail out the medals at the beginning of the season and save all the travel costs.

The archaic methods used to determine the winners in this sport and the "thumb-your-nose" attitude of the Association executives bring the entire event down to a level only exceeded by professional wrestling.

This fiasco leaves us to wrestle with two questions. 1: How did these boneheads get elected to the C.O.A.? 2: How can we fire them before they screw-up another gifted athlete?

Lastly, I would like to thank First, Paul Nolan. Paul had he guts and commitment to try and make a small town newspaper work in Acton and Georgetown. Although the business failed, Paul didn't. (He doesn't even get an "R") His business succumbed to ailments common to small businesses. Under-capitalization, too much work, too few hours and cash flow. I, for one, wish him much success in the future. Paul, you have my gratitude and admiration.

Secondly, I want to thank Ted Tyler and his team for giving us back our hometown newspaper.

Many folks told me that they missed the coverage of our own paper. If you, like me, want to see it continue then buy something from our advertisers. Tell advertisers you saw their ads.

The success or "R" of this venture is in your hands. Actually, in your wallets or purses.