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Back in the saddle again

By TED BROWN

Special to the IFP

There's an old saying, "Time Flies when you're having fun." Well, it's been eight months since I last penned this column and it shore don't feel like it's been that long. So I must have been having a whale of a time...

Lots has happened since my retirement as *The Independent & Free Press* photographer on Jan. 31.

In February, Halton Hills Ward 2 Councillor Joan Robson announced she was retiring from Town Council at the end of her term. I gave the situation a lot of thought, and on March 10, I filed as a candidate for Ward 2. The rest is history— I was successful in the election, and I will be sworn in at the Town of Halton Hills Inaugural meeting, Dec. 1.

That's the obvious public stuff— most was covered in the newspaper. Then there's an update on the personal stuff.

Mid-May, The Sidekick and I were joined by my sister and brother-in-law, as we spent 15 days in Ireland, tracking down our Brown and Switzer roots. Suffice to say, that trip is another column-in-waiting down the road.

On the home front at Brown Farm, the cast of characters have undergone a few changes. Aug. 25, I went to the henhouse to discover poor old Jack the Rooster had crowed his last cock-a-doodle-do. He died peacefully in the night, in his nest, his head tucked under his wing.

I later discovered that Jack was eight years old. That's downright ancient for a rooster, about like being 90-plus years for a human.

It was a bit sad that day. But for some reason, The Sidekick didn't seem to share my grief. I may have even detected a slight grin on her face at one point...

The three sire rams at the barn— Hemi, Angus and McDuff— have been okay, currently enjoying quality time with their breeding groups of ewes, planting next years 'crop' of lambs. Angus was on the DL, as he contracted a bit of pink-eye a couple



weeks ago, requiring him to be isolated from the flock for 10 days, while I treated him with antibiotics.

Hamish the dog has been carrying on as usual, bringing the flock in from outside every night. (I still maintain he has THE best job—45 seconds of work, for free room and board.) Last week, he had a slight encounter with a skunk... that too is a story for another day.

The Sidekick decided she wanted an addition to the house— (no, not a baby!)

She went online and tracked down a place with free kittens. She called and arranged a visit to look at the kittens— turned out it was two houses down the road— the same place that Jack came from!

So the newest character has arrived. His name is Dairy, but I have a few alternative names for him.

One is 'Lickey the Wonder Cat,' a name coined for his obsession to lick your arm when he climbs on your lap.,

The other name is PITA. It took The Sidekick a couple weeks to figure out what the acronym stood for. Here's a hint: Pain-In-The-.... figure it out.

When I wrote my farewell column back in January, I said you haven't seen the last of Ted Brown. At that time, I had no idea things would pan out as they have— I thought I might be an occasional guest columnist. Two weeks ago, IFP Regional Managing Editor Chris Vernon asked if I'd like to write again. Same as before— simply my take on local happenings.

It will not be a political column.

Writing here, I'm just Ted Brown— not Councillor Brown.

So jump aboard as we go for another goround...

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