

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## SALVATION ARMY THANKS HALTON HILLS RESIDENTS IN FUND DRIVE

The Salvation Army Georgetown Community Ministries would like to thank the people of Halton Hills for their tremendous support of our 2018 toy drive and Kettle Fund-raiser. Both were very successful with over 100 households with 200 children and teens helped at Christmas 2018. We had a very successful Kettle Campaign and with the support of our local community we were able to reach our goal.

The generosity of this community not only went a long way in brightening the lives of many local families but will continue to help throughout the year. We also want to say a big thank you to all the individuals, organizations, churches, schools and businesses who supported us over the Christmas season. We need to especially mention the support of the Halton Regional Police Service's Toys for Tots program and the Halton Hills Fire Department for their ongoing collection of toys, as well as all those business who participate in Business Cares.

We would also like to thank those local business that allow us to place our fundraising kettles inside their stores year after year: Walmart, Georgetown Market Place, Real Canadian Superstore, Metro and the two LCBO stores. We would not be able to run a successful campaign without your support.

So, once again thank you from all of us at The Salvation Army Georgetown.

**DARRELL JACKSON,**  
CORPS OFFICER - GCC

## RAPE CRISIS CENTRES NEED PROMISED FUNDING MORE THAN EVER

Sexual Assault & Violence Intervention Services of Halton stands in solidarity with the 36 other rape and crisis centres across Ontario, and shares their need for increased funding as promised by the Liberal government last spring.

Since the rise of the #metoo and #TimesUp movements, Sexual Assault & Violence Intervention Services (SAVIS) of Halton has seen a massive growth in the demand for sexual violence support services in the Halton Region.

There has also been a large community demand for increased public education presentations on topics such as consent, healthy relationships and the dangers of toxic masculinity. This demand for services far exceeds the current staff capacity of our agency, and the result is long wait lists for services.

As awareness of sexual violence increases, so does the demand for services that address and support survivors' needs. If we are to adequately address the momentum of the #metoo and #TimesUp movements, it is paramount that community based sexual assault and rape and crisis centres are allocated the funding that was promised.

The provincial government needs to acknowledge the demand for violence support services, and support survivors of trauma through increased funding of community-based rape and crisis centres.

**ALMA ARGUELLO,**  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, SAVIS OF HALTON

OPINION

# THAT WAS THEN, THIS IS NOW - AND I'M FREEZING

## COLD LOSES APPEAL AS I GET OLDER, WRITES BROWN



**TED BROWN**  
Column

There was a time in my life when I liked winter - but that time is long gone.

Man, I'd stand outside at night, peering up into that crisp clear winter sky, hoping and praying for a blanket of snow to fall overnight.

At that time, I was an avid snowmobiler, and when I wasn't working at home on the farm, I was out on my TNT Ski-Doo, flying across the fields and through the bush, where no human being ever walked at that time of year.

I'd join with a bunch of my snowmobile friends and we'd head off to places like Hillsburgh or drop by the Bushholme in Erin, to "warm up" a bit between rides.

We'd go hill climbing at Three Sisters, just south of Acton, where the hills were so steep it was bordering on insanity to ascend them.

But the rewarding view from the top on a winter's night was nothing short of outstanding.

We'd find ourselves sitting at the top of the hill on the west side of Highway 7 just north of 22 Sideroad, another great vantage point, where one could see right down to Toronto on a crisp clear February night with no pollution to hamper the view.

I was a young 20-something kid, free as a bird from the time I finished chores until it was once again time to milk the

cows.

At that same time, I also used to enjoy blowing snow and clearing the driveway.

I'd do my very best to keep the edge of the snow as straight as possible and leave the driveway looking like a perfect Hallmark Christmas card.

Today, even with more sophisticated snowblowing equipment, and a warm, quiet tractor cab, I do derive a little satisfaction clearing the lane - but the "fun factor" is long gone.

Years ago, after an all-night blowing snowstorm, my friends and I would enjoy the challenge of "cor-kin" the snow drifts that blew across the country roads. It was so cool watching that cloud of snow fly over the hood of the old pickup, and then we'd turn around and go back to see how deep the drift was, and stand there, admiring the tracks the truck left bursting through the snow.

(Of course, those fond memories don't quite extend back to the occasional times when the drift pulled the truck into the ditch ...)

Yup, the joy is gone in that area, too.

Last week I trudged to the shed to plug in the block heater on the tractor, the snow crunching and my feet slipping and sliding on the ice under it all.

I wondered where my enthusiasm has gone.

I think about the silly things we did, and the lack of concern about personal safety. I wonder how members of my generation got through it all without major consequences. We weren't crazy, but certainly were fun-loving.

But that was then, this is now, and I realize there's one huge difference.

Today, I'm freezing!

Yup those days are long gone, and I'm now at that point in my life where common sense, fiscal responsibility and the fact that doing those things now makes things hurt, makes me hesitant to venture down that road.

While I reminisce about those wintertime snow-filled adventures of my long gone youth, I now go out the door every evening to take Hamish the dog for a pee, and after he marks every tree in the yard to

warn the coyotes that this is his "turf"- he returns to the house to curl up on his rug for the night.

And as I make my return trip to the house, I still stop, look up to the heavens, and say a little prayer.

But these days the prayer is different.

"Please God, don't let it snow tonight!"

*Ted Brown is a freelance journalist for the IFP. He can be contacted at tedbit@hotmail.com.*

## SNAPSHOT



Tony Fortunato/photo

This downy woodpecker was photographed in Georgetown recently. If you have a high-rez photo of an interesting animal in Halton Hills, email it to news editor Kevin Nagel at knagel@metroland.com.

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