



WHERE'S THE BEEF? Al Cunneyworth hams it up with Todd Kabel at Al & Al's Red Brand Meats recently. Kabel, a Thoroughbred jockey, buys all his beef from Al. He says it's worth the drive to Acton!

The FRIAR'S FAVOURITES

The Friar loves to cook and although he won't give away any shop favourites, here's one of his that's popular at home!

• FRIAR'S BUTTER TART SQUARES •

(For the sweet tooth in the family)



Cream 1/2 cup butter well, then cream into it, 1 cup flour and 2 tbsp. white sugar.

Press smoothly, with floured palms and fingers, into an ungreased 9 x 9 pan and bake at 350F for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, mix together 1-1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 cup walnuts, 2 eggs, 3 tbsp. flour, 1/2 tsp. baking powder and 1 tsp. vanilla.

When base has cooked for 15 minutes, remove from oven and spread the second mixture evenly over top. Return to oven and bake 20 minutes until golden brown.

And when you have a cravin' for fish 'n' chips come on in to the Towne Friar and see why customers say...

"THEY'RE THE BEST FISH 'N' CHIPS WE'VE EVER EATEN"

14 Mill Street East, Acton **853-1053**

Tuesday to Thursday 11am to 7:30, Friday 11 am to 9 pm,
Saturday noon to 7 pm, Sunday & Monday closed



Help for Acton sex abuse survivors

BY FRANCES NIBLOCK

Every Tuesday night 10 Acton-area women gather to deal with the guilt, shame and anger they feel because they have been sexually abused.

The women, with the help of local therapists, are fighting to be survivors, not victims, of sexual abuse. By talking about the abuse with other women who know exactly how they feel they can deal with unresolved issues, build self esteem and get on with their lives.

The Acton program, an off-shoot of the Oakville-based Halton Sexual Abuse Clinic, began operating 10 weeks ago. Until then local women were forced to wait three or four months for an appointment in Oakville.

The sexual abuse statistics underscore the need for programs like the one in Acton. One in three women and one in five men will be sexually assaulted before their 18th birthday.

The road to recovery is long and difficult and painful to talk about. One Eden Mills woman, who does not want her name used, has written her story as part of her healing.

Here is her story.

I am 30-years-old. It doesn't seem right that so many years have passed since my abuse stopped and yet I still feel the effects every day.

I am an incest survivor. My grandfather sexually abused me from infancy until I was 13-years-old. I'm not exactly sure when the abuse started, although I've recently had a flashback where the details are very vivid. I was approximately 2, still in diapers. I thought I was crazy. How can anyone remember back so far? But I'd described my bedroom perfectly, my mother has confirmed.

I am very much still in the healing process. Sometimes I think I'm finally over the worst, but then I'll have a flashback. A song, a smell, anything can bring back the memories my mind suppresses. It is easier healing and dealing with the memories through the eyes of an adult. I'm so good at dissociating. That was another time, another little girl. Unfortunately, when I have flashbacks, I am that little girl again. The feelings, sights and smells are very real.

Flashbacks are memories of past traumas. They take the form of pictures, sounds, smells, body sensations, feelings or numbness. As a child who was abused, I had to insulate myself from the emotional and physical horrors of the trauma.

In order to survive, that insulated child remained isolated, unable to express the feelings and thoughts of that time. It is as though I put that part into a time capsule; until it comes full-blown in the present. When that part does come out, the little one, or inner child, is experiencing that past as if it was happening today, reliving it.

I never looked at my childhood. I ignored it, accepted it. "Everyone has a bad childhood," someone once said to me. Wrong! That's a cop-out, a sentencing for my children, for everyone's children. My memories of childhood are buried somewhere deep inside my mind. That terrifies me. I never know what will come out next.

Only in the last few years has my abuse surfaced and have I realized the damage that was done. I didn't wake up one morning and decide today was going to be the day I faced those demons, the pain that keeps rising to my mind. In fact I resisted it for many years. I covered up my feelings of pain, worthlessness, and hatred for years. I was very angry, very rude. I tried to commit suicide. I self-mutilated myself. Now I survive through my humour. A lot of people call it sarcastic humour. There are many tools of survival.

It wasn't until I became pregnant with my second child that my nightmares came. My grandfather died when I was three months pregnant. I was glad he was dead. I'd often prayed for it when I was a child. I became terrified he was going to reincarnate in my unborn child. I prayed for a girl, I just couldn't have a boy. He still had the power to make me afraid, to alter my life. After my daughter was born I became obsessed with keeping my children safe. Everyone was suspect. I cried, I ate, my weight soared. My depression ruled. I felt I had no purpose.

Finally I went to my doctor for help. Unfortunately, we couldn't afford a private therapist and I had to go on a waiting list for a therapist covered under O.H.I.P. I had no idea how many victims of child

abuse there were. After six horrible months I received a call and started receiving the help I desperately needed. I was lucky, some men and women have to wait longer than six months. I was put on an anti-depression pill. I was diagnosed with bulimia. I joined a support group. I read. I jumped in with both feet. It wasn't easy struggling with my memories and trying to be a good mother and wife all at the same time.

At first, talking about my abuse, admitting that something like that had happened to me was embarrassing and humiliating. I felt ashamed, dirty, unworthy. I felt I was betraying my mother, who was also a victim and who wasn't strong enough to protect me. And yet, how could I not come forward to stop this injustice. Not just for myself, but for my children. When I looked into their beautiful faces I knew I had to protect them; save their trust, their innocence and, most important, their future. I had to fight for a better life for them.

Bringing such horrors into the light stops secrets that bind us. The victims should NOT be ashamed, the abusers should!

I am lucky. I have a husband who is wonderfully supportive. I have two beautiful daughters aged 4 and 2. I have great friends and I have made myself a new family.

When my darkest memory of the past erupts and I'm hurting and crying I try to ground myself and bring myself back to the present. I'm not a victim anymore. I'm not that child. I'm safe. I can get help if I need to. So can you if you need it. I know that I'm not alone; there are many survivors. We don't need to hide any more. If you feel you need someone to talk to, someone to listen, there are people out there who will help. You are important. Please - call the crisis centre. Do it for yourself.

I know when my clouds come rolling in, it doesn't necessarily mean rain. For now, however, my journey is far from over, and every time I set sail the wind blows me closer toward my destination.

Christmas Is Coming



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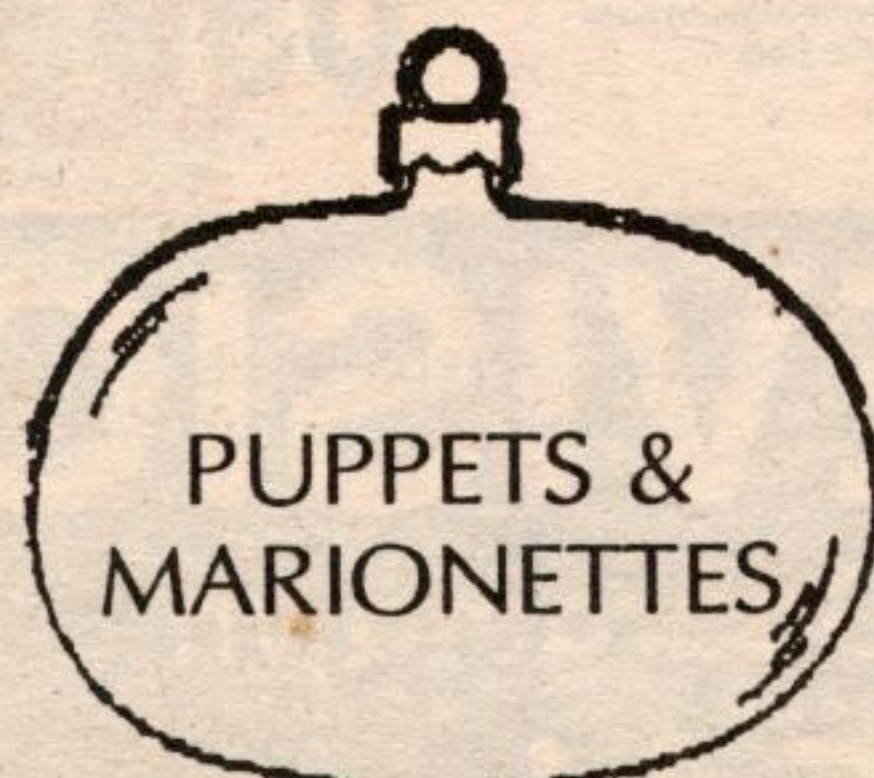
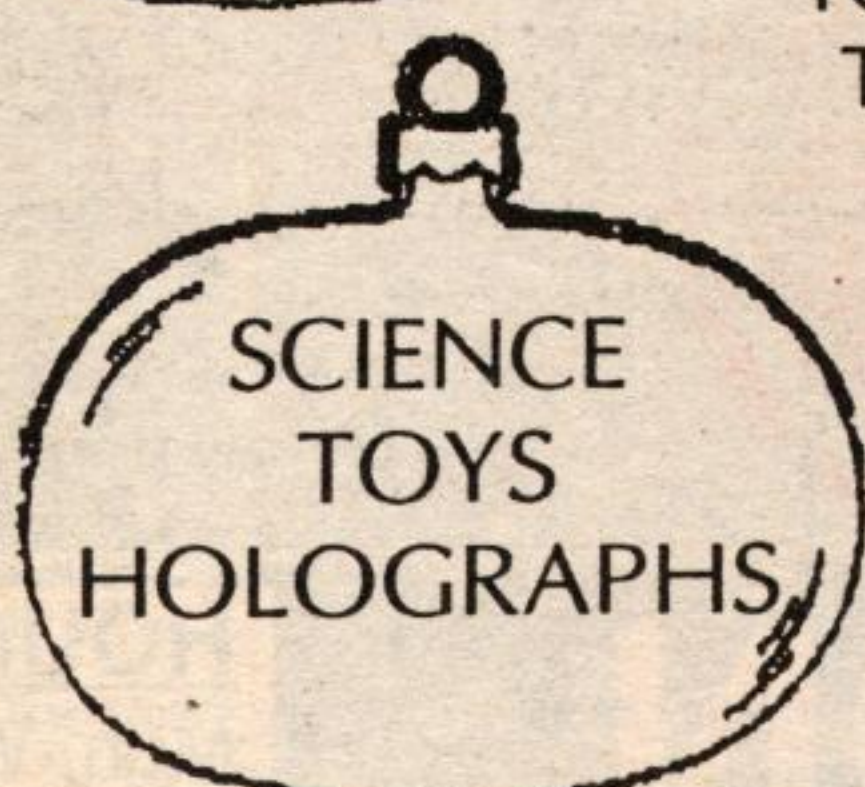


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