

GRAPE VINE

Original music and dance concert

In case you've ever wondered if our town has any real home-grown creative talent, circle this Saturday on your calendar.

The Acton Music Studio, along with the Acton School of Dance, are putting together "An Evening of Original Music and Dance" on Saturday night (7 to 8 pm) at St. Alban's Parish Hall.

What makes this weekend's presentation special is that it is an original music and dance concert; the music has been composed by students from the Music Studio, while the dances have all been choreographed by School of Dance students.

There is no admission charge, however organizers suggest that you bring a non-perishable food item for Acton FoodShare.

For information call 853-0390 or 853-4104.

It's "Derby" time!

Acton's Chris Inns was the big winner as the North Halton Scouts staged their annual Soap Box Derby last Saturday at United Aggregates, south of Acton.

Chris, a member of the Third Acton troop, took first prize in the competition, while Acton's Ray Seeger finished third in the consolation round.

Acton leaders John Sharples and George Henderson marshalled the

soap boxes, while police constable Dave Ford was on hand to give each participant a speeding ticket. Ford recorded the speed of each soap box on his radar and top speed coming down was 52 kilometres per hour.

Acton's Dave Eddolls helped organize the event, which attracted Scouts, Venturers, Leaders and parents from Acton, Ashgrove, Georgetown and Glen Williams.

Time to hoe a row

Our town's community garden is set to open May 15, and this summer's installment promises to be bigger and better.

The community garden, sponsored by FoodShare, the Horticultural Society and the deacons from the Christian Reformed Church, will be an organic enterprise with a number of 25-square-foot plots still available.

Call Madge (853-4872) or Bob (853-2708) for more details.

POWER shopping ...

POWER (Protect Our Water and Environmental Resources) will present "the largest garage sale in Ontario" at Georgetown's Alcott Arena on Saturday.

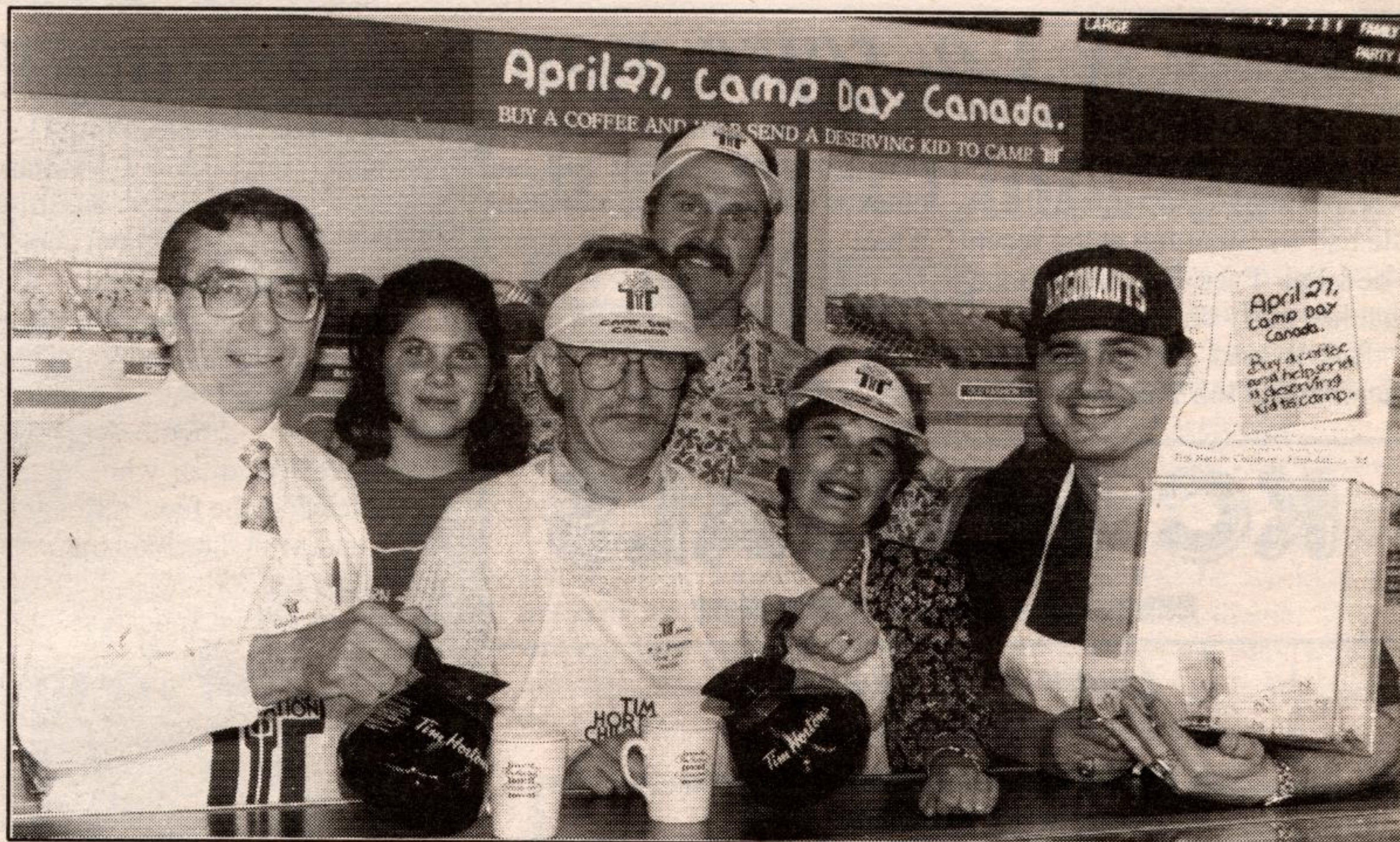
Clothes, toys and housewares will be offered from 9 am to 2 pm.

Call Lois at 877-5545 for info.

Hearns is new prez

Ken Hearns was elected president at the Halton North NDP riding association's annual general meeting recently in Milton.

MPP Noel Duignan spoke to the group about his Private Member's Bill 62, on its way to debate by Committee of the Whole and third reading in the provincial legislature.



SERVICE WITH A SMILE!

Last Wednesday was Camp Day at Tim Horton's and lots of Actonites came out to buy a coffee and help send a kid to camp. Helping out behind the counter were, from left, Counc. Gerald Rennie, employee Faith Malinosky, M.Z. principal Lynn Snider, Tim Horton's co-owner John Malinosky, Acton High's Joyce Bradley and former Argo Dan Ferrone. (Doug Harrison photo)

Janina would be pleased

Next Sunday being Mother's Day, our annual family discussion (the girls and I) over the dinner menu is well under way. We try to come up with some new wrinkle each year to make that dinner more memorable than years past. Mostly we do quite well with past triumphs being Beef Wellington and various stuffed seafood dishes (the bride's favourite) although I have to admit to the fiasco with the Cherries Jubilee. I forgot to heat the brandy and it just wouldn't light, so I kept adding more booze. I figured that sooner or later I'd get enough in it and the flame would catch. It never did and after about half a bottle I gave up. As I remember it, and it's pretty hazy, everyone ate it up and some even lapped at the bowl and spoons.

This year's discussion has taken a new direction. There's a movement amongst "the girls" to go out for dinner. Now I'm a traditionalist and I hesitate to change our usual Mother's Day ritual. I'm secretly afraid that, come Father's Day, I'll end up with a Big Mac and a beer instead of my favourite dinner. Still, "the girls" have offered to pay, there won't be any pots, pans and dishes to clean up. This could be the start of a "new tradition," but they better not be thinking about fooling around with Father's Day. Too much change is bad for the sole.

I enjoy Mother's Day, always have. I hope all you moms and grandmas and great grandmas have a wonderful day. To all you moms from all your kids — thanks for everything. And to all you cynics, I didn't put this in because it's cheaper than sending a card.

A good friend keeps reminding me that as we travel down life's highway there are signs which point out the right directions. Well, a few weeks ago, a stop sign popped up and smacked me in the head.

An old friend of mine, Janina Scott, passed away from an unexpected brain aneurysm. One moment a headache, the next she's gone. Janina was 49.

We met the Scotts in the early 1970s, when her husband Tom and I both worked at Hallmark Cards. Those were heady days. The economy was strong. The work was demanding but rewarding and we were all clawing our way up the

The Way I See It

With Mike O'Leary



corporate ladder. It was a time in our lives when babies were being born, houses bought and the future seemed rosy and unending. The company was very sociable, in those days, and the middle management group met often for dinners and parties. Janina always impressed me as a kind and gentle lady. She was proud of her two boys, of her husband's growth in the company hierarchy and confident of her contribution to their lives.

You're probably wondering why I'm writing about her. Most of our readers would never have had the opportunity to meet Janina, which is too bad, you would have liked her. Her death has caused me to re-examine my attitudes towards keeping in touch with old friends. Let me tell you what I learned.

Janina was remarkable because she did ordinary things extraordinarily well. She was not a notable politician, a captain of industry or wealthy philanthropist. Had she been, you would have read of her passing in all the big newspapers. She was, in fact, more accomplished than most of those whom society has deemed as being "newsworthy."

I left Hallmark almost 14 years ago. As so often happens with friends made at work, we slowly drifted apart. Over the years we occasionally met at retirement functions and the like. You know how it is. We'd promise to stay in touch, have dinner, but never did. We meant well but were all busy with families and jobs. I'm sure you have similar situations in your own life. There just never seems to be any time.

All of the "old gang" turned up for her funeral. These are the friends of my youth, many of whom I haven't seen for years. The service was personal and poignant. I heard a lot of things I had never known about her. I found myself wishing I had taken the time to know her better. The word love was used often. Janina had that quality to touch everyone she came in contact with.

She was, simply, a good person.

As is often the case when you don't see kids for years, I was amazed at how tall and strong her boys had grown. She would have been proud of how they handled their grief. They were, and I'm sure will continue to be, pillars of strength for Tom and the rest of the family. It's comforting that a part of her will live on through her sons.

Her dad told some special stories about his daughter. I guess they especially struck me because of our girls. He told of a person who, even after she went to work, would take the time to drop him a line to tell him how she was doing and what she was thinking. Janina wrote her dad about how much she loved him, how proud of him she was, how grateful. It was this sense, this feeling for others that always made her remarkable in my eyes.

After the service most of us chatted in the hall for a few minutes. We all promised to keep in touch and this time I intend to try. Notwithstanding the old Irish Tradition of only seeing old friends at weddings and wakes, I'm going to try to change my ways. Friends are too valuable to fritter away.

Right after Janina's funeral no less an authority than syndicated columnist Ann Landers was promoting a National Day of Reconciliation. On this day she proposed that everyone should contact an old friend or relative that they are estranged from. The idea is, of course, that life goes by too quickly to let old insult or injury keep us apart. Perhaps it was the timing, but with everything that is happening around us, it struck me as a great idea.

There are slightly over 43,000 minutes in a month. I have resolved to take just 15 of them and contact one old friend a month. School friends, business friends, whatever. They were important to my life once and I hope they will be again.

Now you know why I wanted to tell you the story of Janina Scott and how her passing has affected me. I made my first call and it was a wonderful experience. My friend was genuinely glad to hear from me and we're going to meet for lunch next month.

If only a few of my readers give it a try and a little more love and understanding is spread — well — I think Janina would be pleased.

HEY!

Any special Mother's Day greetings?



"She won't be home, but I would like to say Happy Mother's Day to my mom in Florida. She's been there a year and comes home May 15. I love you, miss you and can't wait until you get home."

Billie Dawkins, R.R.1, Acton



"Happy Mother's Day, Mom! I'll bring my mother here from Mississauga for dinner. It's always nice to have her."

Wayne Vincent, R.R.1, Acton



"Happy Mother's Day, Mom! I love you. If it wasn't for her I wouldn't be here. And a little help from my father, too, so an early Happy Father's Day wish to him."

Ann Davies, Acton Boulevard



"Happy Mother's Day, Mom. Thanks for always being there for me. I love you and hope you have a great day."

Penny Mills, Poplar Avenue