

# Winter Fair speech contest deadline is Friday

The deadline for entering the Young Speakers for Agriculture (YSA) competition at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair is fast approaching.

Young Speakers for Agriculture is a national opportunity for young people, between the ages of 16 and 24, to present a prepared, five-seven minute speech at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, held this year on Saturday, Nov. 3.

Presentations are prepared discussing one of the following five topics:

- Celebrating "International

Year of the Volunteer"

- Farming—A Way of Life or a Business?

• Where does our food come from? Should we care?

- Environmental Stewardship—Sharing the Responsibility

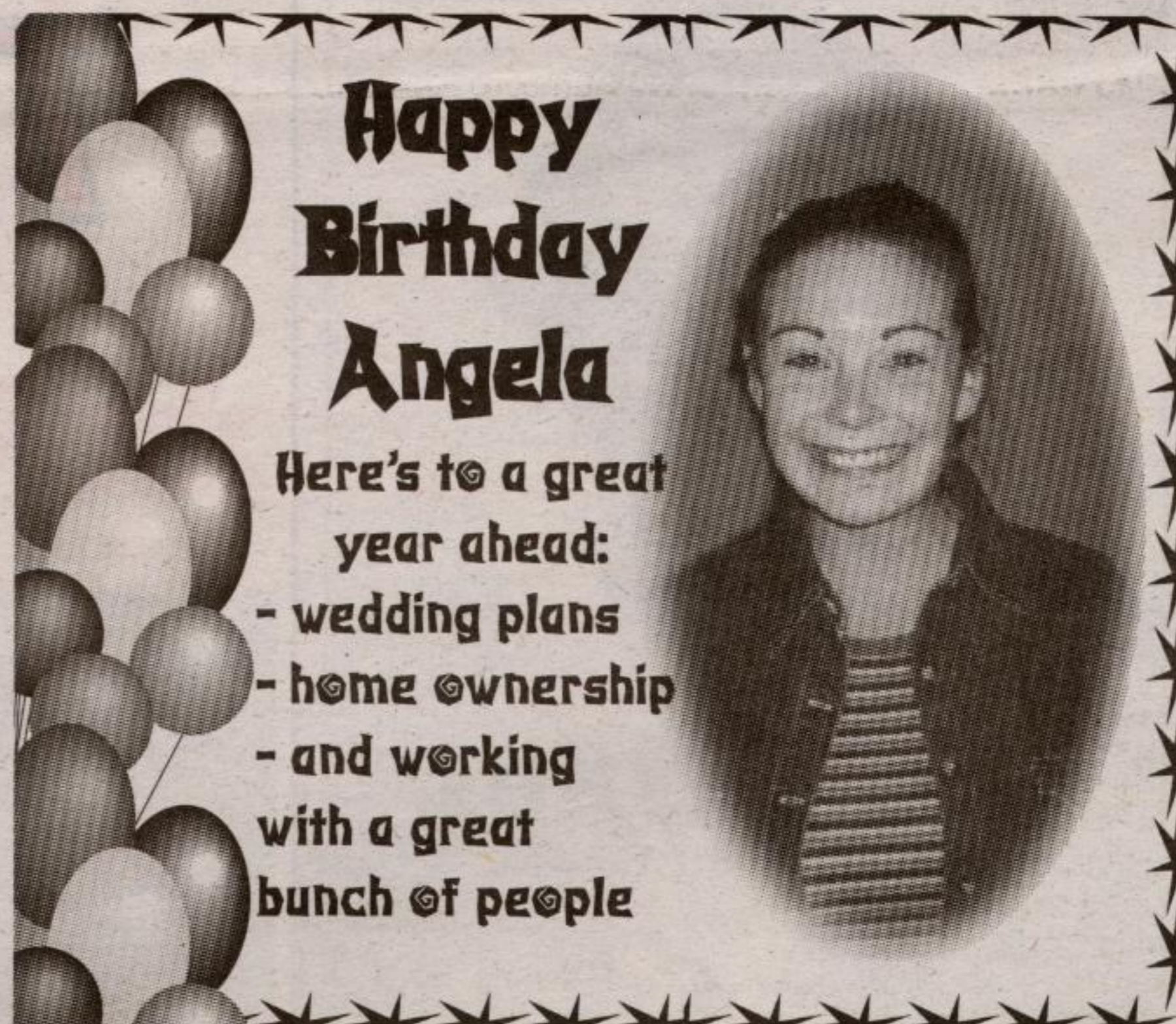
• The Royal Agricultural Winter Fair—Sustaining Canada's Agricultural Showcase

The program is jointly sponsored by Farm Credit Canada (FCC), Agriculture and Agri-Food Canada (AAFC), the Eastern Canada Farm Writers Association (ECFWA), the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture

and Food and Rural Affairs (OMAFRA), and the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair (RAWF).

There's still time to submit your application before the September 14 deadline. Call or write for your application today: Young Speakers for Agriculture, P.O. Box 25015, Stone Road Mall Postal Outlet, 370 Stone Road West, Guelph, Ontario N1G 2X0

E-mail inquiries may also be directed to Ted Young, YSA Chairman at tedyoung@sympatico.ca or by phoning 519-824-9253.



## Remembering Dr. Moore

Excerpt from eulogy written by son-in-law Farid Khan

Five days ago there was a flash of light in a Muskoka sky and Dad was instantly taken from us. The fire department said there was enough energy in that bolt to light Toronto. He was with family. Mom, Susan, Rene and Emily - all close by. Around were sisters, cousins and extended family.

From where he sat on the porch at Yenoham, he could see most of Doe Lake and cottages where he had spent part of every summer for his entire adult life.

Across the lake he could see the site where in just a few days he and Mom would be finalizing the details for construction of their retirement home. He was also just a stone's throw from the spot where he had proposed to Anne, the love of his life, over 43 years ago.

As usual, he was sitting quietly in the background watching over his family with his kind eyes and taking in the love and tenderness that he was so instrumental in creating. I wonder if he thought about the wedding the Saturday before when his children were all together. I remember him seeming so alive, so proud, so fulfilled and content. He danced up a storm that night.

In so many ways, Dad had reached the summit of his accomplishments. He has spent a lifetime carefully, deliberately and unselfishly raising a family, building a highly successful medical practice and in doing so, caring for an entire community of people. He had given so much but was now planning to enjoy the fruits of his accomplishments. Just a few more details to work out. Move house, build cottage, put a little more time at the office.

The short walk up to the peak seemed so inevitable and so effortless. Once there, he could pass on the responsibilities of his practice to another and devote himself to Mom, his children and hopefully, for once, himself.

Why must we be here today? How could this happen? This is impossible. Dad was indestructible. He never even caught colds. There was nothing, it seemed, that he could not carry on his broad shoulders.

In the last few days I have tried to make sense of it all. But I realize that I will never fully comprehend last Tuesday afternoon. My brain is just too small to grasp the meaning behind it. All I have is faith that there is a grander scheme for people who give as much of themselves as Dad did during his life. He was the very best among us and, therefore, must be in a better place.

Perhaps his work here was done. Perhaps he was need elsewhere. Perhaps he decided to take the full force of the lightning that day so that others would not be harmed. If he did, it would be entirely consistent with everything he did for others. Quietly, strongly, not seeking recognition and in a way that was almost imperceptible at the time.

The world these days seems to be desperately short of great men; men that we can admire, and look toward for strength and direction in our own lives. We recognize greatness in so many ways. Sometimes it is in actions - mountains climbed, wars won, businesses built. Other times it is in words, thoughts or theories.

Brian Moore was a great man in the truest sense, but his greatness lay not in his actions or words, but rather in the way he lived his life...For what he stood for as a man, husband and father.

We are all better people for knowing Brian Moore and the life that he lived.

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