

GRAPEVINE



5.5 Tremor hits Acton

The earth moved for 30 seconds in Acton at 1:41 p.m. on Wednesday – rocked by a 5.5 magnitude earthquake with an epicentre located 45-kilometres north of Gatineau, Quebec, 19-kilometres underground. The quake was felt from the Ottawa-Quebec border area to Windsor, Ontario.

At The New Tanner office, the floor and plants shook as the quake rolled through the area. Environmental Canada telephone lines were jammed with callers reporting the incident and looking for details. Halton police report numerous calls from people looking for information, but no damage or injuries were reported.

Seniors' celebration

The Acton Seniors Centre celebrates its 15th anniversary and Seniors Month at a dinner on June 24. A number of the volunteers who donate their time and talents to making the Centre a lively and interesting place to be will receive Ontario Service Awards, and some will receive certificates from the federal government.

Cancer fundraiser

Tickets are still available for the Mary Lou Douglas Memorial Dance on Saturday at the Legion, where partiers will sport duck tails and poodle skirts for the '50s and '60s-themed event featuring music from The Boom-erangs.

Proceeds from the dance, which features a silent auction, light buffet, door prizes and a cash bar, are earmarked for the Acton Branch of the Canadian Cancer Society. Tickets are available at Links2Care, Giant Tiger, RBC or call 519-853-1424.

Immigrant song

A new non-fiction book by former Acton resident Judy Fong Bates is receiving rave reviews as an "elegant and surprising book about a Chinese family's difficult arrival in Canada, and a daughter's search to understand remarkable and terrible truths about her parents' past lives."

Fong Bates, who recounted growing up in Acton in her novel *Midnight at the Dragon Café* and *China Dog: More Tales From a Chinese Laundry*, is an award-winning author whose latest

memoir – *The Year of Finding Memory*, details the first generation immigrant experience in a small town.

Donor numbers

Sixty-six units of blood were collected at the Canadian Blood Services clinic at the Legion last Thursday. Six people were deferred for various reasons, and there were two first-timers.

Clinic volunteers said a fond farewell to long-time volunteer Joyce Buchanan – who donated more than 50 years, on and off, to the Red Cross clinics in Acton. Fittingly, Buchanan, the Legion rep at the clinics, was presented with a Bleeding Heart plant.

The next clinic is July 14, from 4 to 8 p.m., at the Acton arena/community centre.

West's warbles win

Congrats to Acton's Wendy West whose singing and song-writing skills earned her first place at the recent Chartwell Senior Centre Star Competition in Guelph.

The win propels West, who also produces oil portraits and bronze sculptures, to the national singing competition at the Royal York Hotel this September.

Still polluted

For the third week in a row, high bacteria levels made it unsafe to swim or splash around at the Old Beach in Prospect Park, one of five Halton beaches deemed unsafe for swimming last week.

Beach water quality information is available 24-hours a day by dialing 311 or 1-866-442-5866.

Board members wanted

SAVIS – the Sexual Assault and Violence Intervention Services of Halton – is looking for new Board members for the group that offers free counseling services to survivors of sexual violence, and educational programs to the community.

SAVIS operates from a "feminist/anti oppression perspective" and invites interested volunteers to call 905-825-3622.

Berry time

Tickets are still available for the Strawberry Social at Knox Presbyterian Church on Wednesday (June 30) from 4:30 to 6:30.

Call Lois for more information at 519-853-0318.



LIFESAVER HONoured

Joanne Wilson, the Town's Gellert Facility Supervisor, was honoured by Mayor Rick Bonnette recently for earning the Commonwealth Service Cross Award and the Lifesaving Society's Centenary Medal.

– Frances Niblock photo

A Message worth Repeating

After a few false starts it appears that summer is finally going to stay. With summer holidays rapidly approaching we again remind you to take extra care when driving around. Children can be joyously irresponsible. With the growing popularity of cycling, motorists have to be on the watch for them.

With the summer recess, especially in high schools, comes the traditional end of year parties and dances. Some of these parties will be "bush parties." These can be especially dangerous as young people gather in secluded locations and sometimes drink to excess. It's not enough for parents to be delude themselves that our child is a "good kid." Friends, if you convince yourself of that you're probably wearing rose coloured glasses.

Teens traditionally chafe under parental rules. They constantly test the limits. This is all part of the maturing process. As parents, the best we can do is trust you have instilled in them the values and good judgement that will enable them to survive unscathed until they mature. Following is one strategy we used that I can recommend.

There is a yellowed newspaper article stuck on our fridge. I cut it out many, many years ago. Actually it's a "Dear Abby" column, (Yes – I read Dear Abby. Doesn't everyone?) Over the years, as our children learned to drive, we made sure each of them read and re-read it. Then we sat each one of them down and discussed it. We harped and harped about how an accident can happen in the blink of any eye when a car is going 30, 50 or 70 miles per hour. For good measure we left the article on the fridge where everyone would see it everyday. Even if they only glanced at the headline, we hoped they would recall the messages. I hope parents of teens will also cut this out and put it on your fridge.

The Way I See It

with
Mike O'Leary



I remember what it was like to be 17. You think you are indestructible. Sure, bad things happen, but they never happen to you. Life is a blast and you live a charmed existence.

The roads today are much less safe than when I was a kid. In addition to higher traffic volumes, we now have the phenomenon known as "road rage." It's not enough to teach defensive driving habits. Now you have to watch for some jerk throwing a hairy fit because you didn't move over fast enough. Drivers today have to be alert every single second they are behind the wheel.

Children are our most prized possessions. Getting their license is a huge step in their development. But they need to be reminded that they are not invincible. The consequences of a car accident can be devastating. Reminding them isn't nagging, it's saying "I love you."

Please God, I'm only 17.

The day I died was an ordinary school day. How I wish I had taken the bus! But I was too cool for the bus. I remembered how I wheedled the car out of Mom. "Special favour," I pleaded, "all the kids drive."

When the 3:00 bell rang, I stuffed all my books in the locker. I was free until tomorrow morning! I ran to the parking lot, excited at the thought of driving a car and being my own boss. FREE!

It doesn't matter how the accident happened. I was goofing off – going to fast. Taking crazy chances. But I was just being a kid, just having fun.

The last thing I remember was passing an old lady who seemed to be going awfully slow. I heard

the deafening crash and felt a terrific jolt. Glass and steel flew everywhere. My whole body seemed to be turning inside out. I heard myself scream.

Slowly I came to; it was very quiet. A police officer was standing over me. Then I saw a paramedic. My body was mangled; I was covered with blood. Pieces of jagged glass were sticking out all over. Strange that I couldn't feel anything. "There should be pain," I thought.

Why are they covering me up? Don't pull that sheet over my head. I can't be dead. I'm only 17; I've got a date tonight. I am supposed to grow up and have a wonderful life. I haven't lived yet. I can't be dead. Not me!

Later I was placed in a drawer. My parents had to identify me. Why did they have to see me like this? Why did I have to look at Mom's face when she faced the most terrible ordeal of her life? Dad suddenly looked like an old man. He told the man in charge, "Yes, this is our child."

The funeral was a weird experience. I saw all my relatives and friend walk toward the casket. They passed by, one by one, and looked at me with the saddest eyes I've ever seen. Some of my buddies were crying. A few of the girls touched my hand and sobbed as they walked away.

Please...somebody...wake me up! Get me out of here. I can't bear to see my Mom and Dad so broken up. My grandparents are so racked with grief they can barely walk. My brother and sisters are like zombies. They move like robots. In a daze, everybody! No one can believe this. I can't believe it either.

Please don't bury me! I'm not dead! I have a lot of living to do! I want to laugh and run again; I want to sing and dance. Please don't put me in the ground. I promise if you give me just one more chance. God, I'll be the most careful driver in the whole world. All I want is one more chance.

Please God, I'm only 17.

Correction

A recent story about a Halton sustainable water and wastewater master plan should have said that Halton Hills is the only municipality in Halton to **solely** get its water from wells.

The New Tanner regrets the error.

Based on incorrect information supplied by Halton Police, The New Tanner reported last week that a warrant was outstanding for Bradley Williams. In fact, Williams had been in custody since his arrest on June 3, and appears for a bail hearing by video today (Thursday). At the time of the incident, Williams was **not** taking his medication.

The New Tanner regrets the error.