



COMMENT



THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

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The Milton Canadian Champion is a Recyclable Product

Milton did it again

Take a bow, Milton. You've done it again.

Once more the town showed the size of its heart by showering donated cash, toys and food into The Champion's Salvation Army Christmas Bureau Fund.

With your help, the fund reached \$24,626, just a hair short of its \$25,000 target.

Due to your generosity, all Milton families had a gift under their tree and food on the table on Christmas Day.

The Champion thanks everyone who contributed to the fund, and by doing so proved why Milton is such a great place to live.

It has become fashionable lately for the word 'Christmas' to be substituted for 'holiday', in a bow to those of different faiths. But the essence of December 25 shouldn't change. And since the joy of giving can too easily morph into an orgy of receiving, it's nice to know that the spirit of goodwill toward mankind still thrives in our town.

Now Christmas is over, but the need doesn't go away. There are still families out there struggling to make ends meet, and the cash may only get tighter as the economy undergoes a slight softening in the new year.

But by donating just a little to the Salvation Army throughout the year, residents can make it feel like Christmas here all the time.

I really will make a prediction on virtually anything

I hate surprises.

I'm not kidding. I really do.

At movies, I actually prefer to know how it ends before I go in. Especially if someone dies, which is pretty much always.

This makes me something less than an avid filmgoer because I never want people to die in any movie I see. Not even the bad guys. I just want them to go away some place with all the other bad guys where they can bother each other instead of nice people like me.

I must have got this from my mother, who, and I'm not kidding here either, has been known to read a book backward — from the last page to the first.

I've tried this myself and it isn't as confusing as it would seem. Not that that's a good reason for doing it.

It could be that I don't like surprises because my memory has much in common with that of a goldfish — it erases every three seconds or so. When that happens, virtually everything you encounter is a surprise.

That's why I became a reporter. It's one of the few jobs where you can legitimately walk around with a notepad taking down what every-

one says and not be considered strange.

Or not for that reason, anyway.

When saddled with a memory bearing more holes than the flat earth theory, it's good to have family around to remember my past for me.

And friends can be counted on to regale me with tales of my former exploits, so that if I can't remember what I've actually done, at least I can remember them telling me about it. Especially if I had a notebook with me at the time.

This is particularly good when the stories are stretched, making me sound quite legendary. They're only spoiled by my family's grumbings that I've given them ulcers. I tell them if they don't like it, they can forget, too.

But when life is a big fat mystery, you learn to find stability where you can. I manage by laying friendly wagers on everything from when the first snow will fall to when pretty Canadian popsters Shania Twain and Roch Voisine will stop fighting the inevitable and marry.

I'm never right, which is fine. If I was, I'd be surprised, and that would ruin the point.

Which is why I'm so boldly able to peer into the future and predict the fate of the 189 geared-to-seniors bungalows poised to pop up on land



OUR READERS WRITE

I'm a stroke survivor and a very lucky guy

Dear Editor:

I'm writing to express how thankful I am.

I'm a stroke survivor who feels he's a very lucky guy. The wonderful amount of love and support that I have from family and friends, especially my loving wife Linda, and my amazing 20-year-old son Jason, who puts my needs before his own.

I have terrific doctors and a dedicated group of therapists. Lorena Smith and her wonderful staff fur-

ther blessed me with me being accepted at Milton Place, an adult day care run at Allendale.

A beautiful lady I met at therapy, Judi Hansen, along with myself and a Milton District Hospital advisory group wish to share with other stroke survivors and their families and friends the wealth of information we have gathered in respect to strokes — available support (financial, moral, therapeutic and the latest medical advancements) — and exchange ideas and thoughts.

We're starting a chapter of the Stroke Recovery Association here in Milton. We will meet once a month on the second Monday at Allendale at 3:30 p.m. and all stroke survivors, their families and friends are extended an invitation, and anyone that has input or concerns in regard to stroke survivors.

We plan to have guest speakers, information to take with you and refreshments to be served.

Don Fendley
Milton



Gentle persuasion
with IRENE GENTLE

by the E.C. Drury complex.

First I predict that, though there may be no legal compunction to make it so, the vast majority of the units will be taken up by seniors.

That's because they're designed for seniors. The units will be constructed according to their needs, which are often diametrically opposed to those of the young. Big houses versus small, for example.

I also predict that the new community will not turn Ontario Street, Childs Drive or any access route into either an Indy-style speedway or a highway-inspired logjam.

Seniors, as a rule, don't view their car as an extension of themselves and thus want to take

them everywhere, the way we younger folk do.

And when they do drive, they tend to do so in a manner that's the antithesis of reckless.

Finally, seniors have no compelling reason I can think of to add to the already diabolical rush-hour traffic.

That's because they have nowhere to rush to in particular. It's the reason they're so often seen blithely coasting to their destination while the rest of us go apoplectic behind them.

Still, however rarely seniors use their cars, and however carefully they drive them, I predict that much scrutiny will be placed on the development in its first year or two.

Any empty unit will be seen as a sign that the whole thing wasn't needed in the first place.

And the first accident will be considered the inevitable fall-out of placing all those seniors in our midst without adequate barriers to protect us.

And then, somewhere in the third year or so, I predict all the hoopla will just die away.

When that happens I can start laying wagers on which of those who opposed the new community most ferociously will be the first to purchase a home there.

But don't worry. I won't be right.