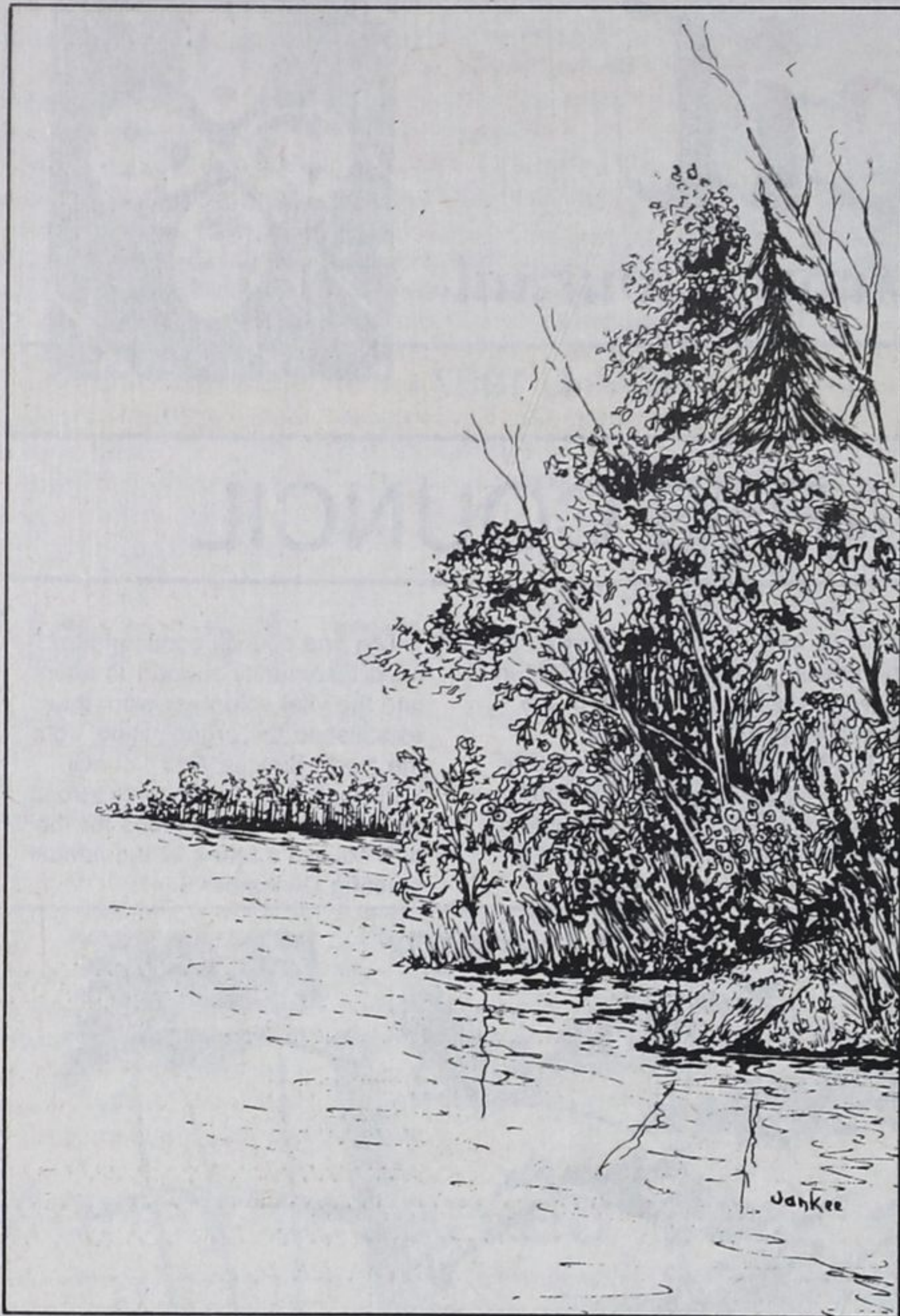


Arts Council



The pond

by W.E. (Bill) Hanna

The first time I saw it, the pond was a scene of utter desolation, a flat expanse of sluggish water broken by patches of grey-brown cattails, decaying vegetation and twisted and tortured branches of long-dead trees reaching from the water in last, futile clutches at the blue sky that seemed to mock them. The mud bottom, nowhere more than about four feet deep, still supported a few tall, naked trees standing like old, grey, tired men soaking their feet after a weary progress through time. At one end, where the rock ridges formed a lip about fifty yards across, and preventing the water from cascading down the rocky chute below, was a beaver dam, old but many times renewed, bespeaking the existence of life in the midst of the apparent decay. And indeed there was life in abundance. As I watched, a beaver formed his silent vee'd bow-wave as he made his way to the bank-

lodge along the shore behind me. A thousand small creatures made stirrings, croakings and bubbings around me, and by the far shore a great blue heron lumbered with impossibly slow wing-beats into the air before shattering the dignity of the occasion with his raucous warning squawk. A small flock of blue-bills suddenly skittered in frantic haste from behind a patch of weed and became air-borne against the incredible backdrop of multi-hued flaming leaves on the far hillside. Burgeoning life was evident in the flight of a kingfisher, the busy paddling of a muskrat and the tracks of deer and moose along the shore. No doubt in the midst of this teeming life there is death and pain and decay, but in this setting it seems somehow right and fitting, and as I sat, and looked, and felt the tranquility of the place flow over me like a magic, golden mist, I knew that here was a sanctuary wherein I could soothe my troubled soul; and so it has been for many years.



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What a challenge, an experience, a wonder,
just living each new day.

I want to be, all that I can be,
say all the words I have to say.

I want to feel, to touch, to share,
to hurt and laugh and cry.

I cannot be here forever,
so let me live until I die.

Let me see new places.
Take me where I've never gone.

Let me hear the music,
of a beautiful new song.

Let me feel a sunrise,
all fresh and new and warm.

Let me keep on living,
that's the reason I was born.

I have felt such heartbreak,
when Love is dead and gone.

But, only because I really knew love,
I'm sure I wasn't wrong.

I give myself entirely
to each new dream and plan.

There's no half-way to what I do,
I give it all I can.

So when my days on earth are done,
let no one shed a tear.

I want to be remembered
for being alive while I was here.

Dreams

Dream come true in the nighttime.

I close my eyes and you are here;

Holding me, wanting me

and most important of all - needing me.

It feels so good to have you here.

So good, I sleep, contented,

relaxed in the curve of your arm.

Sheltered, safe and tiny as a child.

No harm can come to me now.

But, morning comes as suddenly as death
and you are gone.

Never here, never have been, and yet...

tonight, again I'll sleep

content in my dreams.

You will return tonight.

Mine Alone

Ever so gently, you nudge me and say,
"Mommy, I'm right here with you."
and the joy that I feel, can't be explained
It makes me forget all my blues.

I lay still at night, with my hand placed just right,
So I can feel as you kick and you grow.
And I dream of the day, I'll hold you and say,
"For awhile, you were mine, alone."

Still, when you're born, whether daughter or son,
I will love you with all of my heart.

It will be a love, forever yours,

Whether we're near or far apart.

Then when you learn a different love,

We will never have to fear.

For my love will not falter,

But always keep us near.

Then, everytime I hear the door close
and your voice saying, "Mom, we're home."

I'll think of the day, I dreamed I would say

"For awhile, you were mine, alone."

C.M. Wiggins

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