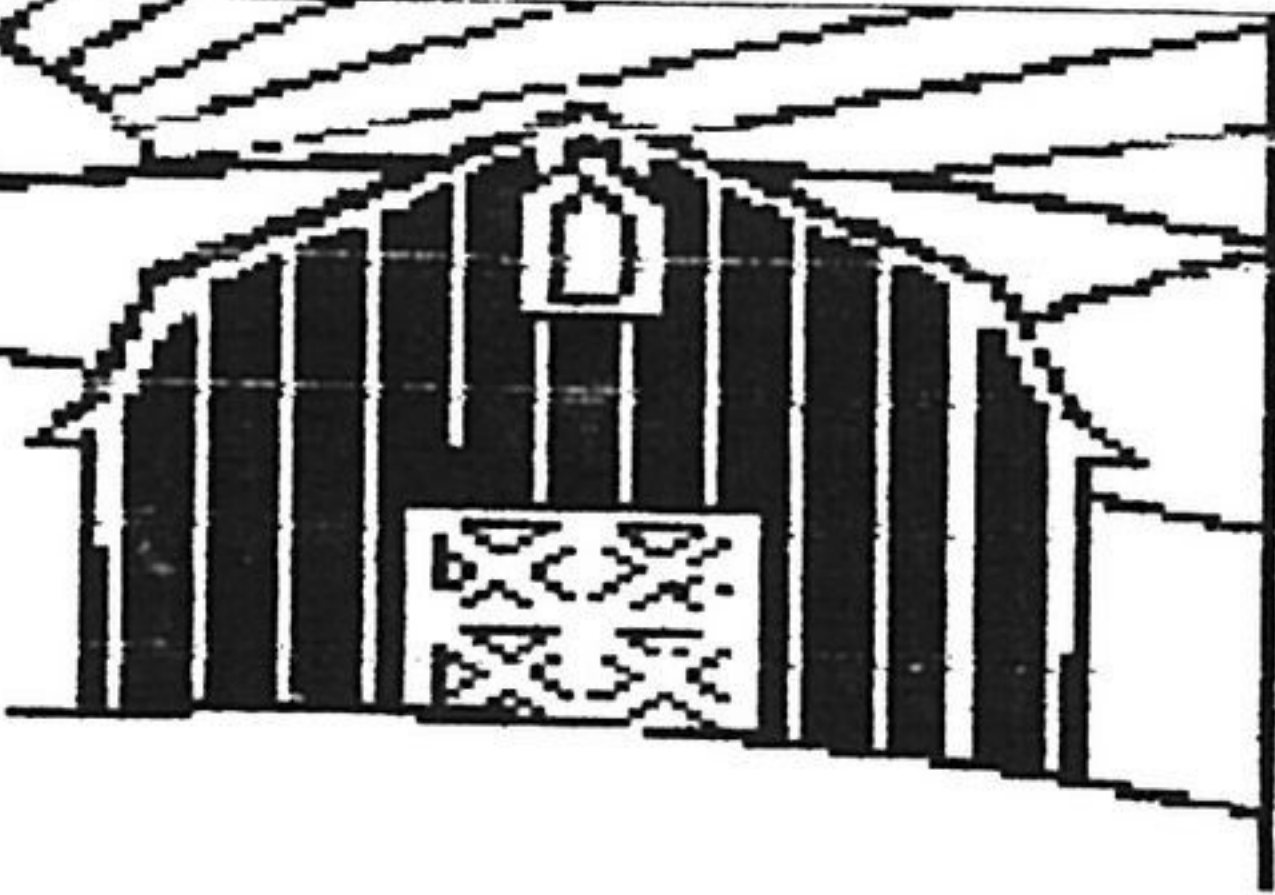


CHANGE



I change my shirt, socks and underwear every day - so probably do you. Before I retired, I changed all of the above, but also my suit and tie every day. (I don't own a suit that fits me now except my old tuxedo - it's easy to adjust size-wise) But change is more pervasive than this. When I was young, crystal sets were often a suitable gift for a young boy who was entranced by Buck Rogers and Dick Tracey who had a wrist radio.

If you think of it, those of us older than 5 years have seen such astonishing changes. Television, cellular phones, satellite TV and prepackaged foods that regardless of our sentiments taste better than Grandma's and are probably more healthy.

So, we of the middle to senior age have lived through more change than any other generation in history. No wonder, the increase in tranquilizers, analgesics and illness attributable to stress and strain.

However, I found the cure, I thought. I retired early and moved to the Eden of Canada. Think, we have apples, serpents and enough of the beautiful female gender to be Eves that we qualify as a modern Eden.

I thought I would no longer have to cope with advances in technology. No longer do I have a technician in my office working on my computer terminal saying "Sorry sir, just adding a new software programme that will enable you to count the dimples on an orange skin and compare it with a lemon skin in an instant. "What about a grapefruit" I asked. "Not until next April" he said "to coincide with the season". This amongst other things convinced me to move.

But God forbid since moving her, we've been caught in

the maelstrom of change. Think, two B & Bs, an Emporium and 4 new houses in the last three years. I began to experience nervousness, but didn't know how to cope until one morning on our walk. We had been generally been quiet through the mystery of the fog enshrouded countryside when suddenly Valerie grabbed me over to the shoulder as a car sluiced slowly through the fog.

"Watch out" she said. "What's troubling you?"

"Well" I said I heard a chap say the other day that if South Marysburgh township carries on at its current rate of development, we'll soon be like Etobicoke"

"Get real" said Her Nibs. "Use some of your analytical skills to deal with that suggestion". We walked along in silence while I cogitated. Finally, opposite Betty Ann's I said with a smile.

"Valerie"

"Yes" she replied

"I have calculated"

"What" she said

"If the township increases in population by 40 people each year and nobody dies or leaves..."

"Yes" she said

"We will have the population of Etobicoke in 8,102.4 years"

"Well" she said "Can you cope?"

"That rate of change is custom-built for a retired civil servant" I said as my tensions flowed away....

-John Jackson

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