

RUBY LODGE MEETING

Ruby Rebekah Lodge held their regular monthly meeting on October 14th with Noble Grand Mrs. Beth Macadam and Vice Grand Mrs. Gladys Hamilton presiding.

The vice Grand presented a lengthy sick and visiting report and the finance officers presented their semi annual financial reports.

The C.P.T. committee will hold their first meeting November 1st in the Anglican Church Hall.

Donations were sent to the Muscular Dystrophy Association of Canada and the President's Project.

An invitation was received from Amethyst Rebekah Lodge to attend their birthday celebration and a letter of thanks from the Navy League of Canada.

Mrs. Barbara Nesbitt was installed as Inner Guardian by the presiding officer Mrs. Helen Wallace P. D.D.P. Mrs. Mary Husband, PNG acted as Deputy Marshall and Mrs. Jean Fisher as Deputy Chaplain.

N.G. Mrs. Macadam informed the lodge about the pleasant social evening which was enjoyed with the Oddfellows Lodge of Ontario when Grand Master Mr. Yaxley and Mrs. Yaxley were present.

Mr. Yaxley gave an informative address before showing films of the Youth Pilgrimage Bus Tour and the Oddfellows and Rebekah Home in Barrie.

The various conveners thanked their committees for services rendered.

It was agreed to have the New Officers' Tea on November 7th in the Town Hall from 3 to 5 p.m. A bake and candy table will be an added feature.

After the next meeting on October 28th there will be a Halloween social and card party with prizes for costumes and cards. Convener will be Mrs. Florence Fischer and her committee.

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more expensive educational institutions - high schools colleges and universities. Fewer dropouts is a factor in the increase.

Average cost for each enrolment is up twelve percent - \$1,206. per student this year; \$1,080 last year

Enrolment in elementary schools is increasing only marginally while secondary school enrolment goes up about four percent. In colleges and universities the increase is about ten percent. The reduced dropout rate is revealed by the fact that the estimated secondary and post-secondary school growth is greater than expected on the basis of population age-group statistics.

BILL SMILEY'S COLUMN

In the midst of the terror and panic induced by the F.L.Q. kidnappings, it was therapeutic, to say the least, to experience a few minutes of peace and sanity and beauty in a world that seems to be steadily steering a path toward chaos.

Sorry you weren't able to share in this pleasant interlude, but then you weren't invited to the Baha-i wedding in our backyard.

When I was in the newspaper business, I loathed writing-up weddings, with their interminable details of the bride's costume, down to the last, lousy stephanotis. Not this one.

It wasn't all smooth sailing. My wife insisted that the lawn be raked. I insisted that she was going to spoil the natural setting of golden leaves the couple wanted.

It rained all week, and I thought I was home free. But the day before the ceremony, it dried up, and my cook was goosing me to get to work. She is a better, or more persistent, insister than I.

With a herculean effort and the aid of two small boys, I got the hedge trimmed, the lawn raked, the dead weeds pulled and a pile of fresh leaves covering the old sand-box which serves as a combination compost-heap and garbage-dump. The groom came around and asked what the point was of raking the leaves.

During the night, naturally, it rained and blew, and by morning, the lawn looked exactly as it had when I'd started the day before. My only satisfaction was going around all morning muttering "I told you so."

Tension increased as the day wore on. It was pouring. The girls' dresses and new shoes would be ruined. People would be tracking mud into the house. The neighbors, who'd been looking forward to the spectacle for weeks, would be deeply disappointed should the ceremony be moved indoors.

As the Saturday morning passed, and the drizzle held, no word from the bride. We phoned, and her mother, with supreme confidence, said it was going to clear by noon. At noon, I took a little sashay out to check. The sky was like the inside of a tar barrel and the

Scotch mist showed no signs of abating.

But those Baha-i's must have something special going for them. By one p.m., it had stopped raining. By two it was clear, and a number of guests had arrived. (Typically, the bride had issued invitations for two p.m., the groom for three p.m.)

By three, it was one of those beautiful, warm, autumn days, with the sun catching the highlights of the maples, the grass almost dry, and about 80 guests in a variegation of colors that made even the full glory of the fall foliage look a bit dim.

They piled out of vans and cars and moved into the yard. There was everything from blue jeans to smashing maxi dresses, buckskin jackets to white shawls, colorful headbands to cowboy boots, ultra-mod tweed jackets to gaucho hats.

The principals were not to be outdone. The bride, with long, sleek golden hair, wore a full-length hand-crocheted off white dress with matching hood. The groom was no less imposing, with beard and Afro hair style, his dark, full-length cape covering a white tunic with black hand embroidery. Only a few old squares, like the principals of the parents and us, wore "ordinary" suits and dresses.

Ninety per cent of the guests were under 21, happy and excited, but mute and reverent during the ceremony.

The service itself was charming in its simplicity and sincerity. Friends and relatives read selected prayers. There was no ritual as such, no sermon. The couple was attended by a Witness, who did just that - witnessed.

The only music was a modern song, with the refrain, "See me, touch me, hold me, heal me", soft and lovely, sung by our Kim and friend Mike Hanna.

Then the bride and groom pledged themselves to each other and to God, kissed emphatically, and it was all over.

They can have a Baha-i wedding in my backyard any time. Except February. I will be barbecued before I will shovel three feet of snow out of my yard for anything except the Second Coming.

Shop your newspaper ads and keep the savings in your own pocket.