

opinion

This one's for you

Larry ...



In this week's issue of your "NEWS" you will find an article entitled "Make January the month you stop smoking for good". Normally, I of all people wouldn't be promoting a non-smoking campaign, but following an indepth conversation with a newly reformed smoker by the name of Larry Simons, I have submitted myself to publicize this.

Larry repeatedly tells me that I should quit. Most reformed smokers preach this. He is definitely no exception to the rule. He tells me the same thing that the accompanying article tells me ... I am addicted ... it's just a psychological habit. But there's one thing that he can't possibly know. I need those cancer sticks. I need that vice. If I attempt to quit, numerous things will occur.

- 1) Tremors will overtake my body. Hands will shake ... eyes become glazed ... thoughts of killing for a cigarette will cross my mind.
- 2) People will begin to avoid all contact with me (more than usual) for fear of coming under attack.
- 3) Someone will contact the local Children's Aid Society for fear that I will cause bodily harm to my child.
- 4) Valium will become my middle name.

Why risk it when all these things prevail? Larry claims that he will assist me in my stop-smoking-campaign. Well Larry, be prepared to slap my hands when I reach for those foul weeds. Be prepared for numerous phone calls, particularly after every meal ... in the wee hours of the morning when I can't sleep ... when Friday deadline creeps up on me and I become increasingly hysterical ... when no one is around to tell me what a good person I am for forsaking the filthy habit. And be prepared to conduct very short Council meetings. One can't even prepare themselves to sit through one of your Council meetings without a full package of cigarettes.

The article goes on to say that it takes tremendous willpower to quit smoking. It also says that not everyone can do it. (hal hal Larry). It then tells you who to contact if you need help with your pet project. They suggest that you put your faith in your family doctor. My family doctor smokes. How can you put your faith in a man who smokes and then tells you not to?

Or you could try hypnosis. Larry did ... and he quit for a total of 11 months. But the old urge struck and he didn't have the willpower to say no to himself. (hal hal). I had a friend who paid her \$60 fee in order to go through hypnosis. The only thing that she gained was the fact that she was \$60 poorer.

Other techniques have been used by many and these include acupuncture, electric aversion therapy, drug therapy, hiding your cigarettes, supplementing your urge with candies, etc., the good old filter system that promises you the world, and the faithful stand-by ... chewing gum which contains what you desire most, nicotine. The most popular of chewing guns is called Nicorette and it is used in place of the cigarette. When the urge strikes ... chew. It's not the most pleasant thing in the world to hit your taste buds. In fact it's almost as tasty as sucking on the bottom of a well used ashtray! And it doesn't always work either. Ask me!

But I shall give it my best shot Larry. I will attempt to slap my own hands. I will place them out of sight (out of mind). I will call on my friends for support. I will observe "Weedless Wednesday" and support the "National Non-Smoking Week" which is scheduled to run the week of January 22-28. But I will need help. Lots of it. And I guarantee you Larry, that you will soon sicken of my hysterical voice and my pinched facial expressions.

Oh, and by the way ... congratulations on quitting. For now.

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anchor

On a recent Donahue show, a panel of four theologians discussed the National Council of Churches' (NCC) new translation of the Bible. I had not the opportunity to view the show as a whole, nor have I completely ascertained the philosophy behind the new translation. Nevertheless, I would like to briefly address some of the views which I did encounter. To anyone who cares to enlighten me further, I shall be grateful.

As I understand it, the NCC has decided to de-sex the Bible and thus put an end to discrimination. They say that it does not matter whether you call God, Father or Mother, so that the Lord's Prayer can now be translated "Our Father (Mother) which art in heaven..." despite the fact that the original Greek text has "Our Father."

You may choose either title or both, depending of course, upon which title most appeals to you. But their argument is deceptive. On the one hand they say that since God is neither male nor female it does not matter how we address Him. On the other hand, they imply that calling God our Father, has lead to discrimination against women, so we should not call Him Father. Clearly then, the manner in which we address God does not matter to them.

Another change found therein, is the manner after which Christ is called. He is no longer the Son of God but the child of God. To be completely consistent, one would think they should have altered Son to Daughter, but I suppose even they thought it would be slightly absurd to call Jesus, who according to his human nature was a man, "the Daughter of God (Goddess?)".

There was one more remark which surprised me. At one point, during the discussion one of the panelists, frustrated by the questions of a lady who objected to the new translation, retorted, "If you don't like it, you don't have to read it." Now if only those who like it read it, how will this new translation serve to rid the world of sexual discrimination? Presumably, along with those who object to this translation for doctrinal, scholarly or linguistic reasons, there may be those who will not like it because they do practise sexual discrimination. Since those who do not discriminate by sex do not need a new translation, who is left?

The real problem here is found not in the Bible, but in translators who rely more upon their own abilities than upon God. There may be discrimination in the church, and there certainly is discrimination of all kinds in the world, but I do not believe that the Bible is the source. Moreover, the solution to the problem lies not in changing the translation of the Bible, but in listening to and receiving the message of the Bible. When people let Christ into their lives, then only is true change effected.

Duane Peters
Holy Gospel Lutheran Fellowship

Arthur Black

"Anything but shoot it"



Welcome to 1984.

The worst thing I know about this calendar year is that the word "Orwellian" is going to pop-up about every 15 seconds. Tax hikes will be dubbed "Orwellian". Any bureaucrat who mangles the language will be accused of talking in "Newspeak". Every time the government makes some bone-headed move, some knee-jerk newspaper columnist somewhere will crank-out a column based on the theme "Big Brother Is Watching Us."

Such as ... well ... this column for instance.

This is the story of Fred H. Zimmermann, a resident of Port Elgin, Ontario, who came up this way last fall to do a little moose hunting. Fred and his two friends set-up camp near Lake Nipigon. They pitched their tent on the banks of the Poshkagagan River, went down to the water to launch their boat, returned to their camp

to find ...

A red fox standing at their tent flap.

This fox did not vanish as normal foxes are wont to do when humans appear. It just stood there, looking at them.

Then it began walking towards them.

One word was going through the men's minds at this point, and the word was "rabies". They didn't have their guns with them. They threw sticks at the fox. It finally moved off into the underbrush. Then, after a few minutes it came back toward the men.

Again the men chased it off by shouting and throwing sticks.

Ten minutes later Fred Zimmermann was aiming his rifle at a tin can when suddenly one of his partners shouted: "Watch out Fred, the fox is right behind you!" Zimmermann wheeled, and sure enough, there was the fox coming toward him, less than

10 feet away. Zimmermann shot from the hip and dropped the fox.

Then, careful not to touch the carcass with his hands, Zimmermann lassoed the fox and hung it from a tree, after which he washed his hands thoroughly, twice.

The next day a Conservation Officer dropped in at the camp. Zimmermann asked the officer about the rabies problem in the area. The Conservation Officer told him rabies was fairly rare in most of Northwestern Ontario. Zimmermann then said: "I want to show you a fox I shot yesterday. The animal behaved very strangely. Must have been sick."

The Conservation Officer took a look, rubbed his chin and said: "You should have waited until October 25th to shoot it. It's out of season and I have to charge you with hunting fox during the closed season."

Zimmermann thought the offi-

cer was joking. He wasn't. And whatever Zimmermann said after that didn't matter. Didn't matter that he was there to hunt moose, not fox; that he'd shot instinctively to protect himself; that he's a seasoned outdoorsman and knows when an animal is behaving erratically.

Didn't matter either that he'd made no attempt to hide the fox — that, in fact, he'd drawn the officer's attention to it. Zimmermann asked the officer what he should have done. "Anything but shoot it" the officer replied. "Should I have thrown rocks at it?" asked Zimmermann. The officer shrugged and kept writing. Fred Zimmermann's gun was seized and he was ordered to appear two months later before a Justice of the Peace.

In Nipigon. About 800 miles from Zimmermann's Port Elgin home.

This all happened last October

and Fred Zimmermann still hasn't been told whether the fox he shot was rabid - but that's not the point.

The point is, the fox was acting oddly enough to be rabid, and Zimmermann did what just about anybody else — including a Conservation Officer — would have done in his place. Zimmermann didn't try to conceal the fox — he reported it. And Fred Zimmermann's not some 19-year-old, once-a-year gun-happy yahoo with a case of whiskey and a four-by-four. Fred Zimmermann's been hunting around the Lake Nipigon area every year for the past 24 years.

His case has already been remanded once. He's due in court in Nipigon on January 18th.

That's 1984, of course.