

opinion

Where would we be without them . . .



Untitled

Many will be shocked to find
 When the day of judgement nears -
 That there's a special place in Heaven
 Set aside for volunteers.
 Furnished with big recliners,
 Satin couches and foot stools -
 Where there's no committee Chairman
 No group leaders or car pools.
 No eager team that needs a coach
 No bazaar and no bake sale,
 There will be nothing to staple,
 Not one thing to fold or mail.
 Telephone lists will be outlawed,
 But a finger-snap will bring
 Cool drinks and gourmet dinners,
 And rare treats fit for a king.
 You ask, "Who'll serve these privileged few?"
 And work for all they're worth?
 Why, all those who reaped the benefits -
 And not once volunteered on earth!
Author Unknown

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Where would we be without the volunteer? Who would organize those many banquets, dinners, dances, and social events that everyone likes to take part in, but doesn't like to help out in?

Just think of everything that has taken place in Schreiber, Terrace Bay and Rossport the past month alone. Not to mention the events scheduled to take place during the next couple of weeks. Who do you think has done all the organization for these planned festivities. The volunteer of course.

Think of the hours spent organizing the recently held Intercultural Festival. Do you attribute its success to pure luck? Guess again! Several devoted individuals spent months making arrangements for that special day. Hours alone went into informing you, the public, of the happening.

Think of the upcoming Rossport Fish Derby to be held on June 23rd and 24th. Planning for that weekend started months ago. Prizes had to be organized. People had to be delegated. Buildings had to be erected. And so on and so forth. And it will be successful, I know. With such a group of devoted people as those in Rossport, it couldn't possibly be anything else but successful.

And what about the upcoming 25th Anniversary week? I can speak on that. I've been involved for months trying to help organize things for that entire week. But it can't be done without the help of several interested and special people.

The volunteer is a classic. A solid Canadian. And, Terrace Bay intends to honour such a person through their efforts of organizing a "Citizen of the Year Award" and a "Bicentennial Medal" presentation to those irreplaceable people.

So, before we attack the slight disorganization that frequently occurs during these events, or before we set foot into the door of our next social function, take a good look around you and observe what the volunteer has done. It may be your turn the next time!

anchor

Don't forget the simple things

In II Timothy 4:3-4 we read "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

We are living in an age of technological achievements of man's superiority and grandeur, but in our achievements have we not forgotten the simple things? Charity - the pure love of Christ. Charity never faileth - but today people say, "I don't want charity" - can it be that they do not want the pure love of Christ? Have not the doctrines of Christ been perverted and distorted to suit our modern image? Have not many plain and precious truths been turned into fables? Could it be that in spite of our achievements we are progressing down the wrong road?

Lao-Tse, a Chinese philosopher, made this comment on personal qualities: "I have three precious things which I hold fast and prize. The first is gentleness; the second is frugality; the third is humility, which keeps me from putting myself before others. Be gentle and you can be bold; be frugal

and you can be liberal; avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men."

Let us review our personal qualities and our desires. Do we seek Christ or fables? We must turn ourselves around and seek the pure love of Christ and mend our ways.

Technology is, of course, fine in its place, but with these achievements we must not lose the gentleness, frugality and humility aspects without which this world can never become a better place to live in.

We must challenge ourselves to seek the Lord and his will for us, to travel his road rather than the paths of Satan - there are two choices only!

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." Matt. 16:26.

**Peter Monks, President of the Terrace Bay Branch
 The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints**

Arthur Black

Compassion for animals growing



I heard a guy who had just written a book interviewed on the radio the other day. I didn't catch the guy's name or the title of his book, but I remember what the book was about. It was about animals and the way we humans treat them. The author's contention was that the homo sapiens of this planet have no right to be cruel to other species on the planet. Any other species. Under any circumstance.

He wasn't just talking about noble thoroughbreds and cute little puppies, you understand. He meant cruelty to rattlesnakes and white rats and yellow pickerel and holstein calves and piglets - the whole living works - from

hairy caterpillars to humpback whales.

That's a fairly earth-shaking premise to lay on a society that wears leather and furs, wolfs down Big Macs and has a penchant for products that have frequently been "tested" on animals before they hit the market. (Example: how do you find out if a new shampoo will damage sensitive human eyes? Easy. Just pump a few drops into a lab rabbit's eye every day for a month or so. If the rabbit doesn't go blind, the shampoo is probably okay.)

Well no one, (aside from a few flint-hearted scientists), condones that kind of treatment - but

the author I heard made no distinction between laboratory animal torture and ... well, the eating of toasted bacon sandwiches. Worse than that - the guy wasn't a Sixties re-tread or a West Coast Granola-head - he was a thoughtful, well-spoken Australian professor, and everything he said sounded utterly plausible - even to a leather-wearing, steak-craving old carnivore like me.

Maybe it's a trend. Animals seem to be getting more compassion in other parts of the world as well. There was a small story out of London last week about the scene around Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square.

Must have been something to see. People wearing masks that represented dogs and cats and even mice, lay splayed out all around Nelson's Column. They were trying to draw attention to the plight of animals used in laboratory experiments. To do it, they choreographed themselves so that, every six seconds a protester crumpled to the pavement - symbolically "killed" by white-coated protestors posing as scientists. They kept it up for over an hour until there were more than 600 of them lying around. Morality play. Eighties style.

Then there was this other story out of England. It told of a horde of cruelty-to-animal protestors

descending with a vengeance on a small village in Cornwall to stamp out a cruel and pernicious tradition that the locals had practiced on animals for generations.

Bear-baiting perhaps? Cock-fights? Bronco-busting perhaps?

Nope. In Cornwall they call it "worm-coaxing." It's a contest in which players try to lure worms out of the earth to be measured (There are some sssssttange villages in Cornwall).

Ah well. England has long been famous for its Animal Rights Champions and one of the - Oscar Wilde - got off the best description ever of fox hunting.

"The unspeakable," Wilde called it, "in pursuit of the uneatable."