

# stouffville comment

## Where are celebrations of Canada?

The weekend saw a hard-fought battle for consensus being won by the constitutional committee in Ottawa.

But now what? As soon as the ink dried on the final draft-proposal, critics like Jacques Parizeau were running it through their office shredders.

Canadians must take this constitutional medicine, even though it has been hard to swallow in the past. Distinct society, elected senate and aboriginal rights must be enshrined, and enshrined now.

As a community we must show our support. As an example, this is Canada's 125th anniversary.

Yet this paper is unaware of any special events taking place outside of regular Canada Day ceremonies in this community.

It is time we stood up and made our voices heard for this country.

If we don't, chances are, we won't see 150 years.



## No drooly face and cookie paste on *this* job

There is life beyond the world of Plucky Duck, Playtex bottle liners and Mother Goose.

I know this because I left it all behind last week - for the first time in eight months.

No more morning walks. No more Sally Jessy Raphael. No more silly-willy wittle games with baby. My seven-month-old son, Kody, is now being entertained by grandma, while I return to my computer.

I forgot how to turn it on. I forgot how to walk in heels and how to apply mascara. I forgot that everyone on earth does *not* spend the majority of their time wiping cookie paste off little mouths. I forgot what it's like to sit in any chair other than a rocker, and I forgot how to talk to other adults. (It's

hard for someone to take you seriously when you're shaking your car keys at them, making a happy face and tickling their chin.)

I have to confess that while on maternity leave, the zillion problems of the world entered my mind on rare occasions only.

I became more concerned with creating the right consistency for oatmeal cereal, avoiding diaper rash and choosing which toys float best in the tub.

Everything took a back burner to more important dilemmas like how to keep my eyes open longer than little Mr. No-Nap, whether Huggies or Pampers sop up more mess, and how to eat my dinner in three quick gulps.

During this time I learned to



launch into a whole new routine and to make an adventure out of keeping 'The Kodester' happy. Ever tried smiling at 3 a.m.? It's an obscene time to even be out of bed, let alone happy. But babies demand happiness at all times. In fact, they insist on it. After a few hundred nights of waking up at 3 a.m. you almost *want* to smile - it's

not hard when someone is trying to stick their fat fingers up your nose while devouring a bottle.

Then there's the early mornings. Singing songs you don't feel like singing. Playing foolish little peek-a-boo games behind the tea towel, all the while trying to get some work done. But life goes on, babies get older and mortgage payments don't disappear. I'll have to forget about changing diapers, playing eenie-meenie-miney-mow, and scrubbing carrots off my carpet at least during the week. I seriously hope this job can keep me occupied after eight months with Mr. Monster. Everything now seems slow

paced. Sitting through council last week was like a vacation.

All I had to do was sit there, pay attention and write things in a book. No kneeling down playing car-car and hoppy hoppy goes the little bun-bun. No wiping off a drooly face, no picking anything up, no smiling, tickling or blowing big fat noises onto a bare tummy. Just sitting. Then there's the office routine. And going through papers and press releases and books and dictionaries and thesauruses and notes. What did I do with my free time before? I don't know, but whatever it was I know I'll never miss it. Being a parent is ultra cool.

## Wet March one step nearer June

February is like a month of Mondays. What else can you say about a 29-day period which makes March look enticing?

Yesterday, I gleefully tore February from my calendar and welcomed March with open arms. No more nightmares because science projects weren't ready. No more sleep-overs for rats, temporarily imported to Chateau Gilderdale to prove beyond reasonable doubt that they prefer cheese and carrots to regular rat food.

One look at regular rat food would have convinced me, but it wasn't good enough for the Board of Ed. My daughter had to document the evidence with the unwitting assistance of Bunny the rat.

My son, meanwhile, produced a science project on Stealth fighters which would have merited an A in art, thanks to the spiffy illustrations.



I won't go into the quality of the scientific research. You can take a child to a project, but you can't make him stay on topic. Anyway, I think that any assignment given out in February should be marked with much greater leniency than something due, for example, in May.

Has it ever occurred to anyone that if they ran science fairs at a time of year which was compatible with human life, there would be a lot more students choosing science-related careers? Right now, droves of would-be nuclear physicists may be turning their backs on science simply because they hate February.

March may be cold, wet, slushy, windy and cloudy, but it's one step nearer June. On some Tuesdays in March, I may actually drive along Highway 47 to Uxbridge without encountering snow flakes as big as golf balls, hair-raising whiteouts or roads which could double as Olympic arenas.

You may be wondering what on earth a non-winter person like me thought she was doing immigrating to Canada in the first place. The truth is, life's no fun without something to moan about.

Then there's the undeniable fact that in Canada we have four seasons, while in Britain there is really only one. The name changes, but the conditions remain the same. Cool, damp and cloudy.

And now that the winter of my discontent is coming to an end, I know I made the right decision.

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