

Comment

Make time for community organizations

School's in and the whole town goes back into its familiar routine.

It seems that no matter how long we've been out of school, the school year dictates our schedule.

This fall is the time for adults to turn over a new leaf. Take up a hobby or a cause. Find a new interest. Reach out in the community. There are plenty of ways to enrich both your town and yourself.

Readers need look no further than the calendar of events which is printed in each Tribune Wednesday edition.

New this fall is the school council, which was introduced by the former NDP government and given the nod by the ruling Tories.

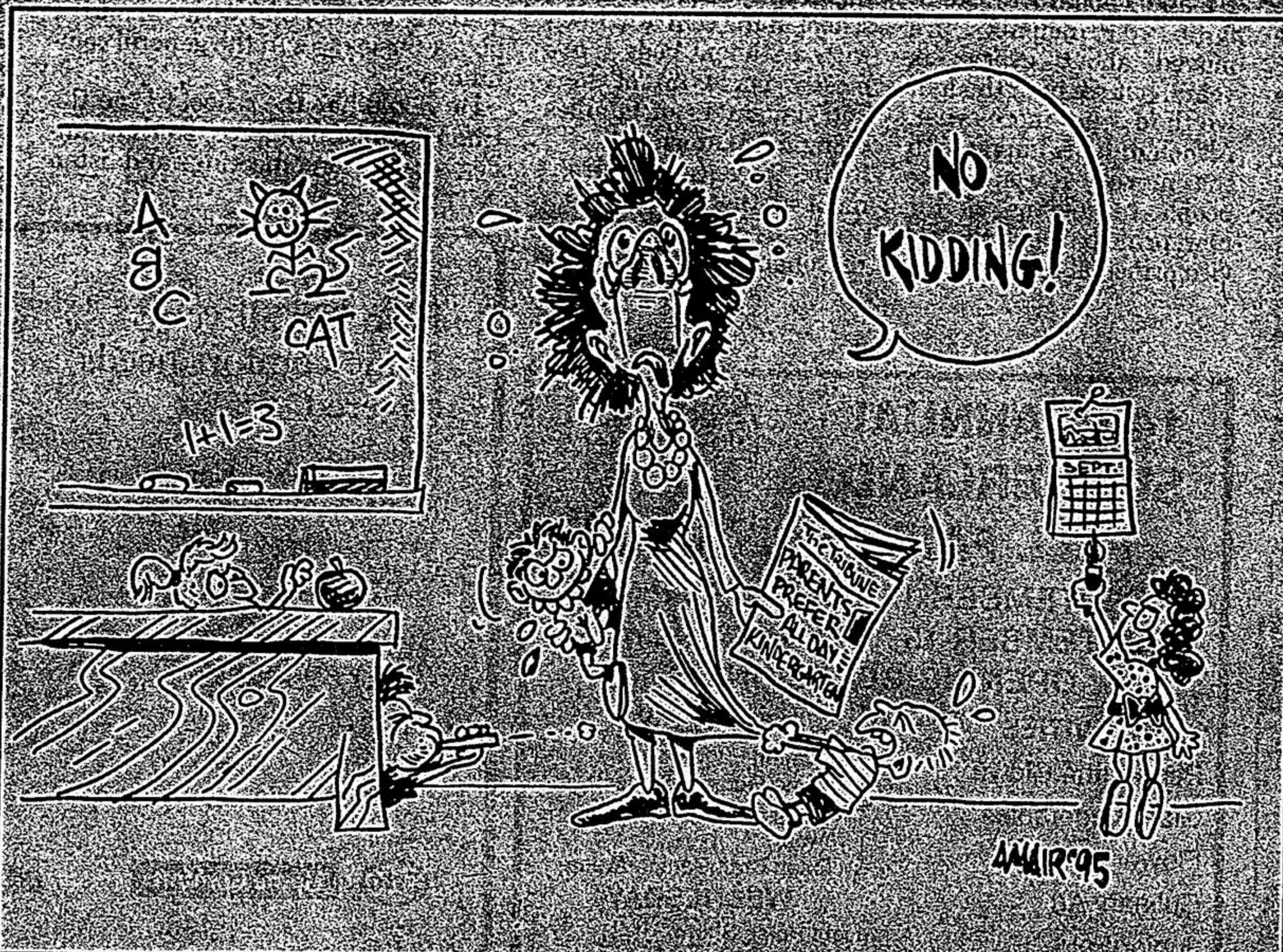
Parents are invited to serve on the councils which will make recommendations to the principal and school board on matters like school budget priorities, principal selection, curriculum, and standardized testing.

The province has ruled that all schools must have such a council in place by the end of this school year.

Getting involved in your child's education is a worthwhile endeavor for those who

want to contribute in such a way. For those who don't, make time for one of the other myri-

ad community volunteer organizations and your new leaf will flourish.



Terry Fox taught us that cancer can't cripple love

I sat on a bank at the corner of Hwy. 2 and Harwood Avenue in Ajax. It was 6:30 a.m. in early July, 1980.

It has to be something to get me out of bed before dawn. It was something—When I saw Terry Fox in action, I saw history in the making.

As the years pass, we forget people along the way. We do not, however, forget Terry Fox.

Once or twice in a lifetime, someone special comes along. Terry Fox was that someone. He touched our hearts, deepened our faith in humanity, and changed forever the way we look at the world.

I've met eight of Canada's prime ministers. I marvelled at John Diefenbaker and Pierre Trudeau gave me goose bumps. They were charismatic and yes, they were powerful. Still, both fell short of that special something that only the very rare individual possesses. Terry Fox had it—Terry Fox was one of a kind.

It wasn't the blond curly hair, the cold blue eyes or the artificial leg that set Terry Fox apart. It was his jaw.

Terry Fox's jaw spoke volumes. It said, "I do what I do and I do it my way." Terry Fox's jaw spoke of courage, of tenacity and of determination.

Terry Fox had more than spunk and more than grit. He was gutsy. And Terry Fox was so very serious. While he faced cancer head on, he didn't underestimate its force. When Terry Fox said, "Somewhere the hurting must stop," he knew



what he was talking about. It was September 1, 1980. I was sitting in my parked car in a south Ajax plaza. I was a few minutes early for an interview. I listened to the car radio. Regular programming was interrupted for a news bulletin. After 143 days and 3,339

miles Terry Fox was being loaded into an ambulance in Thunder Bay.

The news announcer didn't spell it out. He didn't have to. We knew—the cancer was back.

A few hours later, it was confirmed. The cancer had spread to Terry's lungs. The news announcer didn't spell it out. He didn't have to. We knew—Terry Fox would die.

September 1, 1980 was a sad day for Canadians. It was a day to cry and a day to shake your fists at the heavens. The believers asked God "why?" and the disbelievers asked God, "why?"

Surrounded by his loved ones, Terry Fox died in British Columbia on June 28, 1981—one month shy of his 23rd birthday. On that day, a quietness spread across the land—Canada was in mourning.

When it comes to successful Terry Fox Runs, Stouffville and Uxbridge can stand proud. Both communities rise to the occasion. Over the years, Uxbridge has raised \$70,000, while Stouffville has generated \$133,000.

This year's Terry Fox Run is on Sept. 17. The run is not a race. You can walk, run, wheel or roller

blade. You can make it a family affair, come with a friend or come alone. To register, simply turn up at the starting point at 9 a.m. at Elgin Park gate in Uxbridge and at noon at the Stouffville Rec Centre. Call Julie Slater, at 852-6318 in Uxbridge or Sandy Schell-Kennedy at 640-4705 in Stouffville.

If participating or donating, please keep this in mind: Terry Fox taught us that cancer can't cripple love, shatter hope, destroy peace, kill friendship, wash away good memories, invade the soul, conquer the spirit or steal eternal life.

Mourning the passing of another summer

You know summer's over when: The water pressure plummets halfway through a rousing rendition of "I Would Do Anything for Love" at 6:30 on a weekday morning during your shower, the phone rings at noon and it's for you; the doorbell doesn't ring at all between 9 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.; there is edible food in the fridge a whole day after your weekly grocery shopping spree.

When the only bicycles, skateboards and sweatshirts lying around the house are those belonging to your own children; when you no longer trip over half a dozen quasi-comatose teenagers during a foray into the basement to do laundry; when silence replaces the Cranberries, distinctive ditty, "Zombie" all these are signs of summer's demise.

You know the party's over when you find yourself actually missing your children and their friends in

much the same way you miss stifling heat when the weather starts to get chilly or yet another barbecued burger when snow piles up on the driveway.

At the end of June, I was counting the days until the beginning of September. Now I am yearning for a return to procrastinators' paradise, when picking up or dropping off kids provided a semi-plausible excuse for some less than Herculean efforts at the keyboard. It comes as something of a jolt to discover that, when teenagers arise at noon, they are capable of speaking in complete, coherent sentences. Conversely, when you drag them out of bed at 8 a.m., they react with a glassy stare and a few incomprehensible grunts. Only their body language leaves no margin of doubt as to how they feel at being thus disturbed.

Fathers, however, have a tendency to be considerably less sym-



pathetic than mothers to their offspring's angst. This is because, when they were a boy, they walked 15 miles to school uphill both ways, through sandstorms, snowstorms, tornadoes and tidal waves.

They had to arrive at 6 a.m. and do 30 laps of an Olympic-size track before plunging fearlessly into a cold shower and trooping with bright enthusiasm into an unheated classroom where they translated their Latin primer recited Pythagoras' theorem and weeded out dastardly dangling participles from their English essays.

They never talked back to teachers whom they acknowledged as both older and wiser. They wore uniforms and polished their shoes and called the principal sir. In short, they were insufferable, yet they can't understand why their children shouldn't aspire to be just like them.

Such dedication to duty made Prince Charles the man he is today, which could be one reason the young and restless are not about to embark on such a Spartan route to self-actualization, or to establish a deep and meaningful relationship with a palace full of potted plants.

Maybe the present generation of teens hasn't suffered the privations of their fathers, but they have gone through other, more subtle, forms of torture. Elvis lives on at the supermarket. Kurt Cobain is gone forever. It makes an almost-grown person cry.

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