

Sun-Tribune

905-640-2612
Fax: 905-640-8778

EDITORIAL
ADVERTISING
905-640-2612

Classified: 1-800-743-3353
Fax: 905-640-8778

DISTRIBUTION
905-640-2612

EDITORIAL
Editor
Jim Mason
jmason@yrmg.com

ADVERTISING
Retail Manager
Dianne Mahoney
dmahoney@yrmg.com

Classified Manager
Bonnie Rondeau
brondeau@yrmg.com

DISTRIBUTION
Circulation
Supervisor
Carrie MacFarlane
cmacfarlane@yrmg.com

Stouffville
Manager
Carolyn Norman
cnorman@yrmg.com

PRODUCTION
Manager
Sherry Day
sday@yrmg.com

INTERACTIVE
MEDIA
Marketing
& Advertising
Manager

Dawna Andrews
dandrews@yrmg.com

York Region Media
Group community
newspapers

The Sun-Tribune, published every Thursday and Saturday, is a division of the Metroland Media Group Ltd., a wholly-owned subsidiary of Torstar Corporation. Metroland is comprised of 100 community publications across Ontario. The York Region Newspaper Group also includes The Liberal, serving Richmond Hill and Thornhill, Vaughan Citizen, The Era-Banner (Newmarket/Aurora), Markham Economist & Sun, Georgina Advocate, York Region Business Times, North of the City, yorkregion.com and York Region Printing.

**LETTERS
POLICY**

The Sun-Tribune welcomes your letters. All submissions must be less than 400 words and must include a daytime telephone number, name and address. The Sun-Tribune reserves the right to publish or not publish and to edit for clarity and space.

Letters to the Editor,
The Sun-Tribune
6290 Main St.
Stouffville, ON
L4A 1G7
jmason@yrmg.com

Ontario
Press
Council
FUSA
Canadian
Circulation
Audit Board
Member
CCAB

OPINION

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Keep it positive, people

All this talk about a terrible economy is probably the very seed that is rapidly growing into a weed of self-destruction. In other words, the more we harp on the economy or the government's bad decisions or the selfish corporate giants, the more we perpetuate it.

As long as everyone is standing around the water cooler bickering about how much they don't like the new boss, or how accounting has made an error in their benefits or how Stanley should never have hurt Sally's feelings, as long as they keep the air thick and stinky, no one will have a chance to smell the clean air of hope or possibility.

No one will think of better times as long as they are caught up in this weed that has ahold of them, restricting their ability to see beyond the problem in front of them, to the opportunity that lies on the other side of "a-little-effort".

This is not to say a happy mental attitude will magically cure the slump of a country. But keeping negative, blameful thoughts out of our heads, certainly out of our conversations and consciously mak-

ing an effort to change something within our power is a start. When an idea is hatched from a nest of good intention, it is more likely to have added positive effects on all involved. Conversely, when an idea comes from greedy, controlling or malicious intent, most people involved feel short-changed, worried or attacked.

So if you're going to spend the next few years of your life in a country that is suffering from an uneven economy, would you rather be happy, appreciated, optimistic and affecting change for the good, or the opposite?

It's simple physics, my friends. Positive thoughts will invite better options into your life. The way we behave around others can have an enormous effect on their future behavior, and so on, and so on.

Therefore, each person, be they a company president or an out-of-work young adult or anyone in between, has the power to change the overall mood, and possibly, the behavior of a huge number of people. You want to see change? Be the axis of excellence.

HEIDI WALLIS
STOUFFVILLE

**Stouffville
Sun-Tribune**

6290 Main St.
Stouffville, ON. L4A 1G7
www.yorkregion.com

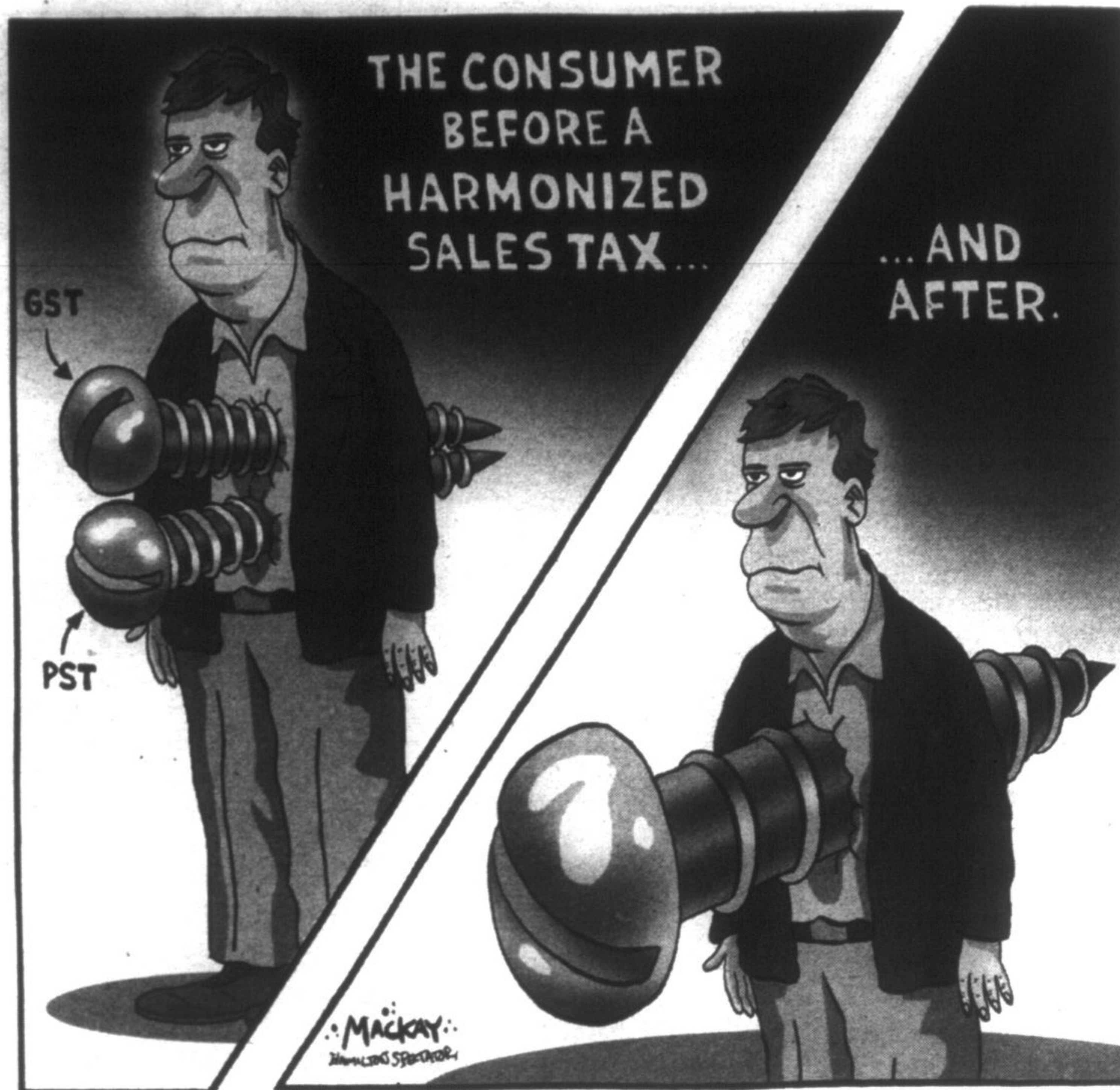
PUBLISHER Ian Proudfoot

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Debora Kelly

BUSINESS
MANAGER
Robert Lazaruko

DIRECTOR,
OPERATIONS
Barry Black

DIRECTOR,
ADVERTISING,
DISTRIBUTION
Nicole Fletcher



First fly of spring deserves to get away in one piece

There was a fly in our washroom the other day — not really flying but just out for a stroll next to the lights near the mirror.

Occasionally he'd flop on his back near the sink and buzz his wings so loudly you'd think he'd just licked clean the bottom of a can of Red Bull.

Although upon closer inspection, I think he'd actually fallen over and could not get up, so maybe he'd been into the Molson Canadian, or whatever it is the young flies are drinking these days.

Eventually he'd right himself but otherwise he seemed to have lost a lot of zip and, as far as I could tell, couldn't actually fly, which could be a problem in terms of a fly's sense of confidence and self-worth, if people call you a fly and you can't get two inches off the ground. Unless he just didn't want to drink and fly, and get caught in a RIFE spot check (Reduce Impaired Flying Everywhere).

I thought at first he was a house fly, seeing as it was a house and he was a fly, but after extensive internet research (meaning I typed into Google 'fly that doesn't fly') it appears he might have been a cluster fly or as some might call him, an attic fly.

Although, as I said, this guy was a bathroom fly (something of a pioneer, courageously travelling out into new parts of the home). He was even there in the shower at one point, doing that little thing where he rubs his wings



Bernie O'Neill

and legs, like he is de-icing after a flight from Thunder Bay.

In years past I'd roll up a copy of a newspaper, or possibly my income tax return, and smash him into a pulp.

But it seemed like a bit of a mismatch, considering my first robin of spring could not fly at all.

Makes you think of a children's book someone might write: *The Fly Who Couldn't Fly*. All the other flies could fly great, except for Buzzby, who could only make buzzing sounds, flop around on his back and act drunk. All the other flies shunned him and he even had to drop out of flight school after his flying instructor called him lazy and a disgrace to the insect race.

Until one day the fly colony was threatened by a house cleaner with a new vacuum attachment that could get into little nooks and crevices and high up on the windows and walls, where

the flies were hiding.

Even the king fly (His Highness, Superfly) didn't know what to do. But Buzzby saved the day by making a buzzing noise that sounded just like the doorbell. The house cleaner opened the door and all the flies flew away, carrying Buzzby with them. From that day forward Buzzby took his rightful place at the king's side and the other flies brought Buzzby all the food scraps and animal dung his little heart desired.

Sometimes he'd make appearances at malls with Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and he has been on Letterman a few times, but other than that he just lives the easy life in Hollywood. (He sometimes goes to his cottage in the Muskokas, which is next to a stream where he has banned fly fishing.)

In the end, I'm not sure what happened to the chubby little fly that was in my bathroom. He might have got washed down the drain after my shower (I can just see him in his little scuba gear getting ready for his descent into 20,000 Leagues under the Sea).

Or else one of my sons came in next and rolled up a newspaper, or a wet towel (those things can really hurt when in trained hands) and sent him to that big manure pile in the sky.

Or, knowing my youngest son, he might have opened the window and released the little buzzer into the great outdoors ("Fly, be free!") so he can

spread disease or be eaten by a bird or land in somebody's soup at a restaurant or whatever his purpose is here on this great Earth.

Either way, I think the idea was for him to get out there and do whatever it is he is supposed to do, because hanging around in our bathroom and eventually getting smushed just kind of seemed like a wasted life, even for a fly.

I'm sure we're all feeling like that at this point, especially those of us who never got down to Florida or St. Lucia, or wherever it is the people are flying to and clustering these days. That's it's been a long winter and we've been sort of trapped indoors. There's been a lot of snow, a lot of colds and flu and a lot of bad economic news.

Finally, it seems there's some good news from the financial world and maybe with the weather improving in the northern hemisphere, we're at the start of an upswing. As in, we were going to be smushed, but now we might get away.

At least with winter over, we won't have to rub our legs together to keep warm, like our friends the flies. Who, according to my research, are actually cleaning their legs so things taste better, their taste receptors being on their legs. Which makes me wonder what exactly that bathroom fly landed on. I think I'm going to get a new toothbrush.

Stouffville resident Bernie O'Neill is an editor with the York Region Media Group.