

**EDITORIAL**

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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.

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# OPINION

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Council not preserving small-town history

Re: Town sells Vandorf land, buildings for \$1.3M, Aug. 26.

The sale of the community hall is another axe in the heart of Whitchurch. Where is our history going? For sale?

Anything that may provide us with some sense of place goes for sale in this town or to demolition.

I don't know about you, but most of us have moved here or have lived here because of our small-town history.

We love our small special places that make us different, although it seems town council's vision is not in keeping with the community it represents.

As mayor, I fought alongside our residents to keep our Old Town Hall (now known as The Lebovic Centre for Arts and Entertainment - Nineteen on the Park) in order that future generations know who we were and what was important to us.

The article stated: "All activi-

### HAVE YOUR SAY, WHITCHURCH-STOUFFVILLE

► What do you think of these issues or others? E-mail letters to the editor to jmason@yrmg.com

ties that once took place in the community centre are anticipated to move to the museum's facility..." What it doesn't say is the residents who volunteered in the community centre booking programs and rentals for local events no longer are needed and a staff at the new facility will decide what is or is not available for the local area community.

Cheers to a new Whitchurch - whatever that may look like!

SUE SHERBAN  
STOUFFVILLE

You can read letters, columns and stories from The Sun-Tribune on [yorkregion.com](http://yorkregion.com)



## One out of the nest brings tears, cheers

I have nudged the first of my little birds out of the nest.

He was a little hesitant at first, but he is ready to fly now.

This weekend, we're driving our 19-year-old son to Ottawa to begin his first year of college.

He has matured much in the last year, working hard and taking time since graduating high school to prepare for this big step.

He's excited and confident — and so are his dad and I — for what lies ahead as he embarks on a new phase of life.

More than a few times in the last few weeks, I've found myself thinking back to that heady time when I first left home to study journalism at university, exhilarated that I was a step closer to achieving a dream — serious about it, but revelling in the unbridled freedom that suddenly put me in charge of my life.

Man, that was fun.

The lessons learned in those four years, not only in the lecture halls, still resonate with me today.

There is much wisdom I could share with him, like don't forget to get some sleep because it's embarrassing to wake up in class with your head



Debora Kelly

on the desk with drool (that smells of alcohol) on your cheek.

But I'm wise enough to wait for a text message seeking my sagacity before imparting such.

I'll leave it up to him to decide if there will be any temporary retying of the apron strings (so to speak, as I've never actually owned an apron).

I won't even be able to vicariously experience his life away from home through his Facebook page, as many of my friends have done with their children with both horror and awe, because I was defriended by him two years ago for "creeping".

If my text queries go unanswered and I want some reassurance he's still alive, I've been advised by a friend to

send this text: did you get pkg?

Yes, we're all ready for this.

But as bags finally get packed, underneath the anticipation and enthusiasm, there is something else.

*I won't even be able to vicariously experience his life away from home through his Facebook page, because I was defriended by him two years ago for 'creeping'.*

"The house will seem so quiet," people keep telling me, their way of imparting a message about the impending emptiness I'll feel.

I admit we're feeling some joy and a lot of relief that our independent, strong-willed son is finally getting the space to spread the wings that often have seemed too big for our little house in the last few years.

Yet there is a growing sense we are losing something.

As I read my Facebook friends' status updates, I know I'm not the only parent with mixed emotions about what September brings — be it the first day of JK a bus ride away or university in another city.

We may think it's the end of balmy summer days and their relaxed pace that's making us feel a little melancholy (though, most of us, by now, are really keen for the return to a regular routine, even though it brings schedules to juggle, carpools to organize and lunches to make).

The truth is, in our hearts, we recognize as each new school year begins, our children are a step closer to growing up and leaving us.

And with the sense of pride and fulfillment that brings — that's our job as parents, after all, right? — also comes a feeling of sadness.

So I'm pretty sure as we pull away in the car after dropping off our son, I'll be pumping my fist in the air and wiping away tears at the same time.

Good luck, son, you'll do great.

Debora Kelly is editor in chief of the York Region Media Group.