

HOME from page 6

Both of our children, Luke and Logan, did not just grow up in Stouffville. They developed a solid set of values here. No matter where their respective careers and lives will take them, they will always feel proud that they are from Stouffville.

Coincident with the move, Chris will be retiring from her position as the X-ray technologist at the Stouffville Clinic. Her career there, spanning almost three decades, allowed her to get to know and love many of her "patients". She will miss shopping for great finds at the Care and Share Shoppe. She will take her bicycle with its trademark basket and explore a new set of roadways.

Bill, now in his eighth year of retirement from teaching, will miss his recent occasional stints at Summitview, Glad Park and Orchard Park. He will take with him many fond memories of all the great guys he met lacing them up early Sunday mornings in the Stouffville Amateur Hockey League. He enjoyed playing Monday night baseball with many of those same players at the ball field in Memorial Park and getting together afterwards at Fullerton's.

Luke remembers well his days as a Clipper and his achievements as a Spartan on the high school track and the cross-country teams. Delivering papers for the *Tribune* and working at Boyd's Sports taught him how important it was to do

a good job. His most recent memories of Stouffville involve working with members of the community to get accessible doors for the arena and to have Stouffville designated as an accessible GO stop. He has enjoyed writing and getting feedback about his *Stouffville Free Press* article which began as *Luke Soup* and later became *From Where I'm Sitting*.

Logan has fond memories of playing field hockey, rugby, soccer and lacrosse games for the SDSS Spartans. She developed a strong work ethic and a "get the job done" attitude at Boyd Sports and G.G.'s restaurant. Strawberry Festivals, Santa Claus parades, and front lawn house parties complete with furniture and awnings are what Logan remembers best about living in Stouffville. She has travelled to New Zealand and lived in Tofino, B.C. but Stouffville is the only place she calls home. Logan will continue to work in Stouffville as a community volunteer.

So you see, for us, it is much like the Eagles put it in *Hotel California*, "You can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave". Yes, we are leaving a house in the country close to the city to live in the city, but we all know where home really is. Thank you all for making us truly appreciative of what a home town is all about.

Chris and Bill Anderson  
Stouffville



**Vintage Whine**

**The Easiest Thing I've Ever Done**

By Kate Gilderdale

A recent visit to Lemonville Community Centre took me back more than seven years, to the day my mother died.

My brother's call, to tell me she was critically ill, came in the early hours of a beautiful September morning, and I couldn't get a flight back to England until late that evening. For a few hours, I prayed Mum would hang on until the following morning so that I could say goodbye, but it was not to be. Since I had already arranged to walk my friend's dog that day, I drove to Lemonville in a daze, too stunned to take in what was happening.

By the time we started our walk, it was over. Boomer and I roamed around his usual haunts, and as he amused himself following trails and checking out every tree, I poured my heart out, telling him how much I loved my mother, and how very much I would miss her.

I constantly hear about mother/daughter relationships that are fraught with anger, conflict and guilt. There are stories of mothers who are jealous of their daughters and daughters who feel they can never live up to their mother's expectations.

But even during my teenage years, when youthful self-absorption often made me thoughtless, my mother and I had an incredible bond. And when my father died at the age of 52, we became closer than ever. At first I was so caught up in my own misery that I barely stopped to consider anyone else, and it wasn't until a couple of weeks later that I realized how much harder the loss of my father was for my mother. She had done her utmost to

protect me and my brothers by hiding her tears and wiping ours away, but one day I came home early from school and found her overwhelmed by grief, and I realized it was time to stop feeling sorry for myself and start taking care of her. Twelve years later, when I left England for Canada, the hardest part was saying goodbye to Mum. On the day I left I wrote her a note, telling her how much I would miss her and thanking her for all her love and care over the years.

When I went through her papers after she died, I found that note, along with all the letters I had ever written to her from Canada. And when I got back to Stouffville, I re-read her last letter to me, thanking me for my love and care when I took her home from hospital and helped get her back on her feet again.

Every morning during that last visit, I would make us a cup of tea and climb into bed beside her to spend an hour or two discussing life, love and family, revelling in the sense of peace I always felt when I was with her. She was a truly exceptional person and the most wonderful mother anyone could wish for.

Like me, she was not the world's most organized person, which only made me love her more. My own children gave her so much joy, and they have done the same for me. And whenever we get together, I know I have Mum to thank for the strong and loving bond we all share.

On Mother's Day, and on every other day of the year for as long as I live, I will never forget her. In the words of the Kris Kristofferson song, "Loving her was easier than anything I'll ever do again."

**Historic Photo**

**The Stouffville Creamery**

Even in 1895, discerning foodies were writing in the original *Free Press*, as the following excerpt indicates: "Happily the day has gone by when one has to eat all grades of grease and be obliged to imagine it butter. The Creamery, where real butter is made on scientific principles, has come to stay."



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