

Healing Force health store fit for a 'King'

Suze Joyce, owner of Healing Force health food store, which has just opened at 6333 Main St., is startled to find herself face to face with the King himself, who dropped by to enjoy a delectable drink. Suze is an honours graduate from the Canadian School of Natural Nutrition and her holistic approach, which embraces mind, body and spirit, helps clients achieve optimum health.



FAITH & LIFE

A MENNONITE PERSPECTIVE

by
Gerald
Reesor-
Grooters



Kyoto, global warming, contamination, air quality advisory... these are words of today. All is not well with God's creation. Its current state warrants great concern. Depletion of the ozone layer, disappearing rain forests, melting polar ice caps, and -much closer to home - rapidly disappearing farm land. And these are but a few examples...

When asked how God is revealed to them, many Christians will mention "nature". If God speaks to us through His creation, why do we not take better care of it? Is it not our Christian responsibility to be good stewards of our earth? No matter how you interpret the creation story, "God saw all that He had made and it was very good". But soon people started doing their own thing, often at the expense of God's good work.

Today, we do not live in harmony with creation. In our disposable society, we build up landfill sites faster than they can break down, our need for bigger houses swallows up farm land. Convenience is our biggest enemy. We are sold on the idea that everything should be effortless, regardless of the environmental or financial cost. We have become so far removed from nature that we cannot see the impact of our actions. Our waste is picked up weekly or goes down a big pipe. Out of sight, out of mind... Would we make different lifestyle choices if we had to throw our waste in our backyard, between the water well and the children's swing set?

Even today, the earth is able to sustain all people in the world, but not necessarily our lifestyle. Or, in Ghandi's words: "there are sufficient resources on earth to satisfy everyone's need, but not everyone's greed". Greed can be material, but also immaterial, such as time and effort (convenience). We need to determine where, in our life, need stops and greed begins.

Under the Kyoto accord, theoretically, each Canadian is responsible for reducing one tonne of carbon dioxide emissions per year. While that sounds immense, it is amazing how a few small changes can make a big difference.

Currently, eleven families in our church are involved in EcoAction Team, an Earth Day Canada program which suggests simple steps to move towards a more sustainable lifestyle. It covers Energy, Water, Waste, Transportation, Green Consumerism, Food and Gardening. We are planning to promote this program later this year, to help Stouffville families reduce the size of their ecological footprint and save money in the process.

Whether it is rechargeable batteries or natural cleaning products, a small vegetable garden or postponing that errand until you have to drive into town anyway... Every little effort has an accumulative effect once it becomes a habit.

Let's accept the invitation to be caretakers of this beautiful earth.

Feedback? We'd love to hear your comments. Please contact us at:

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Community Mennonite Church

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Point of View

by Ralph Pohlman



Still Canadian, by any other name

I once had a patient who changed his name.

He had always been a bit "different," even as a kid, and had suffered because of it. An outsider, seen by other kids as weird, he decided that if he had a new name he could start over and his experiences would be better.

Not that there was anything wrong with his name. It was just that, since he didn't like himself very much, and since his name was his symbol, he didn't like it much either. After long consideration, he settled on a name that sounded vaguely heroic and exotic. Something like Randall van Dorf.

Of course, it didn't work. But his action reminded me a bit of what I call the "geographic cure," which is the belief that if I lived in Vancouver or Winnipeg - or wherever - my life would be different. You don't get much more personal than your name. And, in fact, it feels a bit irritating to have it misspelled. In some illogical way it seems insulting or demeaning.

Have you ever sat and looked at your name and tried to understand it, to question it, wonder what it means? Is it me? Is that who I am? Would I be different with a different name? Would people view me differently, treat me differently?

Most of us have done it as kids. Practised writing our signature in creative styles, spelling our names just a little differently, a flourish here, a loop there, trying to be unique. As for being viewed differently, we know this was once a country that valued Anglo-Saxon names, and immigrants from central Europe soon changed their names to better blend in with the environment. Grabavich became Graham, etc.

Take a look at my name, there at the top of this column. I was named after two of my mother's brothers, Ernest and Ralph. Ralph is actually my middle name

and the only one by which I am called (as opposed to "Hey you"), but my first name is actually Ernest and I was called that for the first year of my life. But it seems that in our small Alberta town where I spent my pre-school years, the neighbours called me either "Ernie" or "Ernst," both of which my mother hated, so she switched to "Ralph."

But it is my surname that I struggled with as a kid. When I was born, in Medicine Hat, Alta., my name was Pohlmann. Get it? A double "n" on the end. By the time I was in school my folks had moved to Melville, Sask., and the war was on. And double "n" Pohlmann was clearly a German name. That was not a good thing to have and I had the bruises to prove it.

Besides, it looked funny and foreign and I wanted it to look Canadian, whatever that meant. So I took the last "n" off. Or maybe it was the second-last "n." Anyway, when I was about 10 I began spelling my name with only one "n" even though my parents continued with the old "nn."

I thought the "h" in the middle was funny too. After all, it was silent, so why was it there? But I didn't quite know what to do about it. So I just left it.

It was only years later that I discovered that most of the kids I knew in that multi-ethnic polyglot town had gone through the same stuff. All the Safroniks, Stanovskys, Kempfs, Famulaks, Gabels, Mutchlers, Arshowskys and the rest whose parents or grandparents, or they themselves, had come here and wanted to be Canadian.

But like everyone who has an uncustomary name, I've spent my life seeing it misspelled in odd ways. Pullman, Pholman, Poleman. Once, when I was a jock in university, a newspaper referred to me as "Puzlman."

Maybe I should adopt that one.

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Debbie Berger
(35 years old, mother of five)
Magic Hill Farm

18 Ringwood Ave. at Main, Stouffville (905) 642-9195
(Behind Golden Eagle Art Gallery)