

Turning Back the Clock

Historic photo submitted courtesy of Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum



Pre-schoolers take a break during a busy morning at the original Children's House on Albert Street, Circa 1983. The facility, which is now located on Church St. North, also occupied premises at the east end of Main St. before moving to its current location.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU WHITCHURCH-STOUFFVILLE

Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month believes your opinions are important, and encourages you to voice your comments or concerns in a Letter To The Editor. We accept all letters, but only publish letters which have been signed. We request you include a phone number (not to be published) for verification of the letter writer. While *Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month* reserves the right to edit letters, due to content or length, in most cases letters will be published as written.

Fax your letters to: 905-642-2368, or e-mail to: withwrinkles@hotmail.com
or mail to WSTM, Kate Gilderdale, 6111 Main St., Stouffville, Ont., L4A 3R4

Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month is on the web.
Look for us each month at: www.stouffvilleonline.com



Kate A'la carte

Withstanding The Tests Of Time

Since pre-emptive strikes are all the rage these days, I let myself be persuaded to have a precautionary medical procedure even though I was symptom-free, and would rather join a gym than see a doctor.

However, with a family history of the complaint for which Pamela Wallin recently became a poster person, I reluctantly made a date with my friendly neighbourhood gastroenterologist, then put the whole ghastly prospect firmly at the back of my mind until two days before my appointment. Well-meaning friends who had already undergone the procedure said things like, "Don't worry, the exam doesn't hurt at all."

Not content with leaving it at that, they went on to describe in gruesome detail the preparation that was required beforehand. Suffice it to say that the best part turned out to be the requisite day-and-a-half of starvation that preceded the event.

It wasn't until I had struggled through a full day without ingesting so much as a wafer-thin mint that another helpful soul cheerfully remarked that despite being designated as high risk -- they usually only offer this procedure to high risk people, she added, in case I didn't quite catch her drift -- I should look on the bright side. "They probably won't find anything."

Until then, I had been so busy trying not to think about a toasted bagel with everything and cream cheese, not to mention the nasty stuff I'd be required to drink that evening and the following morning, I hadn't given so much as a passing thought to the fact that there might actually be something nasty lurking in the woodshed, so to speak. To reassure myself, I investigated my potential illness on the Internet.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that as soon as you start looking up a medical condition, you find you have every single symptom listed. By the time I clambered onto the gurney at Markham-Stouffville Hospital the next day, I was vacillating between *Girls Just Want to Have Fun* and Mozart's *Ave Verum* as the swan song I would choose to mark my shuffle off this mortal coil.

Then the drugs took effect and if Celine Dion had appeared at my bedside and sung *My Heart Will Go On* in its tedious entirety; if Saddam Hussein had dropped in and lobbed a weapon of mass destruction at my head, or if an application to build a Wal-Mart in my back yard had been approved by council, my state of blissed-out serenity would have remained inviolate.

Even the sight of the gastroenterologist, making his way towards my gurney to announce my fate shortly after I woke up, did nothing to disturb my equilibrium. Happily my drug-induced optimism was not misplaced, and I was rewarded with a clean bill of health and the excellent news that I could chow down on a sandwich as soon as I was dressed and ready to leave.

Exams are a hot topic at Chateau Gilderdale these days, as our daughter wades through her university studies and Mr. Wallethead and I totter relentlessly towards our dotage, stopping at hospital waiting rooms for checkups along the way.

And whenever I chafe against the fact that even the most well-tended body -- of which mine can hardly be considered an example -- needs the occasional exam to get it through the night, I am comforted by the wisdom of Socrates, who sagely observed sometime in the fifth century B.C. that "The unexamined life is not worth living."

Dr. Carol A. Genin & Dr. J. Martin McDowell
Optometrists



Eye Care in Stouffville
6085 Main Street
905 642 3937

MOLLER INSURANCE

Home ★ Auto

905-642-2745

64 Sandiford Drive, Unit 1,
STOUFFVILLE