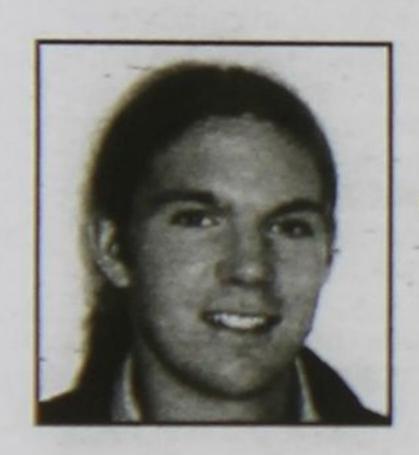


SAFETY VILLAGE – Bruce's Mill employee Charles Scorrar stands in the middle of a quiet intersection in the new Community Safety Village, due to open in mid-October. The miniature village, built with donations from many York Region businesses, is designed to teach youngsters the principles of day-to-day safety in many different areas.



Luke Soup by Luke Anderson

Sour Candy

Unpredictable, cool and soggy are three words that describe:

a) getting thrown into the pool;
b) laughing a little too hard while under the influence;

c) the summer of 2004;

d) all of the above.

Well, most of us know about the chain of events attached to being unexpectedly removed from our comfortable spot on the dock or poolside... A is good. Some of us with weaker bladder restraint will probably give a thumbs up to B, and you be the judge of C. I'd circle D.

Having attended two outdoor weddings this summer, I have heard my fair share of "thank goodness"s, both luckily landed on a couple of our numbered sunny days. The weddings were big days for the families involved; the months of planning, coordinating and stressing over every little detail combined to make both events

absolutely amazing.

It seems like this type of event is popular amongst folks my age these days, and I have been fortunate enough to attend a few over the past couple of summers. They have not been easy however. Bumping into old friends and acquaintances that I haven't seen in years is like sucking on one of those sour candies. The initial run-in is shocking and sometimes uncomfortable, but with patience and a lot of saliva the tasty bubblegum is reached in the middle. So minus the saliva, meeting an old friend takes some work on my part, telling it like it is and letting them know that I am still the same guy that they remember before.

I don't know if there is a candy that can be correlated with what happened at one wedding this summer. I had just sucked through the sour part of getting reacquainted with an old friend and

we were enjoying getting caught up on each other's lives when the groom came swooshing in to say hello. Knowing his accident proneness I tried to reach the power switch on my wheelchair before he got too close and bumped into my controller. My efforts were not enough. He did just that. Unfortunately my old friend's baby toe peeking out through summery high-heeled shoes got the short end of the stick and was given a bit of a massage by the right front wheel of my wheelchair. I have always been able to leave a good impression.

The weddings that I have been to have all been quite extravagant. My idea of a wedding is a very simple grass roots event with close friends and family. No tuxedos, bare feet at the cottage... with that in mind I may need to look for a new easier-to-manage power switch when the

time comes.



Classic

A 1920 Pierce Arrow owned John Bosworth, and the winner Choice Drivers' Award in the Antique (pre-1945) category at the Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum's 31st Annual Antique Classic Car Show.

Photo submitted

