

# Turning Back the Clock

Historic photo submitted courtesy of Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum

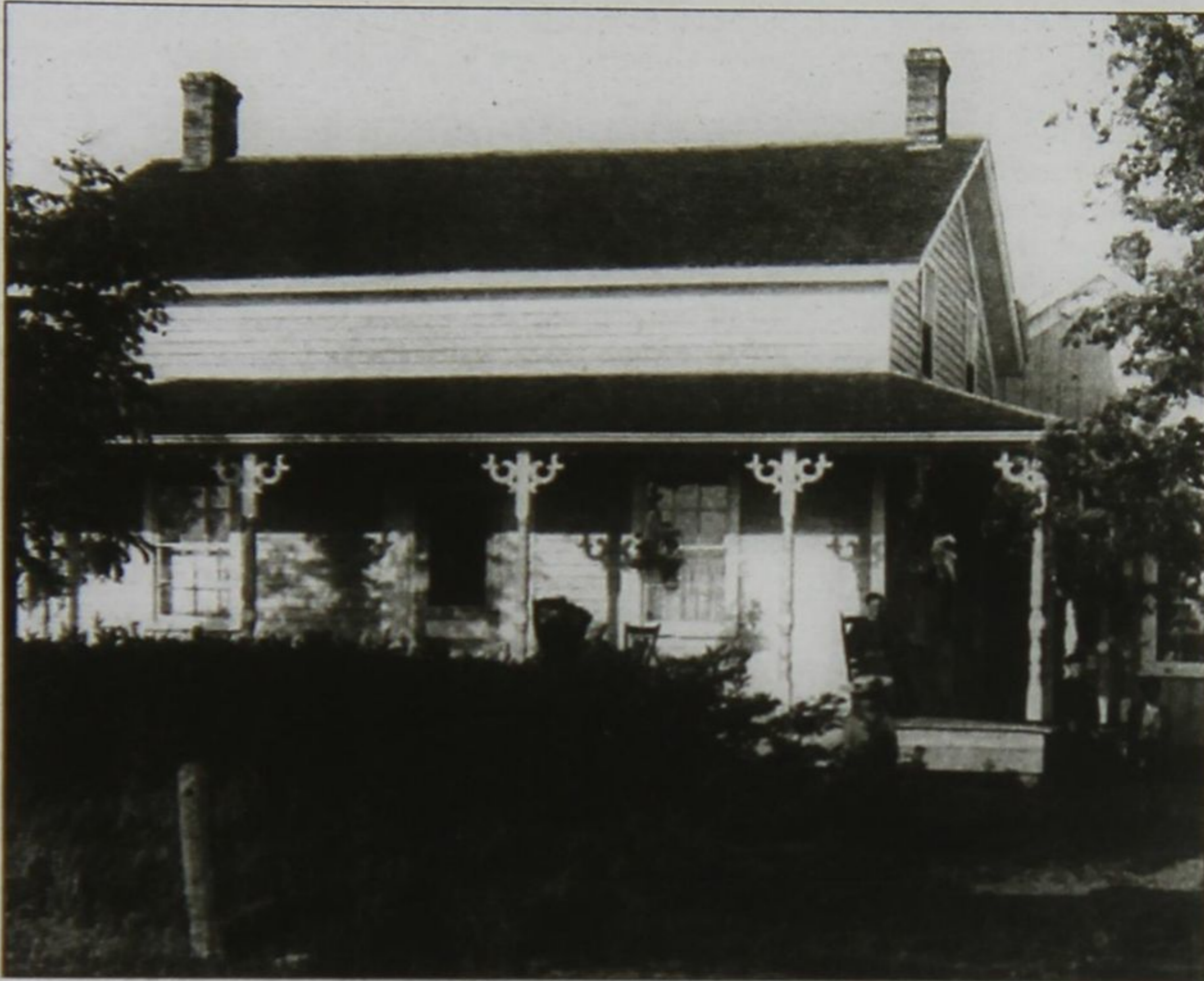


Photo of George Brillinger House, Conc. 4, Lot 3. A man and woman are seated on the verandah and three young children surround them. Beneath the window to the right is a seated woman. The house is made of wooden siding painted off-white. There are multi-paned windows on either side of a door along the side of the house. Two chimneys are visible on the shingled roof and the lower level of the front of the house appears to have the same window-door-window design. There is an addition off to the right.

## 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 We request you include a phone number (not to be published) for verification of the letter writer.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](mailto: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](http://www.stouffvilleonline.com)



# Kate A'la carte

## A Guide For Grannies

Until recently, I thought it would be fun to be a granny.

My maternal granny was a great role model. Although she was younger than Tina Turner when I was born, like most grannies back then she looked like a sweet little old lady. She had grey hair pinned up in a bun, and wore sensible shoes, twinsets and modest, over-the-knee skirts in soft plaid.

Granny smelled of Yardley's Lavender and was always knitting beautiful but scratchy sweaters for us while she listened to the wireless. She was upright and no-nonsense, and had lots of little treats stashed away in her cavernous handbag.

She was also satisfyingly subversive. She took us to the kind of movies which today would probably be deemed age inappropriate, and plied us with candy which was bad for our teeth. Whenever we stayed with her, we could go to bed as late as we liked and read until we fell asleep.

When I had children, my mother fulfilled her role as granny splendidly. She did not look like an old lady and had a career, but her grandchildren were the light of her life and she indulged them in much the same way our granny indulged us. She would arrive at Pearson International bearing a suitcase full of clothes from Mothercare. During her visits she spent hours pushing swings and watching her small charges hurtle down slides.

It was while I was at a mall with my daughter that I began to wonder about being a granny in our brave new world. We were meeting a friend at the Rainforest Cafe, the kind of eatery where bland foodstuffs at elevated prices play second banana to special effects. The latter included a tropical storm every half hour, on the half hour, and the constant rustle of lush plastic jungle foliage.

To reach our table, we had to navigate an area devoted to logo-infested merchandise -- set out, no doubt, to trap unwary grannies -- before being met by our perky greeter. She recited her spiel, ("Hello my name is...") at warp speed, explaining that verbal communication would shortly be impossible, since another rainstorm was imminent.

A huge clap of ersatz thunder caused a small child behind us to burst into tears. Since it was 8 p.m., and this was clearly a place for the younger set, the restaurant was almost empty, but I realized I'd better get used to this kind of experience in the event that one or both of my offspring eventually give birth to children of their own.

When our children were growing up they thought that dinner at McDonald's was the height of sophistication. They did useless things like climbing trees and staring at clouds trying to figure out what they reminded them of, and Centre Island was the place to see and be seen.

Now kids' lives are so structured they need a day-timer to keep track. After all, wasting time goofing off with granny won't get them into Harvard. The most a granny can hope for is to be granted the occasional weekend timeslot which would accommodate a maximum of two tropical storms and a swift shopping spree at the right stores, which at press time included Mexx Kids, Pottery Barn Kids and Roots Kids.

Still, being a granny these days is a lot easier than being a mum or dad, as these words from Michelle Pfeiffer illustrate. "Like all parents, my husband and I just do the best we can, and hold our breath, and hope we've set aside enough money to pay for our kids' therapy."

Building to Serve You Better in Stouffville

**Drs. McDowell and Genin**  
Optometrists

**905 642-3937**



**MOLLER INSURANCE**

Home ★ Auto

**905-642-2745**

64 Sandiford Drive, Unit 1,  
STOUFFVILLE