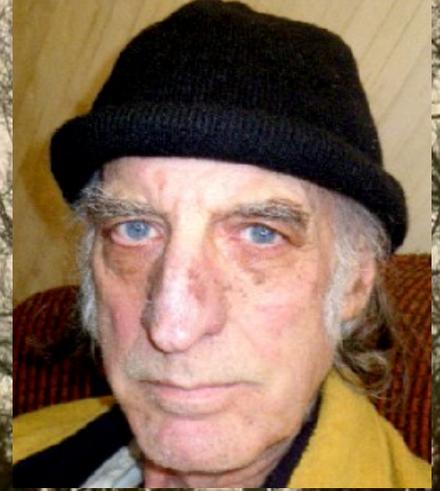


# *Stories and Such*



*Hi there! I'm Tim Wees. Welcome.*

*Photos*

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*Life is an art form and we are the artists, using ourselves as the brush with which we create our earth. We can create a kindly place, or we can create a place of suffering. To do nothing is to create, by default, the latter.*

***Hello folks, This is an eclectic website with writings and photographs. All (almost) of my columns in the Owen Sound Sun Times over the past two years and a bit are here. What are not immediately below can be found in the Archives section. Also in the Archives you can find three ebooks and various other writings that vary from intensely spiritual material to lost street kids to my experience of Clayoquot Sound in 1993.***

***Except those sprinkled throughout, the photos are done in powerpoint. Enjoy!***

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**Archives**



March 16, 2009

## *Our world needs a woman's touch*

Man's treatment of woman in this world leaves vast room for improvement and in many situations can only be described as horrific.

In current news a Saudi Arabian court has sentenced a 75 year old widow to receive 40 lashes and four months in jail, all for mingling with two young men who are not close relatives. Khamisa Sawadi is Syrian but was married to a Saudi. The incident happened last April when the woman asked the two men to deliver five loaves of bread to her home. The religious police were lying in wait and arrested everyone when the bread was delivered. One man was nephew to her late husband and the other was his friend. The woman told the court she considered one of the men as her son because she breast-fed him as a baby, but the court refused the statement of fact for lack of proof. The men were also sentenced to be lashed and receive time in prison

This past autumn a young woman of 13 years was stoned to death in Somalia, this for the crime of being raped. The woman was forced into a hole and buried to her neck while crying out, "Don't kill me. Don't kill me." A thousand people had gathered to watch as the youngster was then stoned to death by fifty men. The father had attempted to report the rape by three men but then she was subsequently arrested for adultery.

In Brazil a nine-year-old girl was raped by her step-father and found herself pregnant with twins. Doctors decided that carrying on with pregnancy was life-threatening and earlier this month gave her a legal abortion. The Catholic Church holds great sway in Brazil and holds the rights of the fetus above those of the mother. The archbishop excommunicated both the doctors involved and the mother of the nine-year-old girl. The archbishop paid no attention to the rapist, although he is in jail pending allegations that he had been molesting the girl for years.

In Brazil abortion is allowed only in cases of rape or to save the life of the mother. There are an estimated 1.4 million illegal abortions a year. One in four pregnancy-related deaths in Brazil is due to complications from an unsafe abortion.

The UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-Moon says, "Violence against women and girls continues unabated in every continent, country and culture. It takes a devastating toll on women's lives, on their families, and on society as a whole. Most societies prohibit such violence - yet the reality is that too often, it is covered up or tacitly condoned."

The Hunger Project is an international organization dedicated to eradicating hunger and poverty. The Hunger Project takes the attitude that it is fundamental to eradicating poverty to empower women.

Says the website, "Statistics show that at least one out of every three women in the world has been beaten, coerced into sex or otherwise abused in her lifetime. The catalog of gender-based violence is staggering: physical or sexual violence by intimate partners; female genital mutilation or cutting; dowry murder - a brutal practice when a woman is killed by her husband or in-laws because her family is unable to meet their demands for her dowry; acid attacks due to dowry disputes; "honor killings" - when rape victims, women suspected of engaging in premarital sex or accused of adultery are murdered because it is viewed as an affront to the family's honor; early marriage - when young girls are forced into marriage and sexual relations, jeopardizing their health and education; trafficking; rapes and abduction in the context of war; and sexual harassment, often leading to girls dropping out of school or parents pushing their children into early marriage."

The Hunger Project has placed the work of empowering woman at the very heart of a strategy to eradicate poverty.

"As our work and countless studies show, when women are supported and empowered, all of society benefits. Families are healthier, more children go to school, agricultural productivity improves and incomes increase. In short, communities become more resilient. It is, therefore, not only imperative to end violence against women from a human rights perspective, but it is absolutely essential to achieve the end of hunger and poverty in our world."

International Woman's Day has just passed, and surely this marks a time for we men to have a thorough and long look at our fascinating other half and give them the encouragement and opportunity to be whom they really are. We do need them. Imagine what the world would be like if woman are not given encouragement to be themselves and to contribute as only they can to a healthy future for all.

Well it doesn't take much imagining does it? Just read the news.

Our world needs a woman's touch.

March 9, 2009

## *Parliament has yet to focus on the crisis*

This phrase “consumer confidence” is driving me to distraction. There are no people out here, no human beings, just consumers, and we consumers have lost confidence and are not buying things and hence the depressed state of our economy. Were it so simple.

It is my assertion that we will not recover from this economic dive until the people, not consumers, recover confidence in government, parliament and all that goes with. As of this moment my confidence as one of the people is very thin indeed.

In the United States we have Obama, and he is a bright light shining forth from the mess. However Obama is but a man, a man with a powerful dream, a man sitting in perhaps the most powerful place in the world, but one man nonetheless. He is facing a world consumed with suspicion and fear, a world desperately wanting to hang on to old and obsolete ways. Obama is a rallying point for those who want effective action. We can join the movement for change or lose the opportunity.

Canada is not responding to the call. Our government, in fact the whole of Parliament, must be a glaring example of an institution hanging on to outmoded ideas with grim determination. One might have hoped, given the seriousness of the situation, that Parliament would have refashioned itself from a caterwauling circus into a circle of statesmen working together to discover and implement solutions. No such luck.

When Michael Ignatieff chose to forego the coalition with the NDP, backed by the Bloc Québécois, and support the government’s budget, the Conservatives must have been rubbing their hands with glee. Ignatieff probably did what he did because he did not want to be at close quarters with or beholding to Jack Layton and the NDP. One would like to believe he did what he did to give the government a chance to set things right, but it is more likely he was paying out rope hoping the government would hang its collective self, and he, and the Liberals, could then move in and take over without the NDP and the Bloq hanging from his own neck.

The coalition might well have worked, or it might have been a dismal failure. We will probably never know. Certainly when Ignatieff chose to support the budget the coalition idea evaporated like a puff of hot air. The Conservatives knew this and with that threat out of the way they could once again fly their true colours. Already they are amassing an arsenal of attack ads against the possibility that Ignatieff will pull the plug and force an election.

I do not know if or when the Liberals will ever be strong enough to effectively challenge the Conservatives. The scandals in Quebec cost them the confidence of the people of Canada in a big way. Can they reignite the dream that was so well lit by Pearson and Trudeau? Maybe. I am doubtful.

In any event, all of this jockeying for position only shows the lack of respect of Parliamentarians for the real needs of the people. I do not know what the Bloq's agenda is although I suspect it is Quebec-centred with no focus on the rest of the country. Layton's eyes were glinting sharply with the possibility of actually, finally, getting into the inner circle of power. Dion and now Ignatieff want to recover from those body blows that all but killed the Liberal party and once again become the shining light on the Canadian political scene. And Harper wants to be king.

It is business as usual on the ever-ethereal Parliament Hill.

In the midst of this we are not thinking, feeling human beings. We are consumers to be conned and manipulated into giving our support to he or she who most effectively prances about the stage showering us with sweet nothings. Is anyone asking us about our dreams, our aspirations, our hope for a healthy future? We get to watch the stage-managed productions, and then we are asked to send money to support the worthy cause, and then we will be asked for our vote on election day, whenever. Support what? Vote for whom? More of the same?

During one of our recent elections I had a cab load of girls and we were talking about the election. The girls for the most part were not paying much attention to it all and were only intent on making their own lives work. They did not even know what day to vote let alone have any plans to cast a ballot.

“Why wouldn't you vote?” I asked.

“They don't care about me and so I don't care about them,” was the very straightforward reply. A most telling response, and it only left me being silent.

March 2, 2009

## *Sleep tight don't let the bed bugs bite*

There was wee tickle on my right knee. I looked down and spotted this little critter working his way along my leg. Whap! Immediately I dealt with the intrusion. Only it was not so much a whap as it was a splat. What was a bug became a red splotch on my knee. It was not red paint or ketchup for sure. It was blood, and the nearest creature with honest red blood was me. This little guy had bitten me and sucked up his supper and was off looking for a comfy place to curl up and go to sleep.

My mind immediately blurted out, "Bedbug!!"

I knew that there were bed bugs in town. The health people say so, and there have been a couple of articles in the Sun Times. I have also heard stories from various directions about large buildings in town that have been infested and how much serious work and expense is involved to get the bugs out.

Some of the stories were doubly uncomfortable because of the accusations flying back and forth about who had brought them in. "It was him! .. or her! Let's turn them in to the bug cops. Somebody start a petition and get the culprit outta here." Humans really love to lay blame. It is a great way to avoid taking responsibility.

In truth I thought for a moment that maybe I should say nothing and just research and deal with the problem myself. Who needs the hassle of pointing fingers? If I have bugs probably somebody, if not everybody, in my building has them too. We would all be better coming out of the closet about it and working with the problem together.

I called my landlady and told her what was happening. She immediately went exploring and came back with a vacuum and a list of instructions. Mostly it was about vacuum, vacuum, and vacuum again, everywhere, every day for fifteen days. If I got all the eggs and critters, all of them, every day for fifteen days then I would quite probably be rid of them.

While well along with this process, I was lying on my couch and a bug popped out of the fabric, wandered about for a moment and then popped back in through another hole.

"You little beggar," I thought to myself. They were real deep into this couch. The relatively loose weave of the fabric made it possible for the bugs to work their way in where my vacuum could not dislodge them. Most of my soft furniture is like that, a true nesting place for any six-legged wandering creatures who want to make a home.

One thought led to another until I am now waiting this afternoon for a couple of fellas to come by who will take my couches, chair and box spring and mattress and dispose of them somewhere safe. They know why. Tomorrow at the crack of dawn an efficient cleaning woman will show up and scour the place. Tomorrow afternoon a brand new three-piece living room set and a new bed will show up. These new pieces are as close to leather as you can get without robbing the bank, and the four posts of the bed will be planted in metal containers holding water. I am not going to make it easy for any unwanted visitors to get restarted, although I know they will be trying. What makes the difference is that I am on to them and their ways.

After all this, expense included, I have a smile on my face. My apartment is going to see a delightful transformation. Males living alone tend to ignore greasy corners, and little piles of junk can accumulate all over the place. Add to that that this furniture to which I am about to say goodbye is second hand and old and slightly ratty and has been with me forever, and you have a picture of a place that is crying out to be cleaned out and given an opportunity for a fresh start.

Yes! A burden in my life has just become an opportunity, and I am flush with enthusiasm for the newness of it all.

I have had a sit in my new chair across the way at GrayFair. It is a very comfy chair indeed. I had thought to await its arrival before I told you this story, a christening so-to-speak. And then I thought I would write in my old surroundings and use the opportunity to say goodbye to these old ratty things that have served me so well for so long. I'm almost like a kid letting go of an old used-up teddy bear.

And to all bed bugs, "Be bug-wise and avoid this place. I am armed, ready and determined."

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February 23, 2009

## *Telling it like it is works best*

Hello there. I have moved. Same place, different time slot. For almost the last two and a half years this has been a Wednesday morning gig. Now it will be every Monday morning. Hope it works for you. Certainly it does for me. I thought it might be a good time to take stock.

It was about October in 2006 that I started writing for the Sun Times. I was miffed because the Downtown Improvement Association (DIA) was considering throwing their support behind the idea of covering the downtown core with cameras. It was not that they were considering the idea that bothered me. It was that they were holding a meeting which was billed as a public meeting, but, when I showed up to voice an objection, I was stonewalled. I could sit in and listen, but I needed to keep my mouth zipped.

I had not written anything for a newspaper in decades, but this time I was determined to be heard, and I dashed off a piece and sent it off. It was promptly printed.

It was at this time that Michael Den Tandt came back to town to become the editor. Michael is a well known writer in Canadian journalism. Among other publications, he wrote for the National Post, the Globe and Mail and Southam News. He is a very experienced man in the business.

I have always felt I was experienced too, although I certainly did not walk in Michael's circles. It was in the '70s that I was intensely involved in newspapering and radio. This was in a boom/bust town, Fort St. John, in northeastern British Columbia.

I remember the day when I came into the radio station one very early morning. I had a steaming cuppa on call and was ripping the newswire. My first job of the day was to roll up the mare's nest of paper that filled half the room from the overnight feed and organize it to be used in the day's news broadcasts.

I started to seriously wonder that day about the authenticity of the news I was passing along to my listeners. I suspected that my own desire to play a valid role in a developing democracy was being subverted. I suspected that I was only an unwitting mouthpiece for a complicated corporate empire that had purposes that had zero interest in a developing democracy. My problem was that I did not really know. I was just suspicious. My concern was that my suspicion would cloud my work and I would unduly cause doubt that would cloud other's minds too.

So I quit my career and went off in the world to find out just what was the truth. One day, I thought, I would come back into media and be able to tell it straight. I did find out, certainly to my satisfaction, but getting back into the loop to write from my new perspective proved to be difficult indeed.

Back to Michael. We met at The Bean Cellar for coffee one day, after I had a few pieces under my belt, to discuss a column. He was very clear that he did not really understand me, but there was something about my way of doing things that he found interesting, and he wanted to give me a shot at the column I so intently wanted. He set almost no bounds on my writing.

“I don’t care if you write poetry,” I remember him saying. He wanted a variety of faces in the paper to represent different facets within the community. He knew I had been a newspaper editor myself and so knew the basic rules of the game. Write, “Within the bounds of common decency and good taste,” and “Tell the truth,” being basic. He did not mind if we disagreed or even argued with our writings. He just wanted it to be real. Attracting readers would be a good plus.

In these last couple of years I have indeed gone after some sacred cows. Christianity has been challenged as have box stores. But, you know, not once in all this time have I been called aside and told to temper my enthusiasm because some important person is feeling maligned, and I am sure there are such people. I truly cherish the freedom I have been given to tell it like it is for me. I’m not sure that this is so within the broader Canadian media community, but in this newspaper it is so.

I believe fervently in Canada and democracy. But democracy is far more than a functioning ballot box. Democracy is a conversation between people with a variety of interests and experiences, all in the interests of arriving at solutions that will serve everyone.

Know that this newspaper is striving to do just that. I am proud to be part of it all.

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February 18, 2009

## *The challenge of a darkened winter night*

Oh for the joys of a drive through winter's countryside.

I picked up my passenger in Wiarton in the morning and we were off to London. There was some blowing snow but nothing serious. The straightest route was straight south on CR 10 through Hanover to Clifford. A ten minute jog across to Harriston and then it was a clear run down highway 23, through Listowel and Mitchell to London.

We arrived twenty minutes early. I left my passenger to do his business and went off to find a sandwich and a bowl of soup. Two hours later with me replete and my passenger with the business of the day well done we were heading north.

In the two hours we were in London the weather conditions to the north had seriously deteriorated. We came out of London on Richmond Street and the snow was already blowing furiously. I prepared myself for a long slow drive home. Thankfully my customer was calm, cool and collected.

Twenty minutes north of London and Hwy 7 was closed. There was the sign, blaringly obvious, "Closed!!" You do not ignore those signs. I'm told that if the cops catch you on a road they have closed they lock you up and feed you bread and water until you get it. And for good reason too. Roads are closed because they are dangerous for all travelers.

Next stop was a gas station to fill up. This might be a longer trip than I thought. I did not want to chance being stuck somewhere without fuel to keep the car warm.

We headed north on Hwy 4 to Clinton. It was a slow drive. We drove through the town looking for CR 8 which would take us to CR 4 and from there to Walkerton and home. But as we were about to leap off onto this leg of the journey there was that sign again, "Closed."

Oh my. Are we going to get home tonight?

It was only 18 k across Hwy 8 to Goderich. Let's try that. My hopes were not high. Hwy 21 up the coast is usually the worst of the lot when the weather is bad. The driven snow comes off Georgian Bay with the ferocity of a prairie blizzard. And thus it was. Just north of Goderich there was our sign, "Closed."

We discussed the matter for a moment, my passenger and I. Are we going to quit? It was just a look back and forth really, but the conclusion was, "No. We're going home!"

We went east across Loyal Road, hoping we could find an open road headed north. And, as luck would have it, within a few k we came to CR 1, a northbound road and not a closed sign in sight. We stopped for a moment to reconnoiter. We faced a solid wall of snow blowing horizontal. This would not be fun evening. Then a couple of cars emerged from the maelstrom. This was a good sign and we proceeded, slowly.

When the winter weather is bad, there is a particular band, about as wide as the distance between Goderich and Kincardine, that blows as though the icy northern devil himself is blowing his all. The blast blows inland and sweeps though just where we were and reaches all the way through to Orangeville and finally begins to peter out around Newmarket. We were in the thick of it, and the worst of it. But there was no closed sign and we were going home, inch by inch if necessary. Keep moving, however slowly, and we'll get through this. There is another side. There always is.

There is only one way to do this. Drive as slow as necessary so that you stay on the road, and on your side of the road, and can stop easily should any surprises show up. Driving too fast in these conditions is deadly. Once I looked out my window to check the distance from the left side of the road, I could see that far, and realized that I was not slowing down anymore. I was at a dead stop and my mind still thought I was moving. These conditions can indeed be mesmerizing.

There were no close calls. There were cars on the road, and a snowplow, and everyone was being careful to a fault. We did see a car in the ditch and a tow truck looking for it, but otherwise there were no problems.

When we reached Paisley the ferocity of the storm was over. We even had tires on the pavement. It was an easy trip up CR 3 to Burgoyne and across Cr 17 and 5 to the county line and north to Wiarton.

Half an hour later I was soaking in a hot tub in Owen Sound. Home at last.

Should we have tackled it? Of course. We were going home. Would I recommend it? No.

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February 11, 2009

## *Can you be good without God?*

*Tim Wees*

In Britain there are signs on some 800 buses reading, "There's probably no god. Now stop worrying and enjoy your life." These signs are placed by the Humanist Association in Britain. The campaign has shown up in other countries, Spain, Italy, United States, Australia and now Canada. In Canada, The Humanist Association of Canada is placing signs which read, "You can be good without God."

On the website, [Canadian Humanists argue](#), "For too long, religion has assumed the authority of moral teacher, and the Humanists are here to say that the teachings of progressive thinkers, such as philosophers Epicurus, Baruch de Spinoza, Bertrand Russell and Noam Chomsky, physicists such as Albert Einstein and Steven Weinberg, and other free-thinking individuals are just as good, or even better, than many of the teachings of religion."

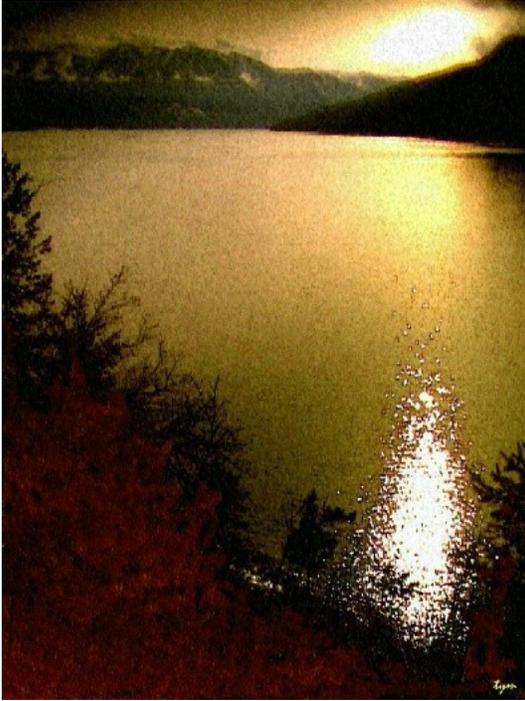
There are humanists who are agnostic, which is to say they just do not know and do not want to lay a claim one way or another. But in my observation the core group who are directing traffic in this campaign are atheists and bent on eliminating God from our life. I would far rather they would fly their colours clear and true and call themselves the "Atheist Association of Canada" as they do their work and try to carve the notion of God out of our thinking.

As I understand it, the basic argument of an atheist is that there is only matter. Spiritual dimensions do not exist. Everything that is, is governed by the laws of science and God is pure fantasy and should be discarded as such. Presumably all the other forms that God takes on the planet should be accorded the same short shrift.

God for Muslims is Allah. You won't catch a Buddhist laying claim to the existence of God, but these folks have a list of entities that get the same veneration as the Christian God. A Taoist will not be talking about God, but he will share an experience of an intrinsic wholeness in the infinity of the cosmos. A Taoist might talk of an order and beauty that encompasses all of life be it spiritual or material. He will not call it God. It is the Tao. There is a long list of cultures that espouse one form or another of that which Christians call God. Are these all to be thrown out in the interests of supporting a matter-centred belief system?

In the arguments I have heard from Humanist/Atheists, these other myths and forms of God go unmentioned. God is that which is embodied in the teachings and rituals of Christianity. For these people, it is the religion, the dogma, of the Christian community which defines God.

This God is probably perceived as some ancient looking fella with a long beard and pointing finger threatening hellfire and damnation for non-compliance. Humanists don't like that God. Well neither do I. I'll be walking on the other side of the street from that one. But that God, as are all of the others, is just a story, a metaphor designed to offer some form for our confined minds in order to perceive and access the infinite god-energy which does lie out there. Why we choose the forms we do is probably to serve our more material purposes. Someone wanting to control his community might conjure up the bearded God with the pointy finger to scare the bejesus out of everyone and get them to put lots of money in the collection plate. Don't tell me it doesn't happen. Small wonder people want to abandon the idea of God.



The second half of the Humanist message is certainly worth sending out everywhere. “Stop worrying and enjoy your life,” should be posted everywhere. That’s a good plan. This is not to say one should ignore one’s responsibilities, although for many it might look just like that.

Here’s the crunch. From where do you get the energy to be up and happy and ready to go out and enjoy the day? If you live in a matter-centred universe, where matters spiritual do not exist, then you need something to titillate your body so that you can lighten up and enjoy. Coffee is a good day-starter drug and then there are a host of things we ingest naturally as part of living or intentionally to change a mood. My assertion is that unconnected to a spiritual source, in a matter-driven universe, drugs, both legal and illegal, are required to be happy.

In a universe where the context is spiritual, there are a host of drug-free possibilities for accessing that healthy, abundant energy, as needed, to take on the world with a will and a smile. It doesn’t need to happen in a church either. Whenever, wherever. Sitting by the river watching the water creatures works.

Which pathway is always a matter of personal choice. Mix and match. Enjoy.

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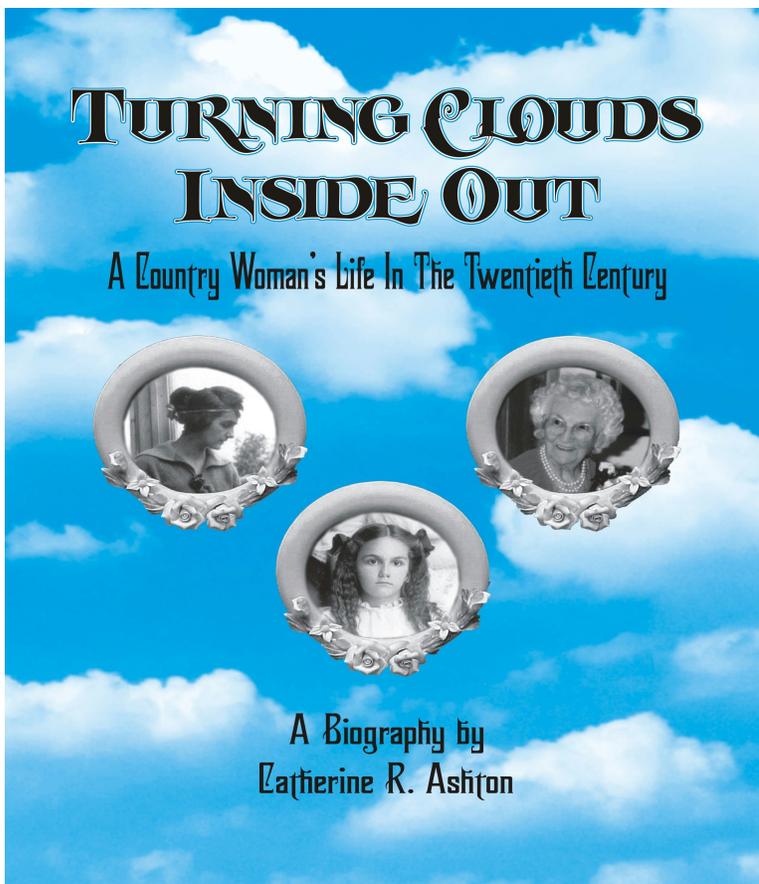
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February 4, 2009

## *Turning clouds inside out*

Looking back through life there are some experiences which come to the fore as more than worth the remembering. Perhaps the most outstanding of those, for me, were those years as a boy when we lived in Uxbridge township. We were a city family living in the country, and it was difficult, being such, to be accepted by the earthy country folk one so yearned to befriend.

The Beach family were our closest neighbours, and they took us in as their own. The Beaches were the salt of the earth, the old Ontario earth. The centerpiece of the Beach clan was Isabel. She was the mom of the family. Such a delightful soul she was. I will always remember her honey and peanut butter sandwiches when I would drop by unannounced.



Isabel was born in 1900 and lived her rich and full life for ninety-nine years, but she will not pass into oblivion unnoticed. Her daughter, Catherine, has written a book documenting the life of her mom. "Turning Clouds Inside Out, A Country Woman's Life in the Twentieth Century."

Catherine talks of a small gathering of friends that included Isabel and a more than somber young man.

The somber young man made a gloomy comment and Catherine replied, "Every cloud has a silver lining, you know." He typically responded, "Every silver lining has a cloud." Then Isabel chipped in, "Yes, I find that I've spent a good deal of my life turning clouds inside out." Thus the theme and the title of the book were established.

Catherine continues, "The twentieth century through which my mother lived had a generous share of clouds, as all centuries do. And she had her share of clouds, as all people do. This book

tells the story of one ordinary yet extraordinary country woman who lived a life of vigour, enthusiasm and determination in central and southern Ontario within the span of that twentieth century."

Isabel's family was a pioneering family, and this upbringing instilled in her values that carried her through the darkest times. Common sense, relying on your own resources, ingenuity and hard work done with a will and a smile were what made life work. Don't spend it if you don't have it was her financial mantra. She was not one to buy into the plastic credit culture which has taken over so much of our modern world.

She knew that sharing with others was important, that and nurturing oneself spiritually. She was a devout Christian, and it was not so because she was afraid of hellfire and damnation. She was Christian because for her it worked and gave her life a real foundation that made everything happen properly.

In 1919, Isabel went to Normal school and trained to be a teacher, the great love of her life. She put in the required five years to qualify for her pension and then she married Walter. In those days married women were not hired to be teachers because school trustees did not want to deal with pregnant women in the classroom, and of course it was understood that sex and pregnancy just did not happen until such time as one was married.

Isabel passed through two world wars and lost two brothers in the first. In the second her husband, Walter, was too old and her son, Beverley, too young to enlist. Also farmers were exempt because food production was essential to the nation. She was fortunate. The Great Depression was another catastrophic world event but it only further honed her skills in turning clouds inside out.

“How did they manage?” asks Catherine. “Life was definitely simpler then. The technology that now gobbles up so much of our time and money didn't exist. Farmers had little time for entertainments outside of church, community, and family social connections where admission charges were low or non-existent. Besides the meat, vegetables, fruit, milk and eggs produced on the farm, they had wild berries and morels that grew abundantly around the area, speckled trout from a neighbourhood stream, and maple syrup processed from sap harvested in their own maple bush. With a little ingenuity, a farmer's wife could provide hearty and nutritious meals for her family. I think my parents did brilliantly because they became experts at how to handle money and be resourceful. Planning carefully, scraping by, they made it through one of Canada's darkest times in the twentieth century.”

This book is the sharing of Isabel's life and by extension the way of life of rural Ontario through the last century, but what has been most telling for me in these pages is the deep and abiding love of a daughter for her mom. Catherine's love for Isabel shines throughout like a pure, sparkling diamond.

If you want your own copy write to Catherine Ashton at [cashton@sympatico.ca](mailto:cashton@sympatico.ca) or phone (705) 325-3451.

January 28, 2009

## *NFB comes out of the closet*

This is the day that could remake the relationship between film and the Internet. The National Film Board (NFB) has joined the online community. Since 1939 the NFB has produced some 13,000 titles and 700 of these are already up and ready for streaming.

The NFB has been an important player in the film world, claiming 5000 major awards, 90 Genie awards and 12 Oscars.

Many film-makers would not have seen the light of day were it not for the NFB. But from the perspective of one who has lived in the boonies, these fine films have been made and then promptly buried, lost in the archives, moulding away, unwatched and unappreciated. I am told that there is a cinema in Toronto where you can go and watch these productions all day for a toonie. That is nice if you live in Toronto and know where to find the place.

Now the National Film Board has come out of the closet. All these films will be made available to everyone with a high speed connection to the Internet. You can scroll through the titles, find one that looks interesting and voila there it is before you, one click away from a full screen presentation. If you do not like it, stop it and choose another. If you do sit back and enjoy. Having the choice is new.

I have been watching films for hours and enjoying myself thoroughly. The oldest in the NFB collection (1928) is a short film of Grey Owl. This is the real goods, the real Grey Owl, playing and interacting with a colony of beavers. He certainly was able to make friends with these creatures. In one sequence there is a shot of a beaver actually climbing into his canoe. In another there is a beaver standing on his hind legs and involved in a playful wrestling match with Grey Owl's wife. See it to believe it.

Waterwalker (1984) is an exciting journey by canoe along the Lake Superior shoreline with side adventures up some of the rivers. Bill Mason is the producer, main player and host. It doesn't really matter that the film is 25 years old. The material is timeless. Mason's dialogue throughout is homespun and relaxed. He is just sharing his life experiences and you can see he is having a fine time with it. Getting dumped into Superior's frigid water, shooting whitewater rapids or soaking up the tranquility of a back-country stream, these are just the stuff of life for this man.

In another film, Cry of the Wild (1972), Mason debunks the myth that portrays the wolf as an evil sort whose main purpose in life is to dress up as Gram and gobble up innocent little girls. The wolf only plays his role in the natural scheme of things in the forest and mountains. When the back country is left to its

natural ways there is balance. It is when man enters the picture that things go askew. The wolf has been hunted from snowmobiles and airplanes and poisoned in an effort to eradicate the creature. Wolves are not a threat to people. Every self-respecting wolf raised in the wild will head the other way, flat-out, when encountering humans. Smart wolves.

The Cat Came Back (1988) is for the kids, or the kid in each of us. This is an animated featurette by Cordell Barker and is one of the funniest cartoons I have ever seen. I won't tell you the tale except to say that you'll get a good belly laugh out of it.

The Kid Who Couldn't Miss (1982) by Paul Cowan should catch the eye of Owen Sound. This is the life story of Billy Bishop. I am sure this one has ignited ire in some quarters where it questions the authenticity of some of Bishop's kills, but setting the controversy aside this is a good yarn. Certainly it brings one face to face with WWI from the airman's perspective. We watch Bishop turn from being outgoing and gregarious to secluded and withdrawn as his friends and comrades are dying around him, shot down in flames. Flyers' lives were often measured in weeks. Bishop survived the war and was credited with 72 victories, kills, and given a chestfull of medals. That war killed 10 million men. Of these 55,000 were flyers.

In conclusion the film narrator says, "With the passing of years it becomes harder to know what part of his legend is myth and what part is truth. But one thing is clear, heroism, like war itself, is neither as simple nor as glorious as we would like."

For these films and hundreds more go to [nfb.ca](http://nfb.ca).

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*January 21, 2009*

## ***Laying new track into the future***

America's first black president is in now office. This is certainly an occasion for a long round of applause. That some people are lesser than others because of their colour and heritage is certainly a myth worth dispelling. Obama's election does that with style.

Barack Obama is the antithesis of his predecessor. He is sincere, intelligent and committed to facing the chaos of the moment with an obvious intention to produce results that can put our global culture onto a track that can lead into a workable future. He is also facing what may be recorded in history as the greatest calamity of the human race with a smile. Now that takes class. His example makes me want to wipe the gloom from my own heart and walk out the door and do and be something useful and smile too.

Obama seems to recognize that his winning smile and good intentions will not be sufficient of themselves to win the day. He is surrounding himself with competent people who, while recognizing the authority of the president to set the course, will not be yes people. Hillary Clinton is the most obvious case in point. He and she were at each others throats in the battle to be the democratic candidate. He won and she is the Secretary of State. That speaks volumes to the grace and integrity of both Obama and Clinton. The job needs to be done. Let's bury the hatchet and get on with it.

However, it will be very dangerous to place our hope in the man as though he is going to transform the world, and we just need to sit back and wait for the sparkling glitter to reform on the carousel. The work through these next years, decades perhaps, will not be to haul the human railway train back up onto the same old track so we can carry on as before. It is how we were carrying on before that got us into this mess. Something new is in order. We need to be out there laying new track in a new direction, and then lay new rails and build a new train and then climb aboard with clear intention and point ourselves into a future that works for all.

Obama is the man who signals hope, and I am thrilled beyond words that he is there. But he is only one man who can point to a future. It is us who will lay the bed for the railway and plant the rails and build the train and generally make it work. There will be people out there trying to tinker with the financial system in an attempt to rebuild the consumer society, but their efforts will be utterly wasted. The consumer society is obsolete. Attempting to rebuild that social construct is only to ask all of us ground level folks to once again give up our birthright as self-generating, thinking human beings and climb back into our boxes and let the experts direct traffic.

The experts have proven themselves to be inept and incompetent. The evidence is in the failed lives and failed countries that litter the world. Nobody should ever again be given carte blanche to make decisions on our behalf. We need to be in on the conversation. It is our lives and our planet that is at stake.

By the same token, as we applaud Obama's intelligence and capacity to think clearly, we need to do likewise. We, the people, have become really good at whining and complaining about what is wrong and laying responsibility for how it is at someone else's doorstep. Oh but we're good at that. Now we need to learn how to think for ourselves and how to take appropriate and productive action to set things right.

We do need a working economy, but to simply ask people to get out there and have confidence and shop some more, as the solution, is to be superfluous. Buying more trinkets from China may make the box stores wealthy, but meanwhile our money is being siphoned away and our economy consequently suffering. We need to be rebuilding our own manufacturing base. More money needs to circulate within our own economy. Kudos must go to attempts being made by our local counties and municipalities, those who are participating, to stimulate local manufacturing business.

Jim Algie reported recently on attempts by Grey County to address the issue. The Planning and Community Development chairman, Duncan McKinlay, said, "There's a new reality of economic development. It's not that we're going to get an auto plant to locate in Holland Centre. It's what we can do to help little business that are here and say they want to employ two or three more people.

"How can we help them out?"

Now there is a new and refreshing attitude. It brings the leadership that Obama is offering down to earth and makes it real.

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January 14, 2009

## *Taking the paper out of newspaper*

“Oye. Oye. Oye.”

That’s what the town criers would call out when they wanted to announce something it was thought folks should hear. This is one of those. Oh it’s not a monumental thing, nothing intense like the Gaza Strip or Zimbabwe, but it is important, I think.

This is about the new Owen Sound Sun Times on line edition. You can now subscribe to this newspaper on line, and it costs you about five dollars less than the paper version, \$9.95 per month.

Am I using my column to advertise something and sell it? Yup. Unabashedly so.

The use of paper as a communications medium is on the wane. This is obvious fallout from the rise of the Internet. People are getting their information electronically, and more of it. I do certainly.

My email bleeps me in the morning within a few minutes of six am, and there is my alert that today’s paper is ready for viewing. So I make a cuppa and sit down for a read of what’s up locally. After the local news, this being the Internet, I can then access The Toronto Star, Globe and Mail, New York Times, Reuters, whatever. If there is something that is particularly interesting I can search for more information and depth to my heart’s content. The Internet, for all its scams and anarchists, is in. The Sun Times is climbing on board with a will.

If you have been a regular reader you will know that I am a dyed in the wool tree hugger. I love the forest. There are places in the British Columbia forests that have such depth and breadth and diversity as to take the heart away. And there are other places, great swaths, all across the country, where the logging companies have simply mowed it all down and left stumps and desert. There will be that dedicated clan of tree planters who will come in and plant a new generation of forest. But the new forest will all be the same and the intricate and the exquisite ecology will be gone. It is our outrageous consumption of paper that is the cause of this. Take it all. What is not timber can be chipped.

Some day, hemp will be grown for paper. This would be terrific. Hemp is very green and is a positive contribution to the global warming problem. And it will be farmers who grow it, and if they make money, they become themselves a financial plus for the economy. That’s good news. But that possibility will be some time before it emerges I expect. Meanwhile we have the Internet to diminish paper usage and from there ease the pressure on the forest.

My other motivation is that it is fun to share a hot new idea when I encounter it. I read a lot of newspapers on the Internet and the Sun Times presentation is by far the most interesting. After signing in you are presented with page one in your web browser. You can either peruse the newspaper in your browser or load it into PressReader, software that you download, free. This software will store the newspaper for seven days and you can use it to view the material.

Cheryl McMenemy is the publisher of the Sun Times. She says the possibility opened up for this idea when the newspaper was purchased by Quebecor. The larger corporation provides possibilities that would never have been available to the small independent newspaper.

“We’ll be able to offer the Sun Times with our local content on a variety of platforms. We want to expand our choices that customers will use,” said Ms. McMenemy. “People will be reading the Sun Times in a way they want to read it.”

There you are then looking at page one. Scan the headlines and then click on a story you want to read and instantly it is full size and readable. Move through it with the mouse. If the story leads on to an interior page, it is easy to get to the conclusion using the thumbnails that list all the pages down the right hand side of the screen. And there are new features beginning to emerge.

You can click on a headline and the story will appear in prose form. From there you can send it to a printer or even give a listen as the material is read by a nice computerized voice. It’s not badly done actually.

And when you’ve had your daily read you will not have to worry about recycling. The newspaper will continue to be stored by PressReader should you want to peruse back issues from the past week.

Go to [www.owensoundsuntimes.com](http://www.owensoundsuntimes.com) and click on E-edition.

Give it a trial run. I’m betting you’ll like it.

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January 7, 2009

## *Terrorists are but getting their due*

Once again Israel is in the thick of a war. What happened this time, and why?

Hamas, who control the Gaza strip, is the target of Israel's wrath. Hamas has been firing rockets into residential areas of Israel. Four people in Israel have consequently died, not that many in the total body count. However, everyone within the increasing range of these things lives with a constant nagging fear that one of these may hit them. These are not toys. They are capable of leveling houses. Anyone who thinks Israel would sit and twiddle thumbs, abiding this situation as simply a part of life, needs a serious lesson in the Israeli dynamic.

Lest we forget, six million Jews were exterminated by Hitler and his thugs during WW2. After the war the Jews created themselves as a country, Israel, a home for all Jews from anywhere, a safe haven amidst the insanity of the world. High on the priority list of this new nation was the need to create a no-kidding defense system. Today this shows up as a well-armed force indeed, including nuclear weaponry, that should give anyone pause to consider any intention to cause harm.

Who can be surprised that Israel would react now in any other way but how she has? Given the larger picture Israel's reaction is entirely appropriate. Given a resolve to survive, stemming from the holocaust, Israel can be expected to have a zero tolerance policy for the possibility of a repeat performance. Given that Iran, Syria and Hamas all are viciously sworn enemies of Israel, the response to these rocket attacks should send a clear message out to all antagonists. Stay on your own turf and leave us alone and we'll get along fine. Iran, for example, might want to rethink its anti-Israel rhetoric and even consider backing away from any nuclear weapons projects that are in play.

The tragedy of today is found in the suffering of Palestinian civilians who have been caught in the cross fire. The population as a whole is not Hamas. Most of the people are just folks who would far rather get on with living life. Hamas is a band of thugs who are well armed, organized and positioned to bully the population into submission to the cause of violence. Their actions ring strikingly similar to those of the Taliban in Afghanistan.

The Jerusalem Post reports that Hamas has executed 35 people who were suspected of collaborating with Israel and who were being held in security detention centres. While Hamas controls the Gaza strip, the more moderate Fatah control the West Bank, the other portion of the Palestinian population and geographically separated from Gaza by Israel. Fatah is a source of moderation in relations between Palestinians and Israelis, and is being viewed as an enemy of the cause by Hamas. Reportedly Hamas

has been shooting suspected Fatah supporters in the legs so they will not be able to assist the Israelis in the invasion of Gaza.

It is not the entire Palestinian community that Israel is attacking. Hamas is the target. Hamas is a terrorist organization that will never soften or seek peace and is thoroughly dedicated to destroying Israel. Small wonder that Israel would act to return the favour.

Uri Braun is a software engineer living near Tel Aviv. I talked with him, and it was not difficult to hear that he is unimpressed with protestors around the world who are so horrified by the invasion of Gaza. He is not living within range of the Hamas rockets, but he is very familiar with the areas, about thirty kilometers away, that are affected. He used to ride his bicycle there. No more.

Uri says that everyone within these areas lives in constant fear of the rockets and that it has become normal to expect a siren, offering thirty seconds notice, to start blaring at least a couple times a day. People dive for bomb shelters and hope for the best. This condition has persisted for years even through the so-called ceasefire.

“Although there are only four Israelis killed,” said Uri, “There are many wounded and hundreds of houses that were ruined. The economy of Sderot as been destroyed. Most people there went out of business since nobody dares to come there. Shops were bombed and destroyed as well as factories.”

Is there broad support for the invasion? Yes, says Uri, without question. Israelis are supportive of a friendly Palestinian state as a neighbour, but they will not tolerate a neighbour who thinks it is okay to lob rockets into their country several times a day.

He says that while Hamas is targeting civilian areas, it is not in the Israeli plan to kill civilians. He says that by far the greater number who are dying in Gaza are Hamas. Where civilians are killed is where they are being used as human shields.

“We are sorry for every civilian that is being hurt, but we have no choice.”

*December 31, 2008*

## ***What's up for the new year?***

The four monks moved calmly and quietly and without ceremony and took station around an empty and scrupulously cleaned plywood board. Their tools were vials of coloured sand. They used the sand just so, a dash here, a touch there, and slowly form began to emerge. Every few hours a new set of monks would arrive and the first crew would rest. This new group would seamlessly continue building the art form. This was a sand mandala, an artistic and symbolic depiction of life with all its mysteries and power.

We watched. We were about a dozen or so, an audience of awe no doubt. We were fascinated by this work. This should live forever, perhaps in an art gallery, for future generations. There should be an opportunity for everyone to experience this. However this was not the plan in play.

When it was complete the mandala was an expansive and detailed representation of life. The power of that presentation was awesome and quite overwhelming. All of us were touched deeply by the experience.

There was somewhat of a ceremony when it was over. The monks banged on cymbals and drums and made quite a cacophony of noise. I am sure that to a more trained ear there was music in this. For me it was just noise. But it was happy noise. The monks were thrilled with the completion of their work, and their enthusiasm shone through in their "music."

Then one of the monks calmly, quietly, dispassionately knelt down by the side of the mandala and with a small brush swept the whole mandala into the centre of the board. I was not prepared for this! What happened?

The sand was scooped into a bag and the monks led us to the seashore. A monk gathered up his robes and waded into the sea and released all the sand, all those endless hours of work and the exquisite form they produced, into the water.

Tomorrow these same monks would appear somewhere else. They would gather about an empty plywood board and create a sand mandala. It would be new and it would be the same.

The lesson I learned from these people was that the beauty of life does not live in the product, in the things that are produced, in the mandala. Life shows up as life itself is created. Things are comfy and interesting and fun to have about, but they do not have the light of a weak candle beside the sheer joy of dreaming them up and creating them from the imagination in the first place.

Tomorrow is the first day of a new year, and today there is the opportunity to sweep up this last year and release it into the sea. Given the collective body blows we have been receiving in these past few months, one might think the sea might be just the place for it.

However the raw truth is that tomorrow we will be collectively and individually facing the same set of circumstances we have before us today. There is very little promise for improvement, certainly not in the short term.

If the circumstances are not about to change then we can work with intention and attitude. If and when the circumstances do change and shift in a direction of improvement it will happen because we have an intention to make it happen and an attitude that allows it to happen.

In the short term governments are pouring trillions of dollars into the hole hoping to plug the leak. For the long term that is not good enough. For the long term solution we need to reweave the very fabric of our society. We need to recreate real community and real family and real, honest relationships, like it matters. By now I have been around the block once or twice, and where I have seen healthy communities of happy people operating ethically with one another, life works. And where they aren't it doesn't.

People are happy and well because they choose to be so, and the good life shows up as a consequence not as the cause. This consumer society we have been hooked into has been operating with quite the reverse thesis. We are dazzled with fancy cheap things made in China and we buy into the notion that these will make us happy. When they don't we go back to buy more stuff. And when Christmas hits we burn ourselves to a frazzle buying and giving stuff to make each other happy. And when it doesn't and the stores are closed? Well there is always booze, or whatever. And then of course there will always be Boxing Day.

Let last year disappear quietly into the sea? You betcha. And next year? Let's make it work this time.

Happy New Year!

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*December 24, 2008*

## ***Jesus can only be a personal experience***

This year, for many people, finding the Spirit of Christmas will be like looking for a very small needle in a very large haystack. I know I am feeling that way. However I do know that the Spirit of Christmas is available and that if I can but find this seemingly wispy and elusive ideal I can be reconnected to the joy of being alive and have a good head start on the new year.

Christmas is a time to call a halt to the world and all its material short-comings and look more deeply into the spiritual self and become rooted in ideas that are nurturing to the soul. The soul does need nurturing. I know that if I try to deal with the world and the spirit is weak, the best I can do is to attempt to fend off the unwelcome intrusions into my life. If the spirit is strong then the unwelcome and negative influences will keep their distance.

This is the birthday of Jesus. I have thought a lot of this man in the course of my life. My grandfather baptized me when I was thirteen. Granddad was a Methodist preacher. In the early 1900's he would set up evangelical gatherings in huge marquis tents out on the bald prairie and pull the folks in by the droves. We were both very emotional on the day he baptized me. I was young and knowing in my bones that I wanted and needed my spiritual centre, and that this moment was a valid route to my soul. Granddad had tears washing down his face as he laid his hand on my head and did the deed.

“Will you continue The Work?” he asked. I had no warning that he was going to pop that question. I just wanted to find myself so I could have the strength to face the day. Will I continue The Work? Holy Smokes!

“Yes.” I said. Now where did that come from? My mind was still playing with the idea, but my mouth said, “Yes.” Was there some guardian angel moving in at the crucial moment and seeing to it that I gave the right answer? Possibly. In any event it was my mouth that spoke the word, and I honestly have always felt bound to that.

However, granddad and I would be having some serious arguments were he still alive. Just what is The Work? I have for decades been deeply alienated from formal Christianity. Except as a tourist or on the occasional Christmas Eve, I have not seen the inside of a church for too long to remember.

The crux of my dilemma is philosophical. Christian dogma would have us believe that Jesus lives in some rarified space high on a pedestal, higher even than Prime Ministers, and that we are all but poor and

wretched sinners for whom it is blasphemous to even consider the possibility of meaningful one-on-one conversation.

To create a metaphor, all of us, only wanting the good life, instead found life to be but a hot and humid brier patch of thorns and prickly things that would stop even Br'er Rabbit. What made Jesus the leader was that he knew in his heart that there was a solution, a way out of the brambles. Perhaps because he was open to the possibility, a stream appeared, a cool and infinitely refreshing stream. Where others would fear to venture, Jesus waded in and immersed himself. He knew in the marrow of his bones that to follow this stream was to follow a pathway to a joyful and effective life.

In the first moment he would have seen that this was the way. In the next, he would have threaded the eye of the needle and discovered full surrender. In that moment he gave up his own identity to the wholeness of it all, the One. He became the One. Jesus could easily have said, "I am the One," and this statement could have as easily been misinterpreted to mean he was claiming superior status, the highest rank in the human caste system. Nothing could be further from the truth. To be the One is to have shed the nonsense and foolishness of life's phony expectations and to become an expression of the wholeness and completeness of the universe.

Jesus lived his life and gave his life to demonstrate a possibility which we can all share. But the point is lost, at least to me, when he is deified and set up on such a high unreachable pedestal, accessible only to priests and clergy and other such high and noble people. This doesn't jive with the Jesus I have come to know. He was common folk.

I'll have Jesus as friend and big brother thank you. Now we can talk, and maybe I'll find the way out of this brier patch, me and Br'er Rabbit too.

Have a happy Christmas all.

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*December 17, 2008*

## ***Our global solutions are obsolete***

It feels to me that our models for what makes civilization work effectively are obsolete and that the causes for our current global financial dilemma run far deeper than we have yet imagined. In North America, bailing out the Detroit Three is required. Who can deny this? Millions of jobs are at stake, and the effect of the automakers going under would be devastating beyond belief to the economy and from there would have an immediate debilitating effect on the very social fabric of society.

But bailing out the Detroit Three is akin to bundling up society into an ambulance and rushing the patient to hospital while the paramedics momentarily stop the bleeding and keep the patient breathing. It will cost billions for this ambulance ride and billions upon billions more as global financiers try to stabilize other issues emerging from all quarters of the financial system.

If we think that these immediate multi-billion remedial efforts will make a lasting difference then we are in for a huge shock. I will not argue against these short-term solutions because they are momentarily keeping the patient alive. The uptown civilization of the developed countries will continue to function for the next few months, perhaps even a few years. But this crisis of confidence runs far deeper than our ailing financial structure, and until we get down into the roots of what ails us the problem will only worsen.

Our solutions of the moment are designed to prop up an obsolete past. We hope beyond hope that we can resuscitate the past and make it work again. We want reliable, high paying, nine to five jobs, a house and two cars, two and a half kids, a white picket fence and everyone contentedly living his lot in a well-oiled consumer society. To live with that hope is only to live in denial.

The infrastructure of our global culture is rotten and we need to seriously to rebuild from the bottom up. We need to rebuild our foundations with a view to creating a world that works for everyone with nobody and nothing left out. We need to live for a future that includes all. Anything less is only to invite disaster.

I remember sitting on a beach in a nice resort hotel in Mexico. I was trying to take some time out in my own damaged life, to take stock and start again. It was supposed to be a healing experience. Within eyesight of my hotel there were acres of tin shacks where the poverty-stricken and dispossessed lived. While I sat in my comfy beach chair with a delightful drink of something alcoholic and juicy, a young boy came and stood before me. He must have been all of three years old, all but naked and black as soot from the hot sun.

This wee boy only knew one word. He looked at me with a glaring, angry look in his eye and yelled his one word into my face,

“Dollar! Dollar! Dollar!”

He screamed it at me over and over until finally I had to get up and leave. No I didn't give him his dollar. I don't like being coerced by anyone. This youngster had been trained by someone to put white rich people like me right to the wall and liberate us from our money. And the harsh truth is that it probably was the only effective way they could get any money. The experience did rattle me to the core. I knew about poverty but in this two-foot, black as soot child it was facing me in the raw.

If these people are not included in the solutions we seek then our solutions simply will not work. If it does not work for them, it will not work for us. Their poverty will find its way into our lives. Notice how our industries are quick to move to Mexico these days. From a financial point of view it makes sense. Labour costs drop from \$15-\$20 per hour to \$2 per hour, and the Mexicans are thrilled to make that \$2 per hour.

I drive taxi and am certainly below what Canada considers the poverty line. I do have a warm roof over my head and I eat okay. Some months the basics are barely covered. But I am a wealthy man by global standards. My financial situation places me in the top 12% in the world.

These words only touch the deepening crisis of confidence with a light feather. There is a cholera epidemic in Zimbabwe and disease is rampant throughout Africa. Failed states are emerging around the world.

And the environment? Well that's for another day, but undeniably the ongoing destruction of the planet is seriously exacerbating this crisis of confidence that lives in the roots of who we are.

Can we deal with this? Will we?

I don't know.

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# *Music from the street years*

In the 90's I spent a number of years on the street. My life was chaos and I was completely confused as to the why of it. I needed to go straight to the bottom to find out. The uncomfortable truth is that there is no bottom to the Abyss. It goes forever. Coming back out from this deep hole was not an easy task. Some people helped and I thank them deeply. This music is theirs. This music kept me sane and helped me rediscover myself.

There is an eighteen minute medley of oldies but goodies at the end that of course are not mine. I include them because they were an important part of my repertoire. I hope I'm not breaching any copyrights.

The rest are of my own making.

If you use an audio player that insists on using this window to play a piece, you should be able to return here with the back button on your browser.

My apologies for any blurps. This is me recording on my home computer, and having fun too I must say. I have listened to them all and they are basically sound, pun intended.

The pic is me playing in the Inner Harbour in Victoria B.C. Glum lookin' fella huh. Sorry. It was the way it was.

Do enjoy anyway!



A Love Story (13:11)  
A Pacific Dawn (4:14)  
Baker Street Blues (3:41)  
Blue Sky Waltz (2:45)  
Broadway (2:52)  
Brook in the Valley (1:26)  
I Remember Canada (6:44) (a prose piece)  
Dragonfly (0:55)  
English Bay Sunset (2:52)  
Evening Rain (3:30)  
Gone to the Beach (2:27)  
In the Drivin Rain (0:47)  
Lament to Clayoquot (5:17)  
Nighttime (5:11)  
Shimizu (2:07)  
The Argenta Fair (1:36)  
Where Angels Tread (4:19)  
You (3:45)

and ... A Medley of Oldies and Goodies (17:52)

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