

TABLE POEMS, STORIES AND ARTICLES  
BY A FRUSTRATED JOURNALIST

John Tidridge

Volume 1

## **INTRODUCTION**

This epistle contains, as the titles notes, all kinds of stuff written over the years by yours truly.

Read and enjoy!!

Dad April 2008.

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## THE FAMILY

Family...

*(Written or at least started December 31, 2006)*

Fruit of the loins the psalmist said...  
Would bring joy to the mind of the dullest head!!

My head cannot be dull as with my family I meet  
I must confess they are really quiet neat  
Why am I so fortunate?

One cannot name them for it would be shame  
To think more highly of one over the other...  
But different they are; my kids and grandchildren  
Where could I find so diverse a bunch  
who would come over for lunch,  
and supper and snacks  
in the garden and in the restaurant!!!

God has been so good even in times of woe  
I have been allowed to watch them grow,  
and grow and grow  
Kindergarten, Elementary,  
Junior High and Senior High too,  
University and College,  
Sports, Art, Poetry and Music and such  
Oh, it can't all be just good luck

So I thank the good Lord as I type...  
And give thanks for my family!!

---

FUN, FUN, FUN...

(Written in response to a poem called

I loved My Job...from Steve, May 2007)

I love my son, my only one,

Who tells to me stories of fun  
If only I had job like his...  
My every day would quickly whiz  
But alas I am retired...  
In gardening deeply mired...  
But never mind, Number One...  
I have forwarded this pun...  
For others to have a chuckle....

---

Isaac Tyler Is The Guitar Man.

*(September 2007- written to congratulate Isaac  
on his(almost) job as a guitar teacher)*

Isaac Tyler is the Guitar Man.  
To teach children music is the plan.  
Music in his blood runs, and that's cool.  
Isaac the Guitar Man ain't no fool.

Isaac Tyler is the Guitar Man.  
Come Nancy or Frankie or just plain Dan.  
To be taught music like, "one, two, threes".  
Isaac the Guitar Man is bound to please!

Isaac Tyler is the Guitar Man.  
Ready and raring no one dare ban.  
Guitar strumming is more than riffs,  
Isaac the Guitar Man will use all his gifts!

---

## Marriage

'Been waiting long?' I was asked  
As in the shopping mall I waited  
'Almost fifty years', I said with a smile

Fifty years seems such along time,  
But really marriage is a state of mind  
Certainly, when times put one in a bind  
You wonder...

The girl that I married I met by chance  
If you believe that I have, by chance,  
An Arizona sea-side front lot for sale  
Perhaps it will include a whale!

Early on and newly wed  
To a foreign land we sped  
It really was far to go  
And, they told us not of the snow  
You wonder...

There are children, one, two, three, four.  
We are sure there will be no more!  
But then there are grandchildren  
Who make me joyous when I pick up my pen  
To write of the joys of marriage!!

Maureen, at home she did stay  
To keep the homestead her way  
So that we could provide a spot  
Where various grandchildren could 'hide'  
as they munched on Kraft dinner.

John, as farmer, not he,  
With Maureen came to the big, big city  
To labour at Scott Fruit,  
Then, he tried on the boot of a City \*cop  
This sure helped out the family a lot  
You wonder...

After awhile a house was purchased  
In the Highlands,  
With friends nearby and the Church as well  
Things moved along, pell-mell.  
You wonder...

Fifty years it can't be true!  
Hey, I hardly know you!  
Well, that really not true as I am sure you know  
But together we continue to grow  
Bring on the next fifty!!  
No need to wonder....

- The author does not like this word, but it sure rhymed!!



---

My Wife.....

*(February 2, 2007 on our fiftieth anniversary)*

Dignified and gracious to use but a few,  
Are adjectives used to describe you.  
Fifty years ago it seems  
I began a life dreams  
Life would be sweet, with my wife.

The cockney says, 'Trouble and Strife',  
Talking lovingly of his wife.  
'Old Lady', 'old Woman' and other words  
Speak of the one to whom other men are bound  
But my wife does not belong to that motley crew.

What can I say now, fifty years hence,  
It would not be safe to sit on the fence!  
Dignified and gracious still come to mind  
But caring and responsible and quite capable  
And of speaking her mind, most able!!

Would I do thing differently,  
Almost reverently I say, No!  
That would be saying that God did not know,  
That I needed you, my wife, for me to grow!!  
I Love you very much, Maureen!!

---

Temperament

*(Written waiting in the car wash line, ,  
wondering why I re-act like I do!!)*

*February 17, 2007*

Why Oh, why am I blessed,  
With a temperament  
Which at times my life has messed!!

Oh, for one that is all smiles and grins,  
Able to rejoice in what life brings

But then I read in God's Word  
That it's not absurd  
To believe there is a place  
for my face!!

Try as I might to always please,  
I might just was well suppress a sneeze!!  
As Popeye might say in his winsome way  
I yam what I yam...

Rough 'round the edges it's true,  
But what's a fellow goin' do...  
Just hang in there and grin  
To put on life a new spin...

Will it last, we wonder...  
Will he soon been seen to blunder...  
Please check the mirror on the wall  
Self examination is good for all!

---

### The Interview

*(Written October 31, November 1, 2007 on the  
occasion of an interview and a job for Andrea)*

Granddad would you,  
Could you,  
Drive me for an interview

Of course I would,  
Not because I should,  
But, because I want to.

Up early in the morn,  
With clothes quickly adorn.  
And then off to the Tylers

There's Andrea beautifully dressed,  
The interviewer's going to be impressed.  
But what else is new!

Andrea's left at the School building

Me, the sum from my eyes shielding  
Looking for a parking spot.

Around the block twice I go  
Free parking is a no show.  
Plugged the meter for a bit.

With the front office lady I chat  
And she seems pleased by that...  
'cause candy and coffee come my way!

Andrea emerges from within  
Her face happy with a grin  
The news is good!

Across the street we have to go  
More paper work, don't you know  
Wrong elevator buttons pushed...but we get the job done!

Leaving downtown in a bit of a stew  
We really don't know Clareview  
But- we find the school Anne Fitzgerald

Sitting in my car, patient,  
Thinking, one job less vacant  
Andreas a working girl!

Now we know that for sure the job is taken  
Andreas a teacher in the making...  
And we thank God! Amen

---

The Tree Solution.....

*(Written in January 2007 shortly after  
Maureen won a medal for her poem, The Aspen)*

Inspiration comes how, we know not  
In times of joy, in times of woes  
Joy, peace and sorrow.  
We simply do not know the source  
But, we do of course!  
The time, now some while ago,

Brought tears and feelings of woe  
A grandson badly injured and how...  
Were we too know  
something beautiful would grow

The Jasper ride is long in taking...  
Not really a place for poetry making  
But inspired she was, as through glades we drove  
To add to Canada's treasure trove,  
Of a poem written from the heart.

So the poem she wrote was about trees...  
Or so it would seem,  
But not really, I think, is that the reason,  
But because as a grandmother knows  
The love of God bestows...  
Peace, serenity, and it shows  
In, The Aspen

---

### The Tribe...

*(Written as I think about the number of very attractive ladies in our  
family...and the fun we have about 'when the men will rule' January  
2007)*

Democracy rules in a tribe they say  
Those who say that have not been our way

Our tribe is really quite small  
And Democracy does not rule at all

Of females we have quite a few...  
More than one, more than two

The ladies are twelve plus two new  
The men only eight plus two, phew!

For us the future it holds good...  
Granddaughters attract future mates...  
Boy, oh boy, we can hardly wait...

To over take and to rule....

## The Tribe!!

---

### MUSINGS

#### Greenhouses

*(Written on Sunday while at, where else, a greenhouse!!)*

Greenhouses come in different sizes,  
Based on trade, one surmises....

Greenland, Salisbury, Kuhlmann's and Holes,  
Making money from us poor souls!!

Alberta winter cold and forlorn  
Everyone wants the spring to be born

Without greenhouses what would we do  
Just sit at home and stew....

Waiting for spring!!

---

#### Old Age

*(Written on October 2007 as I watched my friend Bruce McLean get out of my car and head to Shopper's Drugs)*

Old Age! What a bummer!  
Just like the last days of summer.  
Aching back, wonky knees,  
Slightest chill and we start to sneeze.  
Walking is a continuing pain.  
And what for? There is no gain.

Accept it? To give in would be a sin!  
We must face aging with a grin!  
Young people would just laugh and say,  
Ah, but they've had their day.  
But us older ones know it's not true  
And really, to give us our due,

Our spirits are great, still in their prime,  
We just know it's not the time  
To concede to age!

### Kids At The School

*(September 2007 pondering the fate of children  
who are different from their fellow students.)*

Once a week it seems to me  
I have a chance to be part of history!  
'Children', kids, apparently is not right,  
Seem to greet me with delight.  
Mr. T is my name, but when they try it all  
They really do not get on the ball!

So how come I get this chance  
To give some kids more than a glance?  
I said I would to try to return some good,  
To the school in the neighbourhood.  
My only skills are time and age;  
One does not have to be a wise sage!

But what about these girls and boys?  
Should they be discarded like worn out toys?  
I think not, as it not their fault  
That sometimes they are difficult to be taught  
Sometimes their learning skills are dulled by drugs,  
Surely they cannot be dismissed with shrugs?

So what does the future hold for these mites?  
Are they doomed for days of all nights?  
Will they struggle and groan,  
And suffer and despair, and cry all alone?  
Or will some joy and hope comes into their lives?  
I am sure it will ... as their condition drives  
Those who care, to care.

---

### PAIN

*(Written over several days, November 2007)*

Pain to some has mystical meaning...  
Not me, it's still my pain

How do we assess this feeling,  
That's easy, it's still my pain!

Describe they say, from one to ten.  
What's the point, it's still my pain!

Does it bring some majestic thoughts?  
Not for me, it's just my pain!

Will it make you more caring of others?  
It should, be it's still my pain.

Does it give you insight into Christ's suffering?  
It could, but it's still my pain!

Do people really understand how you feel?  
They might, but it's still your pain!

For me pain has no gain,  
It's pure and simple plain...  
It's my pain!

---

Pity Party!!

*(Written in the carwash line thinking  
about my 72<sup>nd</sup> birthday, just passed)*

So glad to know you haven't croaked  
You're such a stylish bloke!!  
You're the best, the cards all say,  
As you celebrate your special day.  
Do the cards mean anything?  
To a guy whose face doesn't ring  
Like he's happy?!  
You bet your bippy it does!!  
Like clouds of blessings from above!!

"No more birthdays" I say,  
"Not until I reach a more memorable day!"

Do I mean it, methinks not!  
My family, a tremendous bunch  
know I'm out to lunch.

So I'm wished 'happy birthday' again!!

---

So, Life's A Bummer!!

*(While waiting in line for gas and a car wash, March 2007)*

Have to wait in line for gas?  
This too will pass!!

Paid too much for a litre of gas?  
This too will pass!!

No one like you 'cos you're outspoken?  
This too will pass!!

Annoyed, unhappy, feeling grim?  
"Cos the promotion went to him?  
This too will pass!!

Furnace broken and gas escaping?  
Can we pay with the money we're making?  
This too will pass!!

Choosing to ignore the pleas of the Saviour?  
Too wrapped up and ignoring his pleas  
On his claims hard and strong?  
This will not pass!!

One day before God we'll stand  
Will Jesus be at our right hand?  
This will come to pass!!

Does it matter if we say Amen or A-men  
Or that we sing choruses or hymns  
I think not!!

Will our standing be based on our smile  
Or lack thereof?



Methinks not!!  
At this Jesus will scoff  
Me thinks so, too !!

Our hearts will be on trial that day  
Did we give it away to the one we hear say,  
Think my way!!

---

### September Afternoon

*(September 2007; written waiting for Emily at Highlands Junior High School. A man had been noted at several schools and had tried to take a young girl into his vehicle.)*

The leaves are golden, red and green,  
Some still with summer sheen.  
But also it is so sure,  
Winter will be with us once more.

Bringing weather that we all know ,  
After the snow;  
Will bring weather to make things grow.

So, bundle up, to keep warm  
Until the birds will swarm  
In the trees no longer forlorn.  
But welcome spring when we are all reborn.

---

### Sherwood Forest?

#### The Battle of Will and John

*(Written in December 2007, with much poetic license taken.  
There are no scars or bruises, just a better understanding.  
God moves in mysterious ways)*

The was a young lawyer named Will,  
Who deemed that it would be a thrill  
To form an army with his wife Marnie  
To do battle with 'old bloke' John

This 'old bloke; John  
Had no trouble getting it on!  
So, to his keyboard he strode.  
Don't even get in his road...  
Not even Will the lawyer.

Back and forth the battle rang  
Battle cries gloriously sang.  
"I'm the winner", one voice said...  
"Not so", the firm reply read!  
'old bloke' John and lawyer Will.

The ex-cop would not dodge it...  
Lawyer Will his bent was logic...  
Back and forth the battle raged,  
Would the difference be assuaged?  
'old bloke' John and lawyer Will.

Looking down from above...  
Surely the need for Love  
Would override differences...  
God has no place for fences...  
Not for 'old bloke' John and lawyer Will.

Strange as it may seem,  
One a lawyer, the other a cop, had been,  
To realize our discussions are naught  
If we forgot what Jesus had brought...  
Will and John..

The privilege of being brothers, can bring pain,  
Done in love, however, it brings much gain.  
Both armies disbanded, for the better good.  
We both knew that it would...  
John and Will..

---

The Spider On My Windshield...  
by John T, urged on by granddaughter Andrea!

*(Written November 23, 2007 when a spider mysteriously appeared on  
the windshield of my car, while I was driving)*

Ah, Ah, Ho, Ho, what is that I see?  
A little old spider staring at me!  
It's on the windshield, cold and bare.  
I really wonder how it got there!

Its body is a pinky hue,  
That's odd, when its blood is blue!  
I see no web, which is odd,  
Perhaps making one is its next job!

I see no breaking of the skin,  
This spider is really thin.  
A newer body it will need,  
So that with others he's up to speed!

Two body parts I plainly see,  
Four rows of teeth looking at me!  
Funny eyes all looking around,  
To a safer place he will be bound!

How many legs? I'm not sure,  
Six or eight, but not anymore!  
Little feet it firmly parks,  
I hope that it leaves no dirty marks!

The spider has gone, Oh, dear no,  
Its gone missing, what a blow!!  
No web to keep it on the glass,  
Well, perhaps to another it will pass!

So as you drive look out, please  
For a pink spider with no home!

---

### Waiting At The A & W

*Composed in September 2007 while  
waiting in the fast food line of the local A & W)*

I placed my order at the faceless window,  
"Two teen burgers and a medium fries".  
Should not be long methinks?

But ten minutes later, still waiting.  
I wonder about fast foods!

The server I notice, has several tasks  
Serving at the counter, delivering at the window.  
"Did you have to help the cook as well"? I ask.  
"Yes, I did", she says.  
I wonder about fast foods!

Arriving home, package in hand,  
Before the TV the news to watch –  
Slightly soggy, some what salty, is the grub.  
I wonder about fast foods!

---

### Weather In Edmonton

*(February 2, 2007, our anniversary, we were hoping for some  
sunshine but will have to rely on our company to do that)*

Lovely weather the immigration man said  
And we all believed him,  
Sadly misled!!  
February in Genesee  
Really a sight to see  
Used to rain and a miss  
Not prepared for a snow drift

Winters long but sunny bright  
For us it has seemed just right.  
Summers hot and dusty,  
No fear of getting rusty

Fifty years of Edmonton weather,  
Really it couldn't get much better!  
No hurricanes or tsunami  
Weathers mostly, quite balmy!  
Edmonton's weather could be much worse!!

---

### What's In A Name

*(Being a contributor to a web site and wondering why people  
can't/wont use their real names)*

Some where it seems, some time ago  
I read that Brits, their names would not show!!  
As I look at the monikers chosen here  
It would show many exhibit that fear!!

What's wrong with your name I wonder?  
To show it would it be a blunder?  
Mine is an old one it is sure,  
Quite common, with not much allure.

It's Hampshire common and very old.  
It's mine and I like it, and I'm very bold  
To say that before I was born it was not the same  
That's right Tidridge was not always the name...

\*Tytheridge, Titheridge, Titheradge, Tithrege and others too,  
Some quite funny and some quite not so, but I do not rue,  
That Tidridge is my name since 1815!  
So there!!

---

When Husbands And Wives....

*(Written in December 2007... on an occasion...)*

Oh, what a terrible waste of time  
It is without reason or rhyme!  
So what if one of the two is right  
To the marriage nothing is brought but blight.

As humans, it seems, we want to test,  
The patience of others, to see who is best.  
We certainly give the devil much delight  
As we battle and struggle with all our might.

Why is it this way I sometimes ponder?  
It is enough to make even angels wander!  
The very air we breathe it seems,  
Is wasted on foolish dreams.  
Talk is cheap they say,

Unless of course we get our way!

In times of stress we often endure  
As if of our faith we are unsure...  
Does one look back on times 'ago'  
Are we able to let go...  
Those things that hinder and bind...  
Back to days when love was blind...

Of course we must and we do....  
Me and you!

---

## **GOD AND CHURCH**

The Tomb...New Edition

By John Tidridge

*(Written February 26, 2007 after the Journal proclaims it has found  
the tomb of Jesus, Mary Magdalene and their son Judah)*

The newspapers shout aloud with glee  
"we have certainly disproved history.  
He's a fraud!!"

"The news will no doubt  
Make all non-believers shout  
And double our distribution".

So what's a Christian like you and me to do?  
Do we shrivel and hide; no place to go...  
Are we people most foolish!!

I believe the gospel to be true,  
Good News for me and you!!  
He's alive, He's Alive  
Alleluia, A-men

---

Rock Throwers

*(Written having read how a Christian related how he was dealt with by  
the Christians in his church...based on his version only)*

He who is without sin it says---  
(It appears some Christians are a sinless lot)  
Make sure of your ways before you plot,  
To cast the first stone  
Against a fellow Christian  
Who is told for his sins he should atone.

Judge not so that you will not be judged  
Is a sure way to know if we fudged  
On our own record as we mete out justice.  
So who is to judge our lives here,  
As members to bylaws we adhere?  
Is it the pastor or the elders?  
Will they see we get to Heaven?  
Or is the onus on us the people,  
As holy as the church steeple?  
To ensure our lives are copasetic,  
Or, are we just pathetic?

And He wrote in the sand...

---

### The Face

*(Written January 2007, as I recall an interview with a pastor,  
I have abused poetic license for effect!!)*

Your face he said is one of dread  
It really could waken the dead...  
As upon my chair I stood  
to rob him of his manhood

I stopped....

Seems to me the good Book says,  
Somewhere I swear...  
We are all brothers one  
Given to service.

And I thought with glee

This is the face given to me  
By the good Lord...

I stopped...

So, my face is like the back of a bus  
But why the fuss?  
I'm a member, and that's good enough

I stopped...

To be a smiling image is what I pledged  
But the pastor, I sensed, he hedged,  
John, with a smile all the time?

He stopped...

---

Noise, Noise, Noise....

*(As I oft times do...consider the noise our church creates)*

We are the friendly church we say...  
Judging from the noise I say, nay

Is the church a market place  
Where natter and chatter at a right old pace  
Disturb the reverence?

So you respond; we are only being kind...  
That it disrupts the service, never mind?  
We must not be unkind!

It's good to chat  
About this and that  
But surely it can wait  
Until the service is through?

Oh, I know I'm a bit of a grouch  
Should probably be on some doctor's couch!  
But reverence is so hard to come by  
So, should we not give it a try?



Surely your lovely greeting and meeting  
Could wait until cookies we're eating?  
Let's give it a try!!

---

### The Marble...

*(Childhood memories of proof of God)*

So some they say met you in a dramatic way  
And it's hard to contradict what they say...  
Mine was simple, but what the hey...

My Mum was in the room that day  
As to God I was led to say  
'Show me you are not far away!!'

So, by Mum's bed I knelt  
I don't remember how it felt  
But God's heart I had to melt...  
Prove you are real and send me a marble, I pled  
As I knelt beside that bed....  
Did you get that marble I bet you said..  
Oh, yes!!

---

### Ministers

*(Ministers are fair game for us experts, January 2007)*

Ministers or pastors or vicars or what  
It's funny what names out we trot.  
Do we really think God called them or not?  
Or is that really a load of rot?

It must be easy a minister to be  
Far easier than we are allowed to see  
Twenty minutes work for a goodly fee  
Boy oh boy, I wish that were me!

Oh, yes we experts all poke fun,  
And I admit I have been one.

But after all is said and done  
The minister's job not for everyone!

So as I see it, the job is pretty plush  
Not much action to cause a rush  
No situations to cause a blush  
Or, heavens forbid, something to hush

My tongue is firmly in my check  
As havoc on the pastor I reek  
I suppose I should his forgiveness seek  
Maybe, next week!!

---

Get Me To The Church On Time...

*(Written December 31, 2006...after watching the same people, year  
after year, coming to worship late...So, it's judgmental!!)*

Get me to the church on time....  
Oh, why worry, we don't want to offend  
Suggesting people should be on time!

So what, the service is early to start  
It's only a service you say  
But it's not, it's to meet with God, for a start

Perhaps Monday to Friday off to work you go...  
The boss would be mad if you did not show  
But, get to the church on time,  
One would think it was a crime...

Oh, you have children and that is the reason  
Or the season...  
For not being on time  
Duh, give me a break....  
Its just tardiness, for goodness sake!!

---

Ushering

*(I have ushered since 1961 and I feel I have a handle on the job!!  
December 2006)*

Aha, an usher you wish to be...  
Oh, you don't need no training, you will soon see  
Stand at the door, after arriving on time  
You don't collect no money, not even a dime

Just stand there and smile  
Just as wide as a mile  
Much sure your breath is sweet  
And, that you look, kinda neat

Instructions I'm sure you will receive  
Composed by others not on the front line  
Shake a hand or two but not for too long  
Or soon you will have an arriving throng

Aha, fooled you, oh, so unkind  
You really do have to collect that dime  
Pick two people to help with the cash  
Make sure they know the system  
so there is no crash  
Of money if they collide  
As down the centre aisle they glide...

You're finished you say with a weary smile  
But wait, did you count the people  
And the kids and clean up the spare bulletins  
You did faithfully deliver?

Was the temperature just right not too hot  
Or cold?  
The correct doors left open/closed?  
The sound? Was it working today?  
Were the chairs all out?

Yeah, we give a shout  
What was the fuss all about...  
Would you usher next week?  
we are short a few  
Good people to man (person) the door  
Sure...

## Singing....

*(Written as the unofficial, un-appointed Music Critic of the Highlands Baptist Church a.k.a the Neighbourhood Church December 2006)*

Ah, yes another fine service ruined by the singing  
Much too loud, too long, and did you notice her grinning?  
Boy, these people really can't sing,  
Is there no one else the music to bring?

And the instruments, guess what...  
They really are a motley lot...  
A drum or two and a bongo....  
Where did the orchestra go to.

Lady, Lady a soprano we need....

Lady? A sore throat you say....  
You'll sing for us another day?

---

## Money...

*(Written in December 2006, hopefully to encourage church members to provide the amount they hope to give to the Neighbourhood Church in the year 2007)*

(Dec 06) Sent to the church but not printed.

Budget, budget, budget, ....  
Elder Cor won't allow us to fudge it...

So just spend some time....  
Offer more than a dime....

By filling out the pledge  
Come on now, don't hedge....

Allow Elder Cor to enjoy some comfort...

---

## So You're Thinking Of Leaving.....

Dec 13 not printed

*(Written in December when it became apparent that many had left the fellowship at Highlands Baptist Church a.k.a. the Neighbourhood Church. My feeling is that you do not leave a church you have attended for almost fifty years until you are sure it is the right thing to do. Although many negative thoughts were entertained, leaving was given only the briefest of thoughts.)*

So, you don't like the way the hair is parted?  
Or, the time the morning service started?  
The music is too loud you say,  
There'd be more hymns if you had your way!

The Elders' Board has too many women?  
Seems like those females are really winning?  
What about the snow in the back lot..  
And it seems like the blower isn't worth a jot!

So, you're thinking of leaving?  
What about your friends, who would be grieving?  
There's more to church than sermons and singing...  
There are hellos and huggings and kids a-grinning!!

Heading elsewhere you blithely think  
Will make you happy and bring you from the brink...  
Take it from me, who has pondered a lot, it's not really so...  
It's people and friends and kids that make the church go!!

So, before you head off to a church unknown  
Make sure the problem is not part of your own  
Stick around for a while and try to smile  
the Neighbourhood Church (Baptist) beats most be a mile!

---

Sermons.....

Dec 20, 2006

*Sermons, must have heard over a thousand...most quite forgettable!  
However, no preacher worth his salt just stands up and sermonizes....  
Written in December possibly after a couple of odd ones by the senior  
pastor)*

Sermons? Sermons? I've heard a few...  
Thought I'd pass some thoughts along to you...

I know so, so much on the topic...  
I'll give you my views, laconic.

No sex please, there're too many British...  
No politics please, we're a church you know.  
No Genesis, too unscientific, no end times...  
Well really, who really believes those rhymes?  
No prophecies from prophets of old...  
Get with it pastor, you've already been told.  
No new trends  
Either my friend,  
Don't be that bold.  
Don't preach Jesus, that's personal.  
Preach something more universal.

Oh, I'm not finished my dialogue  
There's the length of the sermons, what a dog.  
Twenty or thirty or sixty minutes , good grief  
Of my time, they are worse than a thief.

Oh, just a minute...someone's here...  
Lady, can I have your ear....  
Next week is free, I'm away you know...  
Will you preach the sermon

Lady....Lady...where did she go!!

---

Communion.....

*(Written trying to convince the Elders  
to return to the old format, occasionally.)*

A time ago in silent pew...

We waited to sup, with You...

New man arrived and  
Tried a new route...  
Had us arise to feast with a group...

Nothing wrong  
To be in a throng...  
But once in awhile we ask of you...  
Could we not sup together in our pew?

---

Prayer.....

### **December 2006**

Prayer, prayer: Speak of it if you dare....  
Some talk would raise a sleeping bear!!  
Corporate, single, groups, large or small?  
Surely by now we have heard it all!

Prayer, in part, is our sharing our heart  
With our Father above.

Corporate, single, large or small,  
So dear friend does it matter at all?  
But we really must get on the ball  
Whether meeting alone or in a hall

Prayer, in part, is our sharing our heart  
With our Father above.

Does it matter to Him how we pray  
Single sentence or paragraph, what the hey!  
The thing to do is not get grammatically right  
But to pray, any day every day or night!

Prayer, in part, is our sharing our heart  
With our Father above.

Are we a praying church, God only knows  
It surely is not judged by the number of rows  
Of people praying.... Perhaps thumbing their nose

At the empty rows, because... what about those?

Prayer, in part, is our sharing our heart  
With our Father above.

---

### Deacons

*January 2007*

To be a deacon or an elder you really must take stock  
Before you cast your lot to lead.  
Oh, people say you're a leader; you have been here for years  
But the Committee must have it say  
It's so you can't have your way!!

Ego can play a part as you think you are the one  
Your temper rises as they choose one after another  
But, wait a moment  
Aren't those the traits you should not show?  
You can't lead if you  
Can't control that ego!

Think on it!

---

### Laypeople

*January 2007*

Ah, laypeople the apple of God's eye!  
What would the church do without us  
We sing, we serve, we gather, we disperse!  
We even do choruses verse by verse!

Can God do it without us? Good question!  
But, strangely enough the answer is yes and no!!  
If laypeople spread the word,  
Although it seems absurd,  
We can win others to him,  
But if we don't then God will do it  
And the world would have no choice



But to listen to his voice.

But, do we want God to do it?  
Would he have time to communicate?  
In Sunday school, groups and hall  
Would he be that patient after all?

There will come a time...

---

### Good Order

*(January 2007 frustrated by the apparent lack of good order displayed  
by the Elders' Board)*

"Perception is reality", my old boss said..  
"Better believe it John or you're dead"

So, is it really to much to ask  
That meeting minutes be displayed in good time?

Is it important you say?  
Perhaps not, but anyway  
It shows that the Board marches to its own tune  
And creates, to some, the idea  
That all is not well and that plans are made  
That cannot be displayed  
For one and all to read....

Surely that is not so but, as first said  
"Perception is reality to some"!

---

### Anger

*(Written in January 2007...thinking over a recent anger incident)*

Anger is a b----y waste of time.  
It has no reason or rhyme.  
But we allow it to happen.

So, what does anger do to you and me?

I suggest nothing and I would plea  
That we get rid of it!

But, that is so easy to say  
It usually starts from wanting our own way...  
So, what else is new!!

Anger has been here since the creation  
of man.

Surely, 'twas not part of God's plan  
That anger exist to cause such ill?

When we permit ourselves to be  
Angry, oh, dear me!  
Can we do that?

Anger is something well  
Known to man.  
Before we blow, count to ten..  
And then some.

My prayer, hope and wish  
Would be to live without anger  
What bliss  
Dreamer!

So what can be done  
Of the emotion chilling?  
You really have to be willing,  
To use it to the good  
If only I could  
God help me!

---

### A New Church

*(July 2007 After visiting Bethel Lutheran)*

So, you're checking out the neighbourhood  
For a new church to attend!  
Like the outside, like the inside.  
Like the pews, like the music.  
Like the order of service, like the prayers.

Like the ambience.  
Like the look of the pastor

But, who are these strange people?  
They look but don't talk,  
They smile but pass on.  
They seem friendly... but who knows!

So the old church is not so hot,  
Anymore...  
Looks grungy, rundown, and kind of forlorn.  
Not entirely happy with the 'goings on'.

But, "Hello Al, Barry, Brian, Bob J, Bob C, Cam,  
Cameron, Cor, Dale, El, Ellard, George,  
Greg, Harry, Howard, Kevin, Norm,  
Norm, Rene, Richard, Roger, Steve, Will, Verne",  
and some that are away this week...

Methinks I will stay...

---

## Money In Rhyme

By John Tidridge

*(Written in response to Cor's attempt at poetry for the budget figures)*

Hello Cor, my Blessed friend,  
When will these parodies end?  
Lots of true figures I would rather see  
Than you reduced to mimicry.  
The budget my friend, is a serious thing,  
Where statements of accuracy really ring!  
To wrap our financial state in a poem  
Is not really where you should be goin'

So my friend, with facts cold,  
Tell us what the future does hold  
Don't fall a victim to the crowd  
Hold up your end and be proud!  
Tell us the facts in words plain  
So we can get in control again.

The Gospel is already glossed over  
Telling us we live in clover.

So my friend to you I say  
Give not poetry another day,  
In figures written bold,  
Like day of old....  
Tell it like it is!!

## **THE POLICE**

### Easy Task

*(Written when killing time at the computer, January 2007)*

You would really think it would not be a task  
To write about being an officer of the law  
But my mind is blank as I begin to bask  
In the glory of my past!

Of course, I kid as I set to  
To tell of things I used to do  
No glorious captures was my lot  
But to walk the beat with no plot  
To catch breakers of the law  
Other than to be there, in the raw,  
To do my job.

Walking the beat at twenty below  
Is that really good to have a black toe?  
Seems odd of so many years, the cold still bring tears,  
Frostbite being one of my fears.  
In buffalo coat so cozy and warm  
Fur hat with earflaps...  
Not as prettier sight was born!

Then off to traffic and then not having to hike  
But to roar around on a Harley bike  
Giving out tickets with great glee  
This really was the life for me...  
The later on to a traffic area  
This was a little scarier  
More serious accident I would find on my plate  
Breaking sad news would made me grate

At foolish speeding and drinking drivers...

Lo and behold another change came  
'Personnel Constable' would be my name  
Working inside, a pen pusher indeed...  
But it met a need...days and weekends off  
Was a posting unwise to scoff  
And then there was a promotion....

Now you are a sergeant they said  
Illusions of grandeur appeared in my head!  
More money and prestige I thought  
Perhaps but havoc it wrought  
With no weekends off anymore  
Working Saturdays and Sundays is a bore...  
What did the Lord have in store?

The career for thirty years should have last,  
But midnights and stuff are not a blast  
To another department I did go  
There to fight another foe...

Just kidding of course I love people,  
More those outside than those under the steeple...  
It's a sad comment I make  
That those without religion are easier to take...  
But Christians they are of a different stripe  
They are helpful and friendly and seldom gripe

Many an officer has made his commitment  
To his Jesus, and he strives his best  
Living for him without being a pest...  
So pray for the man in blue  
Who gives of his time for you ...?  
Give a thought for if there weren't any  
You life would not be worth a penny...

Why did I leave, now's there's a thought  
Too much on my own wrought  
A desire for a more simple life  
Regular hours with family and my wife.  
So onto then, to much more fame  
To Transit I went ....

The LRT was a new endeavour  
And away I went as light as a feather...  
The first security office on the system  
It required more than my wisdom  
To keep the system safe and secure  
With security officers and the police too  
The system worked for you...  
Then another job appeared.

Managing enforcement of bylaws was the game.  
No smoking and snow on lots of walks  
All the regulations that made people squawk,  
Hit 'em hard some people scream  
You're far too easy, you're just a dream  
Get out and work, stay in the office  
To please people really is quite a challenge...  
But for more than forty years  
I did the job with very few tears...

Would I have had it any different...?  
Not a chance!!

Nineteen ninety four came in a flash  
Into retirement I ran with a dash...  
To be at home was great fun...  
But something else needed to be done...  
Favourite youngest daughter with her ear  
To the wire  
Heard of a job about to transpire  
It's right for you Dad she said...  
So to Leduc County I was led.  
New happenings...

A contract man now I was destined to be  
Not to shoot others as you will soon see.  
But to enforce bylaws so infrequently done...  
Not good to be in my shoes, but it was fun...  
Oilmen, contractors and farmers all  
Became my customers, I had a ball...  
And my supervisors....

Mr. Eugene Lee was the first one  
To enjoy the services of the new one  
Tall and slim and quiet as well..

He was not sure what he had for this spell  
Of new enforcement...

He retired shortly after my coming on stream...  
But to say it was me the cause would be very mean...  
He went into business for himself!  
D'Anne was the next new boss...  
Her demeanor was quiet and quite reserved  
This enforcement life we thought, she had not deserved  
But surprise us all that she did  
Some hidden reserve she had quite well hid  
She was a good boss!

Seven years later I had had enough  
No fun now in getting tough.  
So once more to green pastures I rode  
Staying at home my permanent abode...  
But then low and behold what gives  
A phone call that wants to use me again...  
We shall see!

---

### Get Rid Of The Riff-Raff

*(In response to the complaint that Police picked up and drove some  
homeless First Nations people to another area and then  
dropped them off, February 2007)*

"Clean up the area", the rich folks say,  
As if they had a right to get their own way  
"Don't want no bums in our part of town..."

So the 'men in blue' are in a hard place  
What do they do to save some face?  
They pick up the down and outers  
To appease the ones who are loud shouters!

"You can't do this", say those offended  
Actions uncalled for, not easily defended.  
Once again the 'boys in blue',  
Those called upon to defend me and you,  
Are in a hard place.  
Damned if they do, damned if they don't.

Easy to blame those who take action;  
A typical one from those whose reaction  
Does nothing to cure the inaction  
Of people who could cure the situation:  
Leaders of the First Nation.

## **FRIENDS**

Death...Face It We Must!

*(Written in February 2007, having heard from a friend that his  
brother-in-law had died at the age of 68. Poem posted on the Guards  
Forum, where so few believe)*

Grim reaper, game over, end of the line?  
According to some  
Unless...

Three score and ten we are promised  
Maybe more  
Unless...

Some think and are sure  
there is no more  
Unless...

The death gasp, the dying breath  
It's over  
Unless...

Unless God did send his Son  
Unless Christ died for us  
It is indeed over...

Unless we believe in Him  
Who died for us.

Unless we swallow our pride  
And accept Him...  
It is indeed over...  
Think on it!



## Friends

*(Not written at any particular time  
or for any particular reason...was just thinking about friends,  
January 2007)*

There are friends, good friends and very good friends  
They change not like worldly trends,  
What do they do these friends of mine?  
Ok, their vocations I will outline.

Will they care in what order they appear?  
Methinks not, that's out of their sphere  
To worry about their earthly career, nay  
But to be a friend is their desire.

Educators, skilled tradesmen, all are hired,  
Supervisors, Accountant, Apprentice, are working,  
Some retired but not mired  
In self pity lurking.

Will they come when I call...  
A question already answered, try all.  
That's what friends do without a fuss  
Not to do would make them a wuss!

Friends...how do I stack up?

---

## Waiting.....

*(Written in January 2007 wait for a friend who is seldom late...  
mixed information resulted in the delay)*

I wonder if we tallied up  
How much time we are spend  
waiting

Waiting to be born,  
Waiting to die,  
Waiting for buses  
Waiting for friends....

So what do we do as we wait?  
Is it time wasted?  
Should we fume, think or pray?  
There has to be a way to make waiting pay!

Wait and think, time goes by in a blink,  
makes you think,  
Waiting...

---

Hello Cor And Marie...

*(Written on the occasion of Cor and Marie's 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary)*

Hello Cor and Marie...

This is early we know,  
But we really had to show,  
Our love to the Labots.

Fifty years is a long, long time,  
But I'm sure that you don't mind.  
Our love to the Labots

Your love of Jesus is plain to see  
And that's how you want it to be.  
Our love to the Labots...

God bless and our congratulations....

John and Maureen

---

He's Wrong, You Know, But How Do You Tell Him?

*(A friend whose wife died from Alzheimer's is meeting and travelling  
with a lady whose husband has the disease)*

I have known my friend since 1962  
Although in later years it seemed the friendship was through.  
A chance phone call provided a chance to renew  
And so began meetings to share a brew...

Of coffee, if you wondered! v

A second telephone call had sadly shown  
That his wife had very ill, grown...  
That all was not well and his wife would not be healed  
And other sad happenings would be revealed.

Our first few meetings were catching up times...  
Of the years gone by, of happier times.  
We spoke of God, and where He stood  
One who felt he had left, the other, of the good.

We joked a bit about hair and stuff  
Between us, we hardly had enough  
to cover one head  
We exchanged books to be read.

Then one day in a subdued voice  
He told me he had to make a choice  
A friend he had met while visiting his wife  
Their friendship had developed, how nice.

This friend and he, with spouses almost dead  
Were going out for meat and bread...  
He implied they were just friends and nothing more  
I did not respond, I chose to ignore...

My friend, his wife now dead  
Was planning a trip, this was over my head...  
Her husband he said, knew nothing at all  
And me I did nothing but stall...

The trip now over went very well...  
Am I sending my friend to hell...  
My sympathies lie with him it's true...  
But, now I know, what I must do...

I must be honest and true it seems...  
If the end of the friendship it means...  
I have to tell him as best as I can,  
That he is wrong and that's my plan...

What 'angle' shall I try? He is my friend,

He is my friend...  
Shall I tell it is his friend that he hurts...  
With her reputation left in the lurch?

Would be easier by far to run away  
Tell my friend can't meet today...  
But that not what friends are for...  
I have to tell and hope there is more...  
Friendship.

Many meetings later and I had planned  
To tell my friend he is wrong...  
Some how it happened as we discussed  
His plans with his friend...  
"You think I'm wrong", was his remark...  
"I feel guilty", he said, and I had to say  
That I knew it was wrong for him to  
Continue with his friend;  
"But", I said, "I have an idea  
Of what you are going through" ...

My friend and I have talked you know,  
It's hard for her as well.  
Not knowing how to introduce me to friends  
When they know her husband is not dead.  
And I had to say I understood and  
That he was still my friend...  
What are friends for I had to ask myself?

Do you split because you can't agree  
On a situation needing understanding and sympathy?

Oh, yes, it would be easy for some  
To get up and leave and say, "you are a sinner"?  
Of course he is... but so am I!!  
My friend needs some support and I will give it!  
For as long as he wants me to!!

## **POLITICS**

### **In Days Of Yore By Will Steadilance**

*(Written in March 2007 having noted a huge increase  
in the number of sidewalks not rendered safe from snow and ice)*

In Days of Yore or so I'm told,  
Most people of Highlands and Bellevue so cold,  
Would remove snow from their sidewalks.

In Days of Yore or so I'm told  
Most people of Highlands and Bellevue oh, so bold,  
Would remove ice from their sidewalks.

In Days of Yore or so I'm told  
Most people of Highlands and Bellevue oh, so cold,  
Would bravely render their sidewalks clear and safe  
Oh, deary, deary, deary, deary me...  
How I hunger for Days of Yore!!

---

#### An Ode To A Lane Or An Alley

*(Written when the City decided that the upkeep of lanes should fall to  
the abutting owners. January 2007)*

The proposal causes wrinkles to the noses,  
Not like a perfume from roses,  
The purpose is so plain to see  
To make destitute the like of you and me!

Behind my house is a lane  
To keep it up is a pain

If 'tis I who must repair  
To me this causes great despair

If for Janice again will I vote  
As an ND or a Councillor, please note

The lane repair I cannot pay  
I will have to do it another way...

With pick in hand and some tarmac  
I'll fill the holes with a smack

NOT!!

---

## Potholes... Or Where Did My Front Wheel Go

I am a pot hole all forlorn  
Waiting for a puddle to form  
Alas and alack it is too cold  
So here I sit growing old

I am a vehicle all shiny and new  
Was that my front tire that just blew?  
This pothole has been here long  
When will the city come along?

I am a taxpayer sad and broke  
Where is that pothole-fixing bloke?  
I think I will get him on the phone  
I just hope I can catch him at home...

Aha, here it is...496-1700

---

## So, How Do You Do It?

(Written in response to Cheryl's remark. How do you do it so quickly  
January 2007)

I love to write in verse,  
Some are good some are worse  
If it gave to you a lift in life  
Then the verse was worth the drift  
From doing what I should be doing!!

## The Birds Is Riz

The nest was empty and looking all forlorn  
One wondered where the birds had gone?

Checking a nearby thriving nest  
This eagle learned, for the best,  
That the earlier 'nestees' had taken a rest

Penny and Pat it's sad to see you go,  
And we will miss you, we want you to know,

No more bird seed that we will require,  
Will be made available at our desire.

Some other nest we will have to find,  
This will be hard for us of slower mind,

We wish you best in your new life,  
Hoping the rest will be a slice,

Wishing all the best, many former shoppers.

## **ARTICLES SENT TO THE LOCAL NEWSPAPERS...PUBLISHED AND OTHER WISE**

### Christians Unite In God's Love

2004

E-mail pals discover church differences no big deal.

The Internet has been branded in some circles as the devil's handwork. Perhaps. Much good can come from this technology – if Internet users are vigilant, have virus detectors, spam control and don't open any 'foreign mail'.

My recent adventure on the 'Net came about by accident. I received a note from a man, the widower of my second cousin. Would I care to write?

Skip is from Norwalk, Connecticut, a widower since 1993, no children. lives in a house he built himself. The house is fashioned after one originally built in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. Forced into retirement by ill health, Skip was a research scientist. He is also a blacksmith, producing an assortment 18th-cenwry artifacts as historical interpretations, including door hinges. He cooks 18<sup>th</sup> – century style foods and has an apothecary garden. Latin flows into his messages, fortunately with interpretations; he composes music and is the assistant organist in his church .

Sparring liberally, we developed a personal tone in our e-mails on church-going habits. This evolved into a serious conversation regarding our differing religious positions.

My friend is Roman Catholic; I am Baptist - both by personal choice. At different times, we attended Anglican (Church of England, Episcopalian) churches; my friend as he searched for a Christian experience, myself through christening and confirmation. We were both "cradle Anglicans".

Musical tastes have been discussed; mine eclectic, my friend mainly classical. Chatting about worship styles, we learned our ability to share congregational clapping, loud "amens" and raising of hands is tempered by our backgrounds, his New England, mine Old English. Communion (Eucharist) and baptism have also been discussed; comparisons outweigh the contrasts. Our beliefs about the Eucharist are not entirely parallel, but we do agree receiving communion in any form while not being reconciled to our fellow believers nullifies the meaning of the sacrament. On baptism, we agree it matters not one iota whether one walks under a waterfall or is immersed in a baptistery if the heart has changed and the decision to follow Christ has been made.

If either one of us expressed a desire to join the church of the other, we agree there are man-made rituals that legitimately come into play. Neither of us would find that tradition odd or difficult, if one truly has the genuine desire to join a fellowship where the worship is true. In our e-mails, we found we agreed that God has no grandchildren, meaning of what church one attends, a truly personal experience needs to be gained before becoming a member of the catholic (worldwide) church.

My e-mail friend and I may never share a church service together, but I firmly believe we could, in either of our respective parish churches, because we believe in the same Person. This sense of unity achieved through the Internet was reinforced during a recent family crisis. My wife and I were in Jasper, preparing breakfast, when there it was a knock on the door. A message from ~ the front office: "Call home, there has been an emergency!"

A telephone call provided the information no parent or grandparent wants to hear- your oldest grandson has been involved in an accident; he has a broken back and internal injuries. A motor vehicle accident wasn't in my plans or any of my family plans, and certainly not in God's plan.

Soon we were heading home. Our cell phone enabled us to receive calls from our other daughters updating our grandson's condition. Although the nature of the injuries did not change, our grandson's e



prognosis improved. My wife prayed, I drove. However, this is only part of the story.

The extended family has gathered frequently at Station 33, Royal Alexandra Hospital. Don't believe all those stories about the ills of our health care – there are Florence Nightingales on that floor. And that's not the story either...

This incident showed us that it doesn't matter whether you are Protestant or Catholic. Relatives, friends, co-workers and fellow churchgoers have been praying for the nurses, the surgeons, and, of course, our grandson.

What's important is that you believe there is a God who cares for us all of the time. In times of stress, we are very much "united" in our fundamental beliefs. It matters not whether you have been christened, dedicated or confirmed, immersed or sprinkled.

---

## From Palaces To Prisons

June 19, 1996

Between the years 1953 and 1957 I served in the Grenadier Guards. After receiving training at the dreaded Caterham Barracks, and the more relaxed Pirbright, I was posted to the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion stationed at Wellington Barracks in London. After a short period of public duties, which saw me standing reasonably still outside such places as Buckingham and St. James's Palaces, I finished up in Berlin, Germany.

This was a unique experience as it was a joint venture with the French, American and Russian forces. In Berlin I made my first prison stay... in Spandau Prison, as a guard, where the remnants of the Hitler regime were imprisoned.

My three years finished in record time and I settled down to civilian life. Then more trouble erupted in the Middle East. Someone took back a canal called Suez and I was back in the army again. Within a week of recall in August 1956 I had been shipped, along with 900 other Grenadiers, to Malta. At least the sun shone there!

We were camped on the airstrip used during the Second World War during the air battle of Malta. Here I visited prison for a second

time, this time a short-term prisoner. It happened this way. I had played soccer against a nearby RAF team and had injured my feet and received an 'excused duties' rating from the Medical Officer. On returning some three days later I was upgraded to 'medicine and duties'. This meant I was to be on parade later that morning. Although I was a lance-sergeant and should have known better, I decided I would miss the drill parade.

Apparently many others decided to do the same thing. The outcome was that the drill sergeant, a warrant officer, checked the tents – we were living under canvas – found me and told me to place myself in close arrest. I was not foolish enough to disobey that order. So I marched down to the guard-room, which was also a tent, and handed myself over to the sergeant of the guard.

The punishment was small and painless. Another interesting item occurred connected with my imprisonment. When you are a prisoner in the armed forces you are doubled (running) everywhere. I was being escorted by another sergeant to face trial and receive punishment. It was about a mile to the commanding officer's tent. We were well on our way when we spied our company commander, an officer, so we had to salute. My escort was so out of breath he couldn't get the words of command out ... so I gave them ... he saluted; the officer returned the salute, I broke us into double time, again, and off we went. Suddenly the officer realized what had happened. We ignored his command to return and he chose not to follow up on the incident.

A short while after the above incident, the machine gun platoon, of which I was a member, was transferred to a minesweeper and we traveled from Malta to Egypt. As we approached the harbour at Port Said, we swept for mines.

Much to our relief and the chagrin of the crew, who received a bounty for destroying mines, we did not find any. The ship ran aground going into the harbour. The return trip to Malta was also by another mine sweeper that caught fire ... but that's another story.

The crisis in the Middle East ended for a while and I was released. I married shortly after being released from the army and arrived in Canada in 1957 ... and that's another story as well!

November 23, 1999

### Golden Pen Award

"The kind of neighbour anyone would treasure" won The Journal's Golden Pen Award for the best letter published in the newspaper in October.

The letter, "Rake's progress can't be measured in leaves," was written by John Tidridge of Edmonton.

Assignment Editor Janet Vlieg, one of seven judges for the award, explained why she picked Tidridge's letter.

"Anyone who can fill 19 large leaf bags and still write a letter on the joys of raking has my vote."

"John Tidridge is the kind of neighbour anyone would treasure. Shovelling, mowing and raking are opportunities to meet neighbours – not chores that cut into your TV/computer time. So what if the piles of leaves blew in from other yards.

With humility and humour, Mr. Tidridge thanks God for health and the ability to celebrate with his 'leaf shuffle'. He's submitted a letter to us that makes us smile – and hopeful about our community. Tidridge and his wife Maureen have four adult children and 11 grandchildren. He's a church worker, gardener, and "genealogy enthusiast for the Titheridge, Tidridge and Titheradge family tree".

A former Grenadier Guardsman, he says he is "winding down 40 years of law enforcement, Leduc County and the County of Wetaskiwin. Planning to retire soon ... maybe".

### WROTE IN REPLY

Tidridge's letter, which appeared in The Journal Oct. 23 1999 is reprinted below.

I am responding to Anne Mason's letter Oct. 18 regarding leaf raking.

As I began, for the third time, to rake leaves from my lawned areas, I was in agreement with her that some people need to turn over a new leaf, as it were, when it comes to leaf raking.

However 2½ hours later, and having filled a total of 19 large leaf bags I have changed my mind. It not longer bothered mm that the only deciduous tree on my lot is still 95% "clothed" nor that the prevailing wind from the northwest means that my neighbours on the west side of the street only get 5% of the leaves from their boulevard trees.

I was able to consciously thank the Lord for giving me the health at three score and four and one half years to do the task, non-stop, without any crippling aches and pains.

That I was able to see and hear the leaves as I raked them. That I have met, over the last 36 years we have lived in the Highlands, most of our neighbours while raking leaves, shoveling snow and mowing the lawns. And, what good neighbours they are.

If everyone cleans up all the leaves from their gutters, how will I be able to do my celebrated "leaf shuffle" as my wife (she denies she is when I do it) an I walk the beautiful Highlands area?

---

### Canadian Troops (Not Printed)

September 7, 2007

The Editor  
Edmonton Journal

Dear Sir:

The Journal biased in the letters it prints...I wonder?!

Over the last couple of weeks two letters have been printed in *Letters to the Editor* from people whose very letters indicated they had little or no actual knowledge of the topics they were discussing. Both of these writers were 'allowed' to call the city administration 'donkeys' and 'yahoos'.

However, a letter praising the actions and military expertise of our soldiers in Afghanistan, with information passed on from a reliable source (soldiers of the British Grenadiers fighting alongside the Canadians) was not printed. How so?

John Tidridge  
11315-60 St NW  
Edmonton  
780-474-1594

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### Men's Groups-----Meeting A Need.

2004 Not used by the Journal... to be re-submitted

In our church the females outnumber the males....so what's your point, you may ask!! Church does not seem to have the same kind of appeal or attraction for men as it does for women, even though the journey's end is the same for both. There is a tendency 'in the world' to view Christian men as not quite men...there is no need to go there, but it is fair to say that to be a Christian man requires far more effort (prayer) than not to be one.

Our church offers three separate and distinct Men's Groups: The Monday Night Men's Group, the Tuesday Breakfast Group and thirdly, the ROMEOS (Retired Old Men Eating Out), meeting the first Wednesday of the month. Some men attend all groups, while others are more selective in their choices! The ages of the men in the groups ranges from the early forties to 'we no longer have birthdays'.

Groups are multicultural, certainly multitalented, in makeup. Men are from both government and private sector occupations: some active, some retired.

The Monday Group is the subject of this discourse: The group which, surprisingly enough, meets on Monday, and is for males, was formed at least 28 years ago, according to the younger members who remember. This cannot be confirmed by the longest attending member because his memory is not that good! Except for statutory holidays, the group meets from September to June. The main purpose of the group is to provide a caring and relaxed atmosphere for in-depth discussions on the Christian faith as it affects the lives of those attending, so that we become better followers of Jesus Christ. Presently, this is achieved by discussing the scripture that will be used in the next Sunday's sermon. We care for each other, we study the Bible together and we pray together, we exist, so therefore we are, or something like that!

Regular participants in our group include two former school teachers, a retired engineer, an accountant, a self-employed electrician, two computer specialists, and a retired law enforcement officer. Most of us (average attendance 6-7 men) have been together long enough to be able to share deeply, in confidence (an absolute must) of course. Membership is not exclusive, it is advertised in the church bulletin, and new men are invited on a regular basis. The special appeal of the group is that there is little or no preparation required, unless you are leading the group. Leadership is by choice and is available to those who wish to try.

We meet in the home of one of the members and as in most Baptist events there is food, provided, in our case, by the person leading.

We don't always agree with each other, but we (nearly) always resolve any disagreements before the meeting ends. Coming from varied backgrounds and Christian experience we have differing opinions...these are not always correct but, always welcomed, and nearly always expressed.

A relaxed atmosphere is provided where we can discuss our faith, share our concerns and pray for the group members and others. We determine to be positive in our outlook, succeeding most of the time.

Does the Group achieve any long lasting benefits? The men would probably respond by saying, "Yes it does, but the degree of success is hard to quantify."

So, again, what's the point of this message? Men, don't complain about not having a men's group, form one...one that suits you, support it by attending, make it viable by joining in the discussions, make it realistic by living out the Christian principles you learn.

## **MISCELLANEOUS**

Our 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary



I hate chain letters of any sort....but I am extremely pleased to compose one now!!

To say that Maureen and I were overwhelmed by the good wishes, flowers, telephone calls, e-mails, gifts and our special evening out would be an understatement!

The celebrations began about a week before the actual day... Patricia brought daffodils and a card, before the actual day...so we would have a chance to recall that those were the flowers that decorated Thornhill Baptist Church on our wedding day. An omen of good things to come!!

Soon congratulations in the form of certificates from local and federal dignitaries began to arrive...from the Governor General, Prime Minister, Premier of the Province, our Federal M.P., Provincial representative, and the two municipal councillors. These were closely followed by cards from family and friends overseas, and those living in Canada. E-mails from the States, the UK, Australia; plus phone calls from Australia and the USA.

On Friday night we arrived at the restaurant. The kids had reserved the upper level, and the area had been pleasantly set up. We arrived first, at the same time as Steve and Michelle, and we were seated so that we could see the others family members arrive!!

It is hard to describe the feelings we both felt as our children, their spouses, our grandchildren, one with a husband, four others with either their boy or girl friend, began to arrive. Out of nowhere appeared gifts and flowers, and balloons with Happy 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary on them! Twenty-six family members in all!

Each person had their choice of a main course; the food was excellent. Our waiter was very professional and did his work in a quiet, proficient fashion.

It was about 9:30 by the time we made it back to Pat and Ted's for cake!! Pat provided a lovely cake, she had placed it on a table and the table was decorated with candles and other anniversary material.

As I said earlier, Maureen and I were overwhelmed!! Pat and Ted's home is very large...and while we did not lose touch with each other. The young people and Sarah and Ken visited in one room and we older, more mature types, met in another area!! It was very comforting to hear the young people laughing and joking! We have been very blessed with our family!!

Some months ago Maureen had suggested we make up a booklet of our 50 years together. We succeeded; we were delighted how our kids received it...even more so how the grandchildren did!! The older ones all want a copy. I should have printed more and charged them!

We thoroughly enjoyed our 50<sup>th</sup> .

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## **LETTERS WRITTEN FROM TIME TO TIME**

Sears

11315 60 Street NW  
Edmonton  
Alberta T5W 3Z2

Mr. Bob Holland  
General Manager  
Sears Kingsway  
50-Kingsway Garden Mall  
109 St Princess Elizabeth Avenue  
Edmonton  
T5G 0Y3

August 28, 2007

Dear Mr. Holland:

Re: Refrigerator Problems

This is rather along epistle, please bear with me!

On July 4, 2001 we purchased a Kenmore refrigerator at a total cost of \$962.99 from Sears Kingsway. The appliance performed perfectly until about 9.00 p.m. Saturday August 25, 2007. At this time I discovered the cooling system had shut down and the freezer



compartment was well above the required temperature resulting in the loss of about \$50.00 worth of food. We knew the coverage on the compressor was for five years so we were out of luck on this score, however what has since transpired has been a catastrophe and we wish to express our great displeasure. I appreciate you are not the reason for the catastrophe, but I have to start somewhere, and we did purchase the fridge from your store.

My wife called the 24 hours service number around 9.30 p.m. August 25 (Saturday). She was assured that as this was an emergency a serviceman would be out the next day and we could expect a call between 7.45 and 8.00 a.m. Sunday morning, to set up an appointment. As we had heard nothing by 3.00 p.m. my wife called the 24 hour number and was told to call back at 4.00 p.m. and this she did; she was told we would be scheduled for Monday (August 27) and was given a verbal guarantee that a service man would come.

We waited all day Monday until the evening, no serviceman, no telephone calls. (We stayed in to ensure there would be someone to answer the phone). When my wife phoned again in the early evening of August 27, she was told we were scheduled for August 28. As we had taken other steps, we canceled that service call, but had to pay for another serviceman (\$39.00) who broke the news that the compressor was out of order and it would take in the order of \$450-500 to replace.

What has really bothered us besides a fridge that is useless after only 6 years of proper use, two wasted days and loss of food, was the inconsistent information given by the service centre. Obviously, there are some very serious problems here. It is also very annoying not knowing who is going to call or to have a contact number of any kind for the repair service. We believe the service centre name is a misnomer, and the centre is a hindrance rather than a help, to customer service.

Over the years we have purchased much merchandise from Sears, mainly at your branch, however, our recent experience now makes us reluctant to spend anymore of our hard earned money at any Sears Store, and, even though we purchased a dishwasher from your store about a month ago, we purchased the new fridge 'elsewhere'.

Yours sincerely,

John Tidridge

---

Romeos

**Written with tongue in cheek 2007**

1<sup>st</sup> Wednesday of the Month :Lunch Club  
Edmonton, Alberta

Mr. E.H. Benson  
Member

Dear Sir,

Re: Your complaint of 'favours unfairly accorded to Board Members'.

Your complaint was immediately forwarded to the unconstitutional Complaints Committee. This committee meets when it feels like it and is bound by no bylaws, no minutes are kept. This is to ensure the names of the committee members remain undetected.

After practically no discussion, and, no surveys at all, thus keeping the democratic process to a minimum, it was decided that your complaint is completely true, based on fact. However, we propose to do nothing about the situation.

Once again dictatorial methods reign supreme. We see no reason to change this method of government, it having served us well in the past, and we suggest, will continue to do so in the future. .

We wish to thank you for your input. There is no appeal process.

Yours ingratiatingly,

John Tidridge ☺  
Head cook and bottle washer.

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Letters to the Editor  
Mr. Roy Cook  
Editor,

Letters to the Editor  
Edmonton, AB.  
January 31, 2007

Dear Sir,

One Vent Too Many...

One of the first pages I turn to in reading the Journal is the 'Letters to the Editor', having read the comics first to lighten my mood as I read the generally heavy stuff that now appears!!

At one time letters of a lighter vein would appear...now it seems all of the 'light or trite', depending on your view, is condemned to appear in the 'Venting' portion of the newspaper. This move dampens the enthusiasm of us who just delight in seeing our names in print! "Venting" to its detriment, does not offer this reward!

The other down side of "Venting" is that does not require much thought, or at least does not appear to. Short, one sentence remarks, aimed to either solve the problems of the world or at least of Edmonton, often miss the mark! Remarks such as 'all that police officers (cops) do is drink coffee' are wrong as obviously there are other things they must do if they drink (lots) of coffee!

My point is this; let's lighten up 'Letters to the Editor'!

Thank you!!

John Tidridge  
11315-60 Street NW  
Edmonton, AB, T5W 3Z2  
780-474-1594

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**COMMUNITY LEAGUE**



Armstrong's Accounting Services  
6513 – 118 avenue January 2007  
Phone #: 479-7327  
Email: [armstrongsaccounting@shawbiz.ca](mailto:armstrongsaccounting@shawbiz.ca)  
Owner: Cathy Armstrong

Shortly before the last issue of our Newsletter I was 'roving' the community and noticed a new business just opening. I entered the store. The people were obviously up to their ears in 'moving in' however, I was treated royally by everyone in the store and was quickly introduced to Cathy who gave me enough information for a 'did you know' item. I promised to return. I did and here is what I learned.

Cathy Armstrong operates a business offering these services: Personal Tax Preparation, Small Business monthly bookkeeping, quarterly GST preparation, year end financial statements, and corporate tax returns and many other financial services.

Her business began as a home based business in June 1991 shortly after her youngest child was born so she could stay home with her young family of 4 kids – 13 year old daughter, 8 year old son, 3 year old daughter and newborn baby girl.

In 2000 she moved her business from her residence (outgrew the family office) and set up shop at Bavaria Square in Beverly. A fire in September 2006 forced relocation to Highlands.

Her business began as a result of putting a small ad in the Rosslyn Community Newsletter. Prior to that Cathy was employed in Public Practice (Accounting firms), Private Business as well as two not-for-profit organizations.

The majority of her business comes from clients referring new clients. Business success can be attributed to her flexibility and personal service in a casual, friendly atmosphere, and a strong belief in her motto of "Quality Work for Reasonable Rates".

Cathy had lived in Beverly Heights for the past 15 years, along with her spouse, Murray. Cathy and Murray have four children and two grandchildren.

Highlands, Oh yes! She loves the feeling of community, her parish is in Highlands and so are many of her good friends. Since

moving here she has been made to feel very welcome. A few of the locals have stopped by to meet and greet her.

Cathy has always been active in community affairs – been the treasurer on many not-for-profit Boards (St. Mary Anglican Church, R.J. Scott School Parent Association). She is currently treasurer for the Beverly Towne Community Development Society for the past 6 years.

Welcome to the Highlands Cathy, and, I thought your windows paintings were most appropriate and were appreciated!!

---

September 17, 2006

David Aitken  
Bylaw Services

Hello David,

As I may have told you besides doing a little reporting for our Community Newsletter I try to encourage others to submit articles as well.... Before I ask you to do that (!) please read the following article which appeared in our last issue:

**May 25, 2006**

Dear Councillor Melnychuk, Councillor Gibbons, EPS, Bylaw, Highlands/Bellevue Highlights - and anyone else who can do something about this situation:

When we arrive home after a hard day at work and school, does our family sit outside on our newly built deck? No. So here we are: taxpaying and law-abiding citizens who, on any given evening, are forced to stay inside our home, where we can still hear the constant thump of the bass from the neighbour's car stereo.

Is it the fact that it is a Thursday? Or that the sky is blue? Whatever the "reason", this neighbour disrupts our lives from 6pm to 11pm, for about five days every week. The only reprieve we get is when the snow flies - but as soon as the snow melts his fire pit is lit, his buddies (or roommates) show up, and the cycle begins all over again.

The word in the neighbourhood is he is not an approachable person. We are reluctant to talk to him for fear of retaliatory vandalism. (When many of the neighbours reported this residence for loud music during the first year he lived here, he responded to these complaints by cranking the music even louder.) He is not stupid: since the police have informed him that 11 p.m. is cut-off time, he usually shuts off the music at exactly that time, but may still sit around the fire partying.

Perhaps this does not matter to you personally, but we have been living with this "neighbour" for years. The last three years have been the worst - parties, music, and rude behaviour. Our kids can't sit outside because of the language they hear from across the alley. Police are called and most of the time (if they are not busy battling crime) show up and deal with the immediate problem. The bigger picture, however, is that nothing rectifies the problem that one person can intrude on the lives of his many neighbours, whether they are in their backyards or inside their homes.

The root of this problem is with the lackadaisical owner of this property (as we have explained to the police). The owner is known to the long-time residents of the area as a "slumlord" - a person who has either moved away or passed on and no longer lives on the property. The only leverage we have is to continually report the loud music to the police - but after a while, we feel like we are the nutcases. So the problem goes unsolved ... and the slumlord wins by default.

We find it hard to believe we can do nothing to shut down this rental property or fine this tenant. We have lived in this neighbourhood for fourteen years. Despite hookers, drug dealers and Northlands traffic, we stay because it IS a nice neighbourhood: we have good neighbours and we believe that if everyone works together, we can make a difference.

We sometimes see change, but this kind of constant disruption tests our resolve. So we turn to all of you for help with this matter. We are at our wits end. While we can plant trees to alleviate the view, we can't stop the noise.

Let us leave you with this image. Think of hearing the constant drip from a tap that can't be fixed - and now think of sitting in your home with the constant booming of a stereo that

you can't turn off. We hope you can provide some sort of relief for our family soon.

Sincerely,

Jan

[Name and address withheld to preserve anonymity]

**Dear Editor,**

I wanted to share with you my family's recent experiences with the disruptive rental property in our area, the letter that we wrote in protest, and the positive change that resulted. I have included a copy of our letter below.

Since sending our letter, there has been a significant change for the better. Both the landlord and tenant were visited by Bylaw and the police have been very proactive in dealing with this house. He still plays his music but now once or twice a week and not loud. The neighbour, however, informed us that while we were away he had a blowout party - 20 or 30 cars partied until 3 a.m. They didn't bother calling the police because they figured nothing would happen. My reaction was "AGH! How can we solve this problem if no one takes action?" Personally, I think dealing with Capital Ex is easier than dealing with this neighbour because we knew the Ex would end in ten days and is run by responsible people. This guy is simply a 50-year old teenager!

We truly think invisible landlords are reasons for a lot of issues within our neighbourhood and the more we highlight issues such as these in our area, the better. The more voices we have with the City the better!

Jan

OK...David, I am requesting two things...no, one thing...would you or could you give me the name of a member of your staff, who would provide four articles a year for our Newsletter about bylaws? I would send a timely reminder when the article is due...this one is for October 5<sup>th</sup> ...perhaps this first one might deal with the problem of why so long to see (sometimes) any action, what about retaliation or retribution? The articles do not have to be long...up to 150 words or so. 'Talking with' rather than 'talking too' style...you know, like mine! ☺

I know you will if you can...

---

Charity begins at school....or does it!! By John Tidridge

Mount Royal School

Ms. Elaine Ford principal of Mount Royal School, and a strong supporter of children being involved in community affairs, causally suggested I might like to 'do' an article on the activities of some of the children at the school. Piece of cake I thought, as I said yes. I thought I would ask a few questions and... But any way, on with the story!!

I have often questioned the partiality of stories one reads in local and national newspapers. That's slanted I would think, that way or that way...that's not really a true picture of what really happened or what the people actually said. I'd never give a 'slanted' story....

So like Sir Lancelot, I entered the fray with an open mind, not a slanted thought anywhere. NOT!! But, I did try! Honest! But the story is not about me...really! I spoke with seven young people, six of them lads. It worked out at three groups of two and one single...working at a school has done wonders for my math!!

The questions were not directly related to the charities involved...UNICEF, Stollery Children's Hospital, the Edmonton Humane Society or Santa's Anonymous, but to how and why the children became involved. There were certainly no financial perks or benefits. The children all related in various ways that they became involved because it seemed to be the correct thing to do after they had had time to assimilate the material given them. Some of the young people were group leaders or co-captains. Between them they had given up recesses and dinner breaks. Fund raising was a necessity.

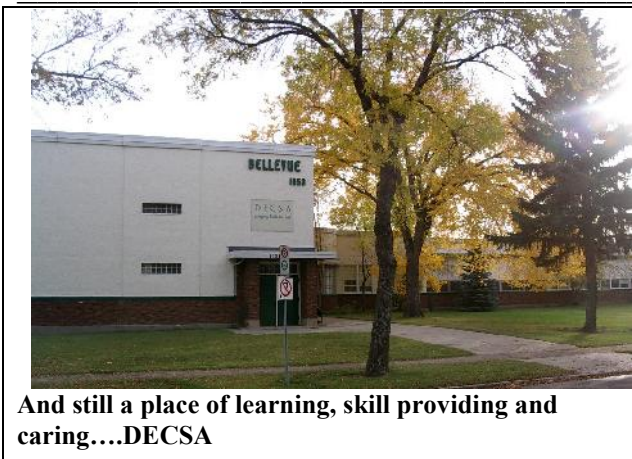
Now here is my bias, as one who tries to live the Christian lifestyle and is concerned about the sometimes negative reports on the Christian church, I wondered how many of the children I had spoken to attended church... 85%!! In addition to this, several of the children had participated in family discussions related to helping others!

Please don't read into this that only church goers do good!!

I was duly impressed with the children, their responses and their sense of wanting to help others. All is not lost!!

JT





And still a place of learning, skill providing and caring....DECSA

DECSA .....

11515-71 Street  
Edmonton, Alberta  
T5B 1W1  
Telephone-780-474-2500  
Fax-780-474-7765.  
September 2006  
IMPRESSIONS... first  
impressions, if people only  
realized how important they  
are... Now take the Distinctive

Employment Counselling Services of Alberta...located in the former  
Bellevue School.

I initially visited the premise about four months ago...my aim: to secure an interview with a staff member. The receptionist greeted me cheerfully, gave me all kinds of helpful advice on how to set up the appointment. On my return in September, different receptionist, but the same courteous help. I met Darrel Regehr, Associate Executive Director, and spent a pleasant 45 minutes with her discussing the function of the organization. I was also given a tour and staff members we passed said good morning, to me, as if they meant it... and, the facility is well laid out and sparkingly clean...

So while most of our discussion centred around what is provided and, for whom...and this covered many, many areas, including but not restricted to, working with victims of violence, assisting those whose limited abilities restrict them to very specific tasks, helping to rebuild injury-shattered careers, providing loans to start small businesses, providing free computer and telephone accessibility, teaching people how to complete a résumé, supporting an art program for those with mental health concerns,...that they were funded by a Provincial Government Agency, that they had the cooperation of employers, from varying industries, that they helped employers in the task of developing people, and, that they were very conscious of their position in the community, that a staff of 40-44 people was on the pay roll, that the group started in 1977....all very good and professional...however, what struck me during the course of the interview was that a tremendous sense of caring existed in this organization, it was not just a place where people came in and were shunted or shuffled through various 'steps', alone and frustrated... Persons were carefully monitored with mentoring both during and after

a completed program. A desire to see results in the people... I was impressed!

Why not drop-in and ask for a tour!!

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Get-Togethers.....  
2007

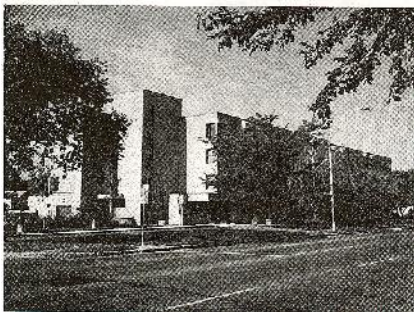
My worst enemy would not describe me as a party goer....my best friends would not describe me as a 'bubbly sort of guy' to liven a party...

However, over the last five-ten years I have been invited to four get-togethers...one a block party 113 Ave. and 58 St. (missed) the park at 113 Ave and 58 St. (attended) Christmas house invite 58 St. and 113 Ave. (attended), house warming and birthday party on 60 St (attended).

At the park I learned the first names of three or four new neighbours, at the Christmas invite renewed acquaintances, and, at the house warming...several first names of another three or four neighbours. Val and Stu; the labels were an excellent idea!!

So, when's the next one? Vickie, Cam and Lianne should keep in touch for an opportunity this spring at the park...complete with labels!!

---



Highland Place...A Brief History By John Tidridge

It was duly noted at a gathering of members of the Highlands Community League (HCL) some were unaware of the relationship between the League and Highland Place. This is an attempt to clear up any mystery surrounding Highland Place, a community of mature citizens located at 6209-118 Avenue.

Legally, Highland Place is 67 self contained units, situated on Lots 8-12, in Block 5 of Plan 4065AE, in the city of Edmonton. However, as the building houses people, this makes it a living

organism, situated in the Highlands. So we'll start with the managers of the complex....

CHUCK RAYNARD, manager 1985-1992: In May 2006, I spent an interesting thirty minutes with Charles (Chuck) Raynard. Chuck was the first manager, and actually worked as the manager for about two years without having to do anything!! Chuck was a gasfitter, whose knees were giving out. The chance of working at Highland Place became available. By taking night classes at NAIT Chuck qualified as a Building Operator Class B. Chuck related that there were three categories of employment available at the housing site, Management, Janitorial and Grounds man...he took all three.



Generally speaking the build project went well...if you can call going well where the contractor refused to accept the engineer(s) specification for the strength of the building!! Chuck related extra concrete had to be poured to strengthen the floor and supports. The delay meant a cessation of construction and the site had to be patrolled by security guards. When the building was finished Chuck received the keys from those 'in authority' i.e. the Alberta Housing.....the building was his!!

Chuck thought the idea of the Housing Unit came about after it was learned that a developer who owned the lots where Highland Place is situated wanted to build a strip mall: stores with apartments above them, similar to those on the north side of 118 Avenue between 53 and 54 Streets. Local residents became so concerned about a possible negative effect on the neighbourhood related to garbage and debris generating from using the stores they drew up a petition to end the idea. Chuck seemed to intimate there was a certain degree of sympathy for the developer and the idea of the Housing Unit became reality. As far as he could recall Highland Place was the only name given, although there was a contest to decide this. The author feels this could have given rise to the claim by some other names have been used.

Of course as manager, Chuck was able to relate several stories about tenants. He indicated that Betty Nickel was the first tenant. He recalled a lady who had been cook at a downtown hotel. She loved to cook and having an abundance of goods wanted to have a freezer in a craft room to store them. This was a problem obvious to Chuck, but not the lady. He asked her to trade places with him, and then let him

pose the same question. The lady agreed, Chuck asked the question; she slapped him on the back...and exclaimed, "what if everyone else wanted a freezer"? Problem solved! On another occasion, a 'gentleman' accompanied by relatives, made a 'good impression' and was granted tenancy. The man had perpetrated a fraud...he was actually a street person, and began to invite his other street people in for parties...but not for long. Another gentleman fond of bending his elbow was invited to either seek rehabilitation or leave...there was soon a vacancy! As this is a family newsletter some stories are best not told...

Chuck said he thoroughly enjoyed the job and it was with regret that he retired.



CAREN BROOKS: Manager from 1985 to the present. Again I enjoyed one of the perks of 'checking things out for the Newsletter'. I spent an interesting and entertaining 45 minutes with Mrs. Brooks. I learned among other things that being manager of Highland Place is, 'interesting'. I learned that on a daily basis she may have to be mother, father, brother, sister, police officer, lawyer (Crown and Defense) and entrepreneur!

We talked of interesting previous tenants of HP... One a cook, lady, confined to a wheelchair, who had worked on the Alaska Highway, and later married an American soldier. She made the most wonderful corn chowder soup, stews and other soups. Caren described her as wonderful Christian lady with a 'beatific' smile.

Then there was another wheelchair tenant, called Cowboy. This gentleman had been a bronco buster etc. He could paint on the steel part of a cross saw, and make leather gloves. He was the most vociferous supporter of the government (Alberta and Federal) and really believed if you had a problem with this country you ought to leave!! Oh, yes, he had broken his back at some point but still was enthusiastic about life.

Then there was the mistress of the English language. A lady who would pop in to see if Caren had a 'couple of minutes' ... and then stay for (much!) longer: She discussed her brother's health problem, probate, created by a low altitude, with migrating headaches. A relative had died and there were ball bearings as pallbearers. It does not seem strange, therefore, that she sold the farm and moved in to a condom.

It was obvious Caren enjoys her work!!

The idea for the project originated in the spring of 1978, at a HCL workshop, held in preparation for a Mayor's Neighborhood Planning Conference. CLs were asked to identify concerns and issues; the HCL workshop identified a need for a senior citizens' residence.

The idea lay dormant until about 1979 when a developer bought three properties on the west end of the site and applied to rezone from medium density residential (walk up apartment) to commercial/residential. The HCL only became aware of this when the public hearing notice for third reading was published; the proposal was checked found unsatisfactory for a number of reasons. The major one was the likelihood of garbage from the stores. The HCL appeared before City Council at the appropriate time with a petition of 787 homeowners' asking the development not take place. City Council ruled against the Developer.

Prior to 1980 the idea of a seniors' residence surfaced again: could the HCL get the financing and possibly buy the site? In 1980 the HCL approached Alberta Housing. An appraiser soon came out, considered the site suitable for a residence. The HCL asked a myriad of questions, and a staff member of A.M.H.C. was appointed to answer these questions, and to explain the process that would enable the HCL to sponsor and manage a housing project. Although the developer was about to appeal the decision of Council, HCL continued to push for the project. The HCL, through a working committee, wondered if it should form a separate society or whether to operate the housing unit through the community league, which was the preference of HCL. It was decided to apply for the project as a Community League provided the leagues' objectives and bylaws met the necessary requirements.

On September 15, 1980 the HCL submitted its formal application to A.M.H.C.: To our knowledge, it's the first time a community league in Edmonton has sponsored a residence of this kind. The task at hand required many volunteers and many were found, easily. 1980 saw the Developers appeals completed, with the appeal being denied. During 1980-81 A.M.H.C. purchased all the lots required for the project. This was followed by changes in HCL Bylaws to cover the project. An architect was hired (John Graham Architect), as was a contractor, Alberco Construction Ltd. Much work was required before the keys were handed over in 1985.

The funding (\$4,606,837.0) was in place by June 1981, for a 73 unit apartment; by November, Highland Place was chosen as the name. Much negotiating took place with 'persons in authority' until a set of plans that, as far as was possible, satisfied all parties was drawn up. The end product was a finished project with which the HCL was well pleased.

Highland Place is managed by a Board of volunteer Community League members, appointed at the League's AGM. Amendments to the CL Bylaws are being proposed requiring a minimum of 2/3 of the Board members to live or have vested interest in an area slightly extended beyond the League boundaries, westward to the Wayne Gretzky's Drive and northward to the Yellowhead Freeway. The Board is looking for more volunteers."

The author is indebted to Metro Chrapko whose speech on the opening day (September 26, 1986) has been used as a basis for the body of the report; to Chuck and Caren for sharing their experiences as managers, and to Cor Labots for helping with technical 'stuff' about the Board.



### All About That New Office, That Isn't, **AT 6417-112 Avenue:**

by John Tidridge

Telephone 780-439-7000 December 2006

[waynemoen@remax.net](mailto:waynemoen@remax.net)

Each enquiry into new businesses comes with its own peculiarities. The new office that isn't, at 6417-112 Avenue is no exception. Wayne Moen is well known to many in the Highlands and area, not only because he lives in the area, or that his well known caricature appears in this report, but, because he sells many homes in and around the area.

Wayne explains that along with his associates Rosanna Muzzuca and Brian Fischer, the former Bird Seed store will be used as private offices for their real estate business.

Wayne, U of A educated, along with wife Judy and child Morgan live in the Highlands. The site of the office was selected for the same reason people buy homes here... because of the trees, neighbours, large lots, central, river valley, etc.



So, Wayne, Rosanna and Brian, welcome to Highlands and area.

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Tea For Two Or Three Or Four....

## March 2006

Several members of the Newsletter Staff met early in the year to 'talk over' some of the issues facing the Newsletter. Those in the picture are from left to right, Cheryl, our Editor, John, a roving reporter, Colette, Layout and Graphics and Christine, CL Treasurer and roving reporter. The meeting was held at Mandolin Books and Coffee Company, 6419-112 Avenue, where Sharon played hostess.

Some of the meeting was devoted to a determined and critical analysis of the publication; it was hard to find too much fault with it except it was 'of many pages'! The critical point of contention was the deficit developed in producing the Newsletter. Every effort is being made to keep costs down and it was felt the Newsletter was of excellent quality and well worth maintaining in its present form. It was decided that an increase in advertising rates would help to reduce the deficit.

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What A Great Idea... John Tidridge

March 2006

A neatly designed note found in the mail box was the invitation to those who live on 58 and 60 streets, to an informal get-together at the park just south of 113 Avenue between 58 and 60 streets, at 7.00 p.m. June 23, 2006. The park, we hope, soon to be named, Buttercup Farm Park...but that's another story!



Cam and Lianne Traynor were the authors of the note, at least Cam sort of took credit...but it was mainly Lianne...he said. I visited the park because I live within the boundaries defined... I



was armed with camera and notebook and pen...the pen and notebook were kept in reserve but a few photographs were taken.

The evening was warm and sunny, the area ideal...I only stayed a short time...but would have stayed longer if there



were more neighbours in my age bracket...OK, so where were the *pioneers* of the district? Maybe next time!!



The purpose of the get-together was simply that...to get-together to find out a little more about your neighbours, and to share a little bit about yourself...and it was obvious this was going on. There were about 20 people in attendance when I left. Thank you Cam and Lianne and will you do this again....soon?



Just waiting for your business....

Smokin' Iron Farms.... By John Tidridge  
11401-50 Street  
Telephone 780-471-0057  
Fax 780-471-1477

2006

Good news travels fast...my daughter living in Bergman, told her sister living

in Rundle Heights who told her mom living in the Highlands, who has undoubtedly told her other daughter living in Beverly, and her daughter-in-law who lives in ...well even if the chronological listing is wrong, you get the picture...there is a new store in the area at 50 Street and 12<sup>th</sup> Avenue...and it's being talked about!

So, without fear or trepidation, I visited the premises, found the lady in charge, talked with her and left the usual 'would you like to have a story written up in our Newsletter' documents. "Of course we would", I am told and the next day some material arrives which tells us that.... This lady (Barb. Kaleta) exuded enthusiasm!! Of course, that is what one would expect from the manager and part owner....



Smokin' Irons is a small locally owned and operated processing and retail facility. Our specialty is being able to offer to the consumer, FRESH, TOP QUALITY meats at WHOLESale PRICES. All of our BEEF, PORK and CHICKEN are naturally raised and then processed in a butcher shop atmosphere ensuring hands-on QUALITY. A large portion of our product comes from Hutterite Colonies.

We use hickory wood chips for all of our Smoked products for good flavor. Our SAUSAGE is made on a daily basis with only the best quality ingredients to ensure a fantastic tasting sausage that leaves you craving more. If you require a greater quantity, we will process to order. All of our beef, pork, and chicken is processed on a weekly basis to ensure the freshest, best tasting meat in the city.

Having a party? Let Smokin' Iron Farms help you to impress your guests with a FULL ROAST. Give us a call today for more information.

The freshness of our products is very important to us. IF YOU START WITH SOMETHING GREAT, YOU END UP WITH SOMETHING GREAT.

We are extremely happy with the warm reception that we have received from the Highlands/Beverly area. We only hope this relationship continues for many, many years to come.

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Sterling Real Estate  
780-406-0099  
info@sterlingpreddie.com  
[www.sterlingrealestate.ca](http://www.sterlingrealestate.ca)

2006

Something rising in the old Highlands Bakery.....John Tidridge

Christine B, always on the lookout for delicacies, reported activities at the old Highlands Bakery....one wonders if the address will be always known that way!!

And indeed there is, obviously some dough has been expended to add yeast to the old building. A carefully planned recipe will no

doubt result in a top notch product...of course at some point in time the point needs to be reached...The point is this....

The Offices of Sterling Real Estate will soon be evident in the old bakery. Karen, who was holding the fort, was able to give me a few details along with the business card of the proprietor.

The name rang a bell, a few questions confirmed the owner, Sterling Preddie , as an agent who had shown the writer and his son a home....Both father and son were impressed with not only the presentation but the presenter!!! It bodes well for the neighbourhood.

More to follow when the offices were complete....

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11315-60 Street NW  
Edmonton  
Alberta  
T5W 3Z2

Mr. W.D. Talbot  
4871-Verona Drive NW  
Calgary  
Alberta  
T3A 1W8

March 15, 2006

Dear Mr. Talbot,

By way of introduction: My name is John Tidridge and I do a little writing for our community newsletter, the Highlands and Bellevue Highlights (Edmonton).

My wife and I frequently walk by Highlands United Church and have noticed the (new) bench in front of the church. I thought the story of the people 'behind' the bench would make a good article for our newsletter. If you would be so kind as to provide information on the couple named on the bench I would take a photograph and an article will have been generated. Are you willing to help? My deadline is March 31.

I have provided a self addressed envelope but I also have e-mail [jtidridge@interbaun.com](mailto:jtidridge@interbaun.com) if that is more convenient.

Yours sincerely,

John Tidridge  
780474-1594



Not Even For Two Apples.... .....John  
Tidridge

2006

1950 was, I think, my last full year in school, so re-entering a classroom as a one-morning a week helper was, in 2003, was quite an eye opener!

Oh, I had heard all the stories about teachers being under stress, how tough the job was, and so on and so on!! I also have a fair idea of the salaries and PD Days and long vacations. So what's their beef?

First, I have yet to hear any of the teachers, and I make contact with the majority of teachers, during my short stint in the school, beef. From what I can see they don't even take time for a coffee, unless they drink it in their classroom.

What I have learned, though, is that teaching is tough. Please, don't say if you can't stand the heat get out of the kitchen. Every class that I am associated with has at least one child who is at a (very) different level of learning than the rest of the class.

The discipline style is so different. While my memory is not what it was, I don't seem to remember any teachers who negotiated with their children to get things done. I watched and listened from a respectable distance as I heard first a teacher, and then the principal, negotiate with a child trying to get her to remove a purse with a long string-like handle from around her neck, a safety hazard. I am sure my teachers would not have had the patience or the inclination to deal with the matter this way. This was the same child that the teacher described as having a problem, but they were not sure what it was, yet.

Teaching styles are different too. I was sitting-in on a class. We had finished a project and the teacher gave certain instructions and the children began to wander around the room. I watched in amazement as those children required to carry out tasks, carried them out, quietly, and efficiently. I was even more amazed when the teacher began to read, and the children seemed to be listening. The class ended with everyone sat down and just in time for the end of the story!!

As I recall how worn-out I am from my two and one half hour stint, with maybe four students, no homework or prep, or ...I wonder how a person does it all day, five days a week. And... still come back the next Monday, and the next and the next!!

I have always had a healthy respect for my teachers... and my respect now goes to the teachers and assistants that I have come into contact with, this time around, in furthering **my** education.

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The Reality Of It All...by John Tidridge

2006

I spoke with someone in the know and learned that some renovations were occurring in the former Bird Seed House... I had also heard some scuttlebutt around the 'Village de Highlands' that a local business man was setting up 'shop', read 'office'.

My trip to the site was fruitless, apart from a very pleasant conversation with a fellow doing the renovations.... He, like Sgt. Schulz of old, 'knew nothing', I learned nothing!!

My e-mail to a local business man has, at the time of writing, remained unanswered. Do not give up on me, no moening, nor let your interest wayne.

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Talk Back.....

Dear Shepherd of the flock,

One of the objectives of the Church page of the Highlands-Bellevue Newsletter is to encourage participation by those who live in the community in matters relating to 'things eternal'. So far the Christian faith has been the only one mentioned.

There is talk in Christians circles about the various denominations, "getting together to provide a united front". Lay people are urged to, "show their Christianity by their lifestyles in the communities where they live". These are movements to promote unity in Christ's kingdom here on earth...

But to some of us lay people the question is how are the clergy, as a group, doing their part? Would you take the time to answer the following questions and allow them to be published in the Newsletter?

There are eight pastors, serving eight very different churches either in or bordering on the Highlands-Bellevue community. When was the last time you met with one of these pastors and talked/prayed about the spiritual condition of the community outlined above?

A week ago, a month ago, never?

If you do not meet with any of the pastors at all please would you explain why?

If you consider meeting unnecessary please tell us why and what might make you change your mind?

Thank you for taking the time to read this and I hope you will also find the time to respond..... John Tidridge

DEADLINE JULY 5, 2006

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It's At That Triangular Park .... By John Tidridge

The rest of the notice received by residents living on 58 and 60 Streets between 112 and 118 Avenue indicated there would be a Block Party on Saturday July 9, 2007 starting at 4.00p.m. It also said that food would be served at 5.00.p.m.; so that's when yours truly showed up!

This time we wore name tags... at least the adults did! I noted Damaris, Glen, Matt, Holly , Glen, Susan, Christina, Martin, James, Nicole, Cam, Lianne, Cam and Shawna, plus some teenagers and some

really, really young children and some somewhat older ones busily engaged in water games. I left early so more may have arrived after I had left.

Matt, Holly, Barb, Mike, Lianne and Cam arranged for the main course others generously provided the desserts! There was some highly nutritional, chocolate covered health food evident. An inflatable castle (sport arena) was provided for the younger ones. Arrangements were made to have the grass cut and the garbage bins emptied. Thanks you guys and gals!

Time was spent sitting and talking while others engaged in an active bowls like game. People were 'talking it up'.

Another successful Block Party come and gone...the next one will be?

---

Bacon..... by John Tidridge  
6509-112 Avenue NW  
T5W 0P1  
780-477-2422  
[baconrestaurant@gmail.com](mailto:baconrestaurant@gmail.com)

It seems the norm these days that in order to get the story on a new business in the Highlands and Bellevue one has to clamber over or under construction material... I did this visiting *Bacon* for the first time...Julianna Mimande emerged from the scene to tell me about her new restaurant!



Several weeks later she was able to add some more information: With her business partner Cindy Lazarenko *Bacon* will be operated as a bistro serving lunch, brunch, dinner and take-out. The cuisine is also locally inspired, so they have chosen to buy as much produce and meat from local farmers as possible.

The partners aim to provide a fresher and lighter menu using these products while maintaining some elements of their grandma's

cooking. Their food is also a convenient and healthy take-out alternative as there is less fat in their cooking and less waste in the packaging. The take-out packaging is environmentally friendly as it is made of corn plastic; they also value recycling and other socially conscious business practices.

Julianna urges those living in the area to support the neighbourhood unique and local businesses; to promote community cohesiveness, and to get products that are homemade and from local farmers and are available closer to home. Further, to support entrepreneurs who are challenging old standards of business that do not support local initiatives or maintain environmentally sustainable practices.

Julianna has had her home in Montrose for 5 years. She has worked in many restaurants from the time she was 14 working as the dessert girl at Bullwinkle's. She has also organized many community events such as art shows and craft fairs. She is a constant supporter of local initiatives and just loves food and wine. Cindy is a very new member of the Highlands and has also worked extensively in the food industry. She ran her own catering company called "Mise En Place" as well as created the TV dinners at "Culina" restaurant in Edmonton.

Both like the Highlands and Bellevue because it has character and charm and community involvement. It is one of the last communities to maintain and support a small business district run by 'moms and pops'.

Julianna and Cindy....welcome to the Neighbourhood!!

## Businesses On 112 Avenue by John Tidridge



5335-Barbara's Ready to Wear (1953) Duke's Beauty and Barber (1955) Mount Royal Drug Store (1956-1959) Wally's Super Market (1960) Mount Royal Grocery (1960-1962)

5335a-Mount Royal Milk Bar 1952) Joe's Snack Bar (1953-1954) Lott's Snack Bar (1955) Mount Royal Snack Bar (1956-1958) Mount Royal Café (1959) Sammy's Lunch (1960) Inga's Beauty Lounge ((1962-1964)

5339-A & B Pigne Wigle (1952) Tetreau's Super Market, (1953) Happy's Meat Market (1954) Mount Royal Super Market (1955-1956) Wally's Royal Super Market (1957-1959) Vic's Super Drugs and Post Office (1960-1961) Vic's Patent Medicine and Cosmetics (1962) Mount Royal Grocery (1963-1964)

When our Editor suggested a story on the history of the stores/businesses on 112 Avenue might be appropriate I decided I would take on the task. My original idea was cover from 'day one to the present'...however! The first fifty years has proved to be 'interesting' enough for now. The original plan was just to list the businesses by year and location... this made the article look like a 'stat' sheet. We hope you will like what has been prepared, that is, a photo of what is now and what other businesses operated at the same address. We have started at

the 'east' end...through to an obituary for the Bellevue stores. Most Highland locations have a picture except for 6227 Bellevue Meat Market, (1914) 6228-Magrath Hart Building Co. (1914-15). Where the business appears to end in 1964 this may mean, and usually does, the business was open in 1964, the last year of this survey. *Henderson's Directories* are the only source of the information provided.



6417-112 Avenue Jamison's Coffee Bar (1947 - 1964)

The accuracy of *Henderson's* is not something you would bet your life on...but it is accurate enough for our purpose. So, if you disagree, let us know!! You will note that it is sometimes



6410-(This address is included as it was once part of the lot now occupied by 6414.) Trudeau's Cleaners and Shirt Service (1961-1964)  
6414- Canada Safeway (1930-1960) CIBC (1961-1964)



Highland, sometimes Highlands, once at least, Bellvue, followed by Bellevue. Some addresses contained two businesses but sometimes only one was recorded. To 'err is human, to forgive divine'...or something like that!



Studio (1958-1961)

6419- Highland Barber Shop (1953) Highlands Studios (1954) Airview Photos (1954-1955) Highland Beauty Salon, (1955) Paula's Beauty Salon Highland Barber Shop (1955-1964) Victoria's Studio and Camera (1957) Meyer's

6423 Vacant (1916-21) Highland Drug Store (1922-1943) Corner Drug Store (1944-1959) Agnew Drugs (1960-1964)  
6427-112 Avenue: Grocery store (1914) Grocery store (1917-1948) Variety Store (1949-1960) Ladies fashions (1961-1963) Vacant (1964)



The often annual changes perhaps reflect that to be in business is not all 'peaches and cram' and one has to admire the entrepreneurial spirit of those, as it were 'having a go'! It seems unlikely that any of the proprietors made a fortune...but many remained in the same location for many years, serving 'Highlanders'. Jamison's, according to one person, had the first, albeit unofficial, drive-through window.



6421-Highland Hardware (1948-1964)

Now we move to west of 65 Street, this area is not quite so old as the one we have just dealt with. It has, over time, contained a variety of stores including a taxi cab office, jewelers and an electrician, and we must not forget Cozy Corner

6507-112 Avenue Grocery Store, (1931-1964) Stone's Meats, Chan's, Aubin's, Leo's, and Pete's.  
6507a Taxi (1948)



11204-65 Street... OK. so it's not on 112 Avenue...but it was definitely part of the scene! Cozy Corner (1945-1960) Tip Top Café (1961 -1962) Tin Ton Café (1963)

There was a bit of a mystery over 6506- which hopefully will have been resolved before we go to press...for the time being 6506-20 have been lumped together.



6509-Highlands Studio, High-lands Jewellers (1963-1964)



6511-(upstairs?) Jewell Electric (1948-1950) (1962- )  
6513- Premier Cycle and Sporting Goods (1950) Dr. Mackenzie (Dentist) (1951-1962) and Dr Gallagher (1954) and Dr. Cornish (1955-1964)



7543-112 Avenue Vacant store (1921-1928) Grace English Lutheran Sunday School (1929-1931) Northern Chickeries ((1932-1934) No indication of use from this time on.



6506- Premier Cycle and Sporting Goods (1962)  
6510-Highlands Beauty Parlor (1932-55)  
Highlands barber Shop (1934-42) Highlands Shoe Repair (1955-1962)  
6520- Highlands Shoe Repair (1935-1949)



6515-Highlands Cleaners, (1952-1960) Barber Shop (1952) Highland Beauty Parlor (1956-1964) Tailor Shop (1955)  
6517-(?) Melton Real Estate (1952-1962)



6519- Premier Cycle and Sporting Goods (1951-1964)

That concludes the lower and middle of the 112 Avenue businesses; included however are a three stores from the west end. An 'obituary' has been prepared for the other stores and, if the editor has been kind, appears elsewhere in this issue



7599- Hambley Confectionery Store (1921-1931) Park Grocery (1932-1937)  
James Warmington Grocery ((1938-1940) Parkview Red and White Grocery (1940-1964)  
Henderson's found the store vacant for a couple of years...but it's likely red and White was still there.



7601-Avenue Park Café (1915-16) No mention or vacant (1917-1926) Young Confectionery (1927) Vacant (1928-1930) Hoffman Grocery (1931) Vacant (1932-1934)  
Driveway Service Station (1935-1941) note indicates now 112 Ave South.  
Driveway Service Station (1947-1950)...not reported again as being as 112 Avenue.

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## Flowers.... By John Tidridge....

As we drive or stride or ride by, do we appreciate the time taken by some to make stores and offices look brighter? Our season of flowers is to say the least fleeting!!

A big bouquet, please, but not from these displays, outside of places I am sure will recognize. And, the newly sodded boulevard along the south side of the avenue from 65 Street west to the lane has added something!!

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## Inner City.... By John Tidridge

When one starts off on a crusade, one should be sure all the equipment/information is in-hand. When it's a crusade to right perceived insults regarding one's neighbourhood, cold hard facts would be required. I was fully convinced I had all the hard facts... until I checked them out 'at source'. That blew a perfectly good story... but anyway that's life!!

I learned that Councillors are misquoted and that terms change... 'Inner City' is no longer a term used by the Planning Dept. This term

has been replaced by the more (my term!) politically correct, 'Mature Neighbourhood'. Colton Kirsop, Planning Department, provided this information.

This new information had a startling effect on me; it was akin to being called a 'mature person' instead of a 'doddering old senior'!! But it also meant a massive re-write in a positive vein!!

Homes are being renovated and new ones built, adding to the value of other homes in the area. Young (anyone under 72 years of age) people are moving back into the neighbourhood. A strong movement, although still in its infancy, to get neighbours out to Block Parties and to form Home Groups, to get to know and help one another, is underway. This movement, supported by the Community League and the area churches, is to be commended. A needed medical centre is being built on our boundaries. A desire is evident to get people to look out for their neighbours by having patrols along our main drags. An effort was made to make heavy traffic palatable, presently shelved, but I imagine not forgotten.

We may be dazzled by our new designation, but for anyone who walks or runs or has driven through the neighbourhood, there are those properties that are, for lack of a better word, immature! How should these 'immaturities' be handled? How about a committee called: (tongue hurting cheek at this point) A Committee of Mature People interested in helping, in a Mature Way, those who, for whatever reason are unable to maintain their properties in Accordance with the unwritten and written bylaws of our Mature Neighbourhood?!! Hey I'm new at this game!

In closing if 'Mature Neighbourhood' equals 'Downtown' then we have much to look forward to: streets cleaned of snow immediately after a snowfall and washed as soon as they become dusty, and bunting hung along our main avenues to welcome cultural events! Ah, but some things are till 'immature' dreams!



Rev. Thomas  
Brauer

Even if the Rev. Thomas Brauer is only half as accommodating to his congregants as he was me when I interviewed him recently, they are indeed a fortunate congregation. What struck me immediately, well as soon as he stood up, was his height...he towered over me by a couple of inches or more and I'm 6'3"!! So much for my thoughts of having a 'power' interview where my size would make him feel threatened!

The Reverend is from Sault Ste. Marie, via Toronto. As a younger man he had a powerful conversion experience, the telling of which was not for this interview! Formerly a rock and roll lighting technician, Father Brauer is now in his first parish. Married to Cheryl, he is looking forward to his ministry in this area. He has a desire to 'get out' into the community and make the Christian message known. I found him to have a good sense of humour, a good listener and he has a non-threatening attitude in spite of his height and his 'dog' collar. (It's OK, I got his permission to call it that and we were able to share Church of England and Anglican experiences) I sensed him to be a compassionate man but one who would also tell it like it is.

I was not sure what I was expecting from the interview but I left it feeling that St. Mary's is in good (human) hands. Welcome to the neighbourhood!!

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Sound.....Differing Perspectives....by John Tidridge

It's all a matter of perspective...Neil Diamond calls Sound a '*beautiful noise*', The Grinch simply calls it, '*Noise, Noise, Noise!*'

So, what about NOISE in our neighbourhoods? Let's see...

Magpies, for some, raucous birds, having no use whatsoever, to others delightfully coloured birds that add something to the neighbourhood...

Motor cycles, to some a glorious machine to be ridden at top speed, no helmet, limited muffler system, with the wind whistling through the hair...to others, noisy machines that should be banned, and the riders sent to some other town!!

Dogs, comforting pets to others, a real pain to the neighbours who are subject to their barking every morning at 8 o'clock, not for long, but just long enough to wake you up and keep you awake...

Teenagers, to some, kids just having fun, to others a bunch of noisy kids who have no respect for the neighbours...

Lovers, just listening to the music while they say good night...for others...see Teenagers!!!

Lawn mowers, OK to use any time between the hours of 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. seven days a week... to others, OK, but how about a break on Sundays...

Noisy parties, lots of fun celebrating (add your choice), kids /adults roaming about with liquor, cars running, radios blaring... to others a disturbing, frightening situation....

There are of course many other noise factors in the neighbourhood....what do we do about them? We could, of course all sing, "*It's Beautiful Noise*" but in some cases that would add to the problem, or like the Grinch we could steal Christmas!! But then all we would hear would be the rattle of keys!!...

All it requires for human-made noise is some thoughtful consideration on both sides of the issue.... If that were done then not only would we have a quieter neighbourhood we would all be much happier...maybe! The world, she is not perfect...sometimes we just have to suck it up!!!

Having said that I am hoping we will be receiving information on City Bylaws that might just help...