

# The Mural FORUM

## The Mural

Your Community Newspaper

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The Mural is a community newspaper serving Athens, Mallorytown, the Thousand Islands Parkway, Escott, Delta, Lyndhurst, Charleston Lake, Plum Hollow, Addison, Frankville, Toledo, Lyn, RR#3 & RR#4 Brockville and now Seeley's Bay, Jasper and Lansdowne. Copies are delivered free of charge to over 8,750 homes courtesy of the community-minded businesses that advertise in The Mural. Copies are also available at selected stores in Athens.

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## No fear of death and dying

### Curmudgeon's Corner

by John Stanford

Now that I've reached the last chapter of my life's story I'm giving thought to death and dying. I have no fear of either though I'd rather be alive than dead. I'd like to see my grandchildren graduate from university, but whatever happens, happens. I have no quarrel with that. It's a natural part of living. I've lived an exceptionally fortunate life in the best place on earth surrounded by great people. I've been loved by more folks than I deserved to have care, and I've loved wonderful parents, children, spouses, and friends. Who could ask for more? I've received more than I contributed and I'm thankful for every hour.

I have no expectation of life after death, but that doesn't concern me. It's nature's way. I hope my good fortune continues so my dying won't involve great pain and suffering, and I hope I don't lose my mental faculties before the end. I don't want to be saying and doing stupid things of which I'm unaware. I don't want to hurt those I love, or anyone else. I'd like to listen to music and appreciate the beauty of nature and the folks I know to my last breath. I don't care what folks say about me after that. I won't hear it.

I hope no tears will be shed at my passing. Instead, may there be

music and dancing, generosity and compassion for those less fortunate, laughter and happiness - and maybe a wee drop or two to toast the good life that was mine.

I sometimes fantasize about what I'd do differently if I had it to do over again; probably not much. But I always thought I'd like to be a farmer. In another life, knowing what I know now, I might become a scientist studying what I believe is the greatest problem facing mankind: How to feed the folks that will be added to the earth's population over the next few decades and beyond while my children and grand children are still alive. We're now 7.5 billion people and, according to the UN's estimate, that number is expected to increase by another 2.2 billion in 30 years. My family and many friends will see it. Farmers now living will have to provide food for 2.2 billion more (30%) souls. And they will have to do it with ever decreasing agricultural land as urbanization continues to cover the land, and global warming accelerates. The prospect frightens me. I'd like to be part of the solution. Of course I won't.

I wish the world was in better shape for my friends, family, and billions I'll never know. I wish the challenges they'll face were less daunting. All I can leave behind are my wishes for their successful attempts to meet them. There's always hope when people of good will act together to seek needed solutions to difficult questions. Good luck folks.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### The Lyndhurst Bridge

TO THE MURAL

I was going through Lyndhurst the other day as I have 100's if not 1000's of times over the past 35 years, or so, living out here. I came up to the one lane stone bridge as always. A car was just coming up to the bridge on the other side; I stopped and let them go across first. They waved as they went by. Another car

had come up behind them but they stopped and waited for me to cross. We waved friendly like and smiled.

It made me think as I sat there and after I drove on. That's all I need to say.

So, hats off to the Little One Way Bridge in Lyndhurst, our ancestors that built it and the people who kept it alive over the years. There have been days you were cursed but more

days you were praised and appreciated. You have had a rough long life and survived and if you continue to survive then maybe humanity can also.

Thanks, for making me stop and think, Little Stone Bridge in Lyndhurst.

Peter Chase,  
Lyndhurst Road,  
Seeley's Bay.

### "Friends helping friends"

BY LIZ HUFF

On Thursday, September 21, the Seeley's Bay Area Residents' Association made a donation to the Seeley's Bay Canada Day Committee, to help them with of the extra costs associated with this year's special Canada 150 events.

For those of you who may not recall, there was a

deluge on July 1st which resulted in postponing the fireworks display. And then on July 2nd, no surprise this year, the rain poured down again during the delayed show, which meant that the spectators fled to their cars, without dropping as many donations in the buckets as in normal years.

With this in mind, and in

recognition of a positive friendship between the organizations, a special donation of \$683.00 was made. Danny Roantree, long time Co-Chair of Seeley's Bay Canada Day Committee, said "This donation will be a great help for our Canada Day celebration."

### Correction to Margaret Mathers' story

BY CATHERINE ORTH

In the August edition the story of RWTO Sybil Smith's early teaching career was told. Sybil's Smith's story was mistaken for featured scrapbook chronicler Margaret Mathers' story. We apologize for this mistake and hope you enjoy the following story of RWTO Margaret Mathers' early years as a teacher.

Margaret Mathers was 19 years old when she began her teaching career in

September of 1953. She taught in South Burgess School, SS#22, located on Old Kingston Rd, off Hwy 15 just east of Portland. It was a one room school house, and she taught grades 1 to 8. During her first year of teaching she had 12 students; 8 boys and 4 girls. She took time off to get married and start a family. She returned to teaching and taught at Mary St. School, Picton, On. She continued her career at Glenview School, located between Perth and Smith

Falls. She finished her career with 29 years at Linklater Public School in Gananoque, retiring in 1990. She began chronicling the scrapbooks in the fall of 1991 and retired from scrap booking in 2017.

For more information on RWTO please see the Face Book page Retired Women Teachers of Ontario.

Editor's Note: The Mural regrets the mix-up. We strive to be error free.

Something on your mind?  
Send a Letter to the Editor.

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