

Street News



The Thin Green Line

by *Rainbow*

I'm thinking of becoming an "eco terrorist". That's the technical term for committing random acts of beautification without a license. But the practice of "guerilla gardening"-planting beautiful gardens in empty lots or on unused public land in the dead of night-is on the rise. Don't call me an E.L.F. though; I am neither an elemental, a member of a semi-mythical race, or one of those people who don't seem to understand that getting on the FBI's most wanted list by bombing buildings and kidnapping scientists is not particularly conducive to saving the Earth.

It all started in the 17th Century. Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam (renamed New York when the English took over) had a large "bouwerie" ("Farm"). At the southern tip, two streets intersected. Over the centuries, "North" St. became "Houston" St., and "Bouwerie's" spelling was anglicized. By 1973, Bowery and Houston was an unused lot filled with rubbish and illegal dumping. After rescuing a local boy from an abandoned fridge, N.Y artist Liz Christy got some friends to help clean it out. The "Green Guerillas," as they dubbed themselves, created a community garden and sparked a world wide movement. Thirtyseven years later, the 'Liz Christy Garden' receives tourists from around



Guerilla Gardeners cultivating the land for the betterment of all

the world. The volunteer run non-profit now has over 600 urban gardens in N.Y.C. They educate, activate, advocate and help to cultivate botanical gardens, miniparks, urban farms (much of whose produce goes to soup kitchens to feed the poor), outdoor community centres, and expressions of ecological art. They grow food, connect at risk kids to the Earth, and plant shade trees for the elderly and in high pollution areas. Members even get retailer's discounts from some businesses.

Richard Reynolds lives in London, England. When he started breaking the law by beautifying his neighbourhood he had no idea he had accomplices in crime around the world. Richard has taken the N.Y.C. "Green Guerillas" idea to the world as "Guerilla Gardeners", and now there are at least 2500 G.G.'s populating "cells" in countries as diverse as England, Ireland, Wales, France, Canada, U.S.A.,

Sweden, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Botswana, Australia and New Zealand. Sometimes, people walking by are so interested that they donate or help out.

Richard and his friends have had a few run ins with the English police, but they tend to turn a blind eye for the most part. One G.G. group was being harassed by a female cop-until her own partner complimented them and left. Another group of police were publicly embarrassed last year when they were caught on camera trying to arrest Richard.

Richard is philosophical about the police and their occasional attempts to interrupt a hit and run planting. He's well aware that what he does is morally good but technically illegal, and has some sympathy for the difficult position the police are in. Just how do you prosecute a random act of beauty, anyway? (Especially when someone might have a camera!)

The Thin Green Line continued

It's no easier than prosecuting the government for falling down on its job. See? The authorities are seeing green.

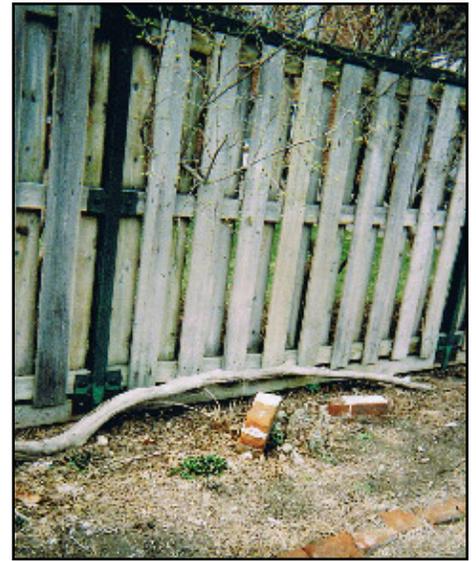
Guerilla Gardening is becoming big news. Many European articles have witty names like "behind anemone lines" and "raiders of the lost parks". Richard has even written a book, "On Guerilla Gardening: a hand book for gardening without boundaries."

If you want inspiration, think of Margot, Richard's grandmother. At the tender age of 93, she uses litter picking-and the odd bit of guerilla gardening-as an excuse to get out of the house.

Artist to activist, student to lawyer, businessperson to teacher, 3 to 93...it doesn't matter. Whether you're a gard-ener who ran out of space, an artist looking for a patch of canvas, a half hearted anarchist

who wants to flip the bird to the Man without actually hurting anything, a bored person who's sick of TV, but doesn't like the club scene, or a follower of Paganism or the Native Traditions (in which case a random act of beauty becomes a random act of worship!), join the Thin Green Line and drop a bomb or six. Okay, so the "bombs" are made of soil, vermiculite, seeds and fertilizer dried in a ball, but don't tell the cops that. I mean, technically, you are a desperate criminal, after all.

Spring has sprung-finally!-in the Garden City, and it's brought a new "cell" with it. If you're interested in thinking "outside the composter," talk to us. With the owner's permission, we already have one target in mind. By the way May 1st was not only Beltane, but International Sunflower Guerilla Day. ☐



Where there's space...plant!
The peaceful cry of a Guerilla Gardener

Visit www.greenguerillas.org and www.guerillagardeners.org

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Thanks to our dedicated group of volunteer reporters and poets

Editor In Chief
Liz Roulston

Copy Editor
Melissa "Rainbow" Leigh Fowler

Art Director
Mary Jo Fitz Gibbon

Street News

A VOICE FOR THE VOICELESS

Published Quarterly ©

Start Me Up Niagara

Working Together...Moving Forward

Working with individuals whose lives have been affected by mental illness, addictions, unemployment and homelessness to develop self sufficiency by providing opportunities to earn income, improve health and integrate into the community.



Since 1999

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288 St. Paul Street, 3rd floor
St. Catharines, Ontario
L2R 3M9
Phone 905 984-5310
Fax 905 984-8949
www.startmeupniagara.ca
streetnewsniagara@gmail.com

Many thanks to
Meridian Credit Union's
Good Neighbour Program
and a special
thank you to our printer
Jesse Pennings



**I don't
sing because
I'm happy -
I'm happy
because
I sing...
Anonymous**

Happy Town

Montebello Park Has Part In Film by Elena Reyes

During the first week of April there was a lot of activity in our historical Montebello Park.

Exterior scenes, for a two-hour drama pilot for ABC television entitled "Happy Town" was being filmed

"Happy Town" is a drama series-taking place in the small, seemingly idyllic town of Haplin, Minnesota, with a population of 9000. In a nod to American film traditions, it revolves around the family of the almost retired Sheriff, his son, and a deputy as they deal with the towns first ever murder, since the inhabitants have enjoyed a seven-year peace after a series of kidnappings. Being produced by the same team behind the hit series Alias, among others, it co-stars, Geoff Stults

(October Road) as Tommy Conroy, Frances Conroy (Six Feet Under), Amy Acker (Law and Order), Dean Winters, Jay Paulson, John Patrick Amedori, Lauren German & Robert Wisdom. Sam Neill ("Crusoe") has joined the cast. He'll play the owner of a movie-paraphernalia shop.

The scene, taking place in Montebello Park, takes place at a fictional spring carnival called "Thaw Fest" with a midway of rides, games & concession stands. The band shelter had a "glee club" choir & a speech is made at one point. Our pavillion held handmade & homemade souvenirs.

Gary Fleder, who helmed the pilot to "Mars" is on board to direct, Andre Nemec, Josh Applebaum & Scott Rosenberg as writers.

Thanks to Happy Town Locations Department - Stage 49 Ltd. Development updatde 17 March 2009 for further updates you can check on <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt1379722>. □

Thank you Silver Spire

Dear Rev. Vita and members of the Silver Spire congregation.

On behalf of Start Me Up Niagara (SMUN), I wish to thank you for your generous donation. It will be used to fund an additional three days of opening each week for the drop-in centre that SMUN operates at First United Church. Beginning Friday January 16th, the centre will remain open every day until May 15th.

Great news for all the people who need a safe warm place to go during the cold days of winter and early spring!

Since 1999 Start Me Up Niagara has been working with people who are marginalized and live in the downtown core to improve their quality of life and level of self-sufficiency. It does this by providing a variety of programs that assist people to earn income, improve their health and integrate into the community. One of these programs is its drop-in-centre at First United Church. This centre is a popular spot for people who are homeless or at risk of homelessness, and for some it is the only place they are welcome. It was open four days a week, which meant that for three days people were out in the cold during the day. This did not make a lot of sense to the patrons or organization but it was all the budget could bear. With your help they have a place to go every day and SMUN has the opportunity to build trust and strengthen the relationships that assist people to risk change.

When Bob Tanouye presented the cheque from Silver Spire to the SMUN Board of Directors there was jubilation around the table. The Chair, Maurice Prindiville, thanked him for the gift but also stated that we see this as a sign of an emerging relationship with a downtown neighbour. There was immediate positive response to his remarks.

Start Me Up Niagara is interested in working with you to improve the lives of people who are marginalized and living downtown. It is hoped that together with you we may play a role in building a stronger downtown community...a neighbourhood for all. God Bless you.,

Thank you once again.

Susan Venditti ED SMUN

This letter was sent to Silver Spire Church with our gratitude in January.



Start Me Up Niagara

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Storytelling

by Margaret Burke

The SMUN Winter January-April 2009 storytelling project was able to operate more informally than the successful 2008 government supported SMUN-Men Without A Voice- programme of last year. There was not the pressure to produce something to be seen as a result of financial support. Storytelling was successful in a different way. Our weekly gatherings in 'the Green Room', while only very distantly related to the regular theatrical concept, nevertheless served a similar purpose in that it was a safe place to 'shoot the breeze' in the telling of

stories. Wonderful stories: stories which when freely shared, joined us together in a brotherhood of empathetic listeners. In true dramatic style, stories were inspired by a 'prop', a mascot, in the form of a beautiful model of a family of grey wolves donated by Liz. As it sat in the centre of our table week after week, the symbolism of a wild wolf pack as family was not lost on our group and all who joined it, however short their visit. Another participant, Debbie, donated a beautiful soapstone carving of a mother bear and her cubs, which prompted even more metaphors. After all, it is as natural as hair on one's head, that wherever people get together with time



to spare and, feeling comfortable with each other, that stories will begin to be told. Sometimes a little jolt is needed in the way of an object, a mysterious poem, or even the right cartoon! The latter, a cartoon of a trunk in the attic, opened the doors of memory for us all and as well, generated a feast of well written stories, and ideas for a future performance! Roll on Fall! Meantime, have a safe Summer and if the mood takes you, keep writing those stories... □

Thank You Margaret for volunteering. Your unflappable approach, time and expertise, added so much to storytelling.-Ed

The Memory Trunk



by Debbie Seaboyer

'Well, will you look at the time!!! I must go to the attic and look for just what Billy needed for his school project. I know it's up there...'

'Strange, I don't remember these stairs ever being so steep.'

Pausing for a breath Grandma pushed open the attic door, not knowing just which of them had groaned and complained louder.

'Okay I got this far' speaking to herself. 'Now just where did Grandpa's old service trunk get put? Will you look at all this dust and cobwebs... This'll be a spring cleaning job later; right now I'm still looking for that trunk.'

'Well wouldn't you know it's right here where we left it the last time we needed something for whatever else was going on then.'

Brushing off the dust that had settled there from heaven knows where, Grandma lifted the lid with only a few squeaks and one silent groan.

There under the dust sheet which had a noticeable tent of brittle age, lay the one picture she had of Grandpa, although not a grandpa or a thought of being one at that time.

Proudly, grandpa was showing his

Service uniform off, with his Sergeant's stripes gleaming gold in the afternoon. Sighing, Grandma thought to herself, he sure was handsome and cut a very fine figure in those clothes. I was so happy to have him back home. 'My goodness, I was praying he hadn't forgot our wedding the next month.'

Grandma chuckled to herself, I'm glad he didn't. My, those were trying times, and the adventures! 'I do miss Grandpa, but I still have memories and more.'

'Well I won't find Billy's thing if I keep day dreaming', carefully laying aside one stack of pictures. There, long forgotten, lay the photos of the honeymoon in Cocoa Beach, which was only a short drive from the base. 'Just the two of us then'

'Surprise, but a very expected one at that, our first child. My oh my, the joy over those years...Just where has the time gone?'

'Enough of this foolishness...Now just what was I looking for? Gosh, here's our first born's wedding picture. That was a fantastic day...The bride losing her slip coming down the aisle; the best man...it's a wonder he could stand. Those two kids sure did make us happy. First they gifted us with Billy just before Xmas that first winter...our precious granddaughter Dolly, how soft and lovely she is. I still remember just how cold it was the day Grandpa and I helped them make a snowman. Life just seemed full of babies, puppies, family get togethers at the beach, birthdays, and small, quiet dinners.'

'I think I found just what it was I was looking for; maybe I could find something a bit better. I've forgotten all the things in this trunk. I never realized we had saved so much.'

'Oh my, there's PJ, naked as the day he was born...such a sweetheart. Always has the cute grin. He just knows he's the centre of everything.' Smiling softly to herself, Grandma gently eased herself up off the floor, happily holding her first rose, looking at her family.

The downstairs clock chimed noon, as the sun shone through the dust on the window.

'Billy, Billy, I found your what's it for your thingamabob for school!'' □

Being aggressive, you can accomplish some things, but with gentleness, you can accomplish all things... Great Tibetan Teacher

Activities at the Centre

by Liz Roulston

Many activities took place at SMUN's drop-in centre at 95 Church St. this winter. Thanks Silver Spire! With your help we were able to stay open 7 days a week, three more days than our regular Friday to Monday.

The extra days gave us an opportunity to expand our programs.

Taosit Tai Chi was a popular 6 week addition, that captured the interest of some of the guests. A moving meditation that can be done anywhere, anytime. Thank you Kim, Barb and Herb.

Tony arranged cooking classes with Chef Angus that took place on 6 consecutive Saturdays. Participants learned basic culinary

skills as well as kitchen etiquette and cooperation, the basics of preparing soups, biscuits and different methods of cooking meat. A very popular course with good potential for participants as well as many benefits for the volunteer force here at the centre.

Anxious for spring weather individuals started getting together to discuss gardening. Enthusiasm spread and soon people were planning herb and vegetable gardens in various locations downtown. Rainbow offered to write an article on Guerilla Gardening. Inspired, some of us were scouring the neighbourhood for suitable tracts of land. We think we have a plot at St. Catharine's Community Garden, a project that will offer lots of opportunities for volunteer gardeners. We also plan to plant wherever there's space downtown, even in alleys, in keeping with Rainbow's guerilla gardeners.

St. John's Ambulance First Aid classes, Poetry Club, Story Telling, board games, Music, Street News meetings, Yoga, discussion groups marked some of the day to day programs. Free hair cuts were offered from the Academy of Hair Design in Welland organized by Tyson.

With Kyle, Tyson, Jen and Faye working at the centre on various days we were able to offer direct contact for housing help with Kyle, I.D. assistance with Tyson, exploring employment opportunities with Jen and Faye.

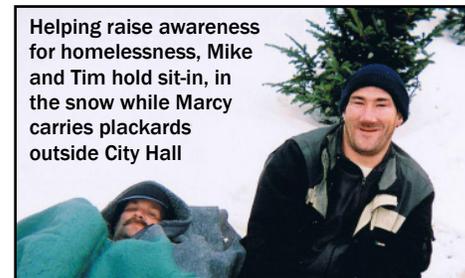
The centre is a hub for conversation, coffee and snacks. The activities give us an opportunity to know each other better and provide a space for community. As well, the activities help improve participants self esteem, preparing them for other life situations, including social skills, work, and a healthy life style. □



Clockwise from top left; Checkmate, Dallon and Chris; Taosit Tai Chi Class; Guerilla Gardeners, Darren, Chris and Therese; Liz on keys with Tenor Freddie; Chef Angus cooking class; Debbie creating costume for storytelling; Chris and Elizabeth, Friday Food prep; Poetry Club with Bard Bill, Kim, Diana and poet/gardener Bridget; Free Tuesday Haircuts by the Academy of Hair Design in Welland

Everyone deserves a Home

Part of ending homelessness in St. Catharines means becoming aware it exists and having the courage to speak out and take action for those in need including the 'hard to house'.



Helping raise awareness for homelessness, Mike and Tim hold sit-in, in the snow while Marcy carries placards outside City Hall



The Good Cook's

by Emelie Tolley

Whether you go for the clean sharpness of basil or the dry pungency of sage, the aromatic flavours of fresh herbs can lift your just-plain cookin' to the level of la cuisine extraordinaire. And if you grow your herbs, you won't ever have to be without herbs.

What you grow depends on what you cook. Almost everybody uses parsley and chives, but if you like Chinese food, you might want to raise your own coriander (a staple in Mexican and Southeast Asian dishes) and ginger. Sage and basil are basic to Italian food; marjoram is common to French. Some herbs are indispensable to American-style; sage (stuffing, pork, poultry) for instance, and dill (fish, salads, sauces, pickles).

A Primer of Culinary Herbs

Basil  Fast-growing annual, 2'-3' high. Easy to grow from seed: thin the seedlings to 12" apart. For bushier plants pinch off white flowers (add them to a salad). Grow either sweet basil, *Ocimum basilicum*, or the larger-foilage lettuce-leaf basil, *O. crispum*. **I•S•W** (see key below)

Chives  Hardy perennial, 18" high. Plant bulbs 9" apart just below soil level. Since chive leaves look so much like grass, they're impossible to weed. Cover ground with mulch (grass clippings or straw) to keep grass out. Harvest by cutting leaves 1½-2" above ground level (not just tips). Use the rosy purple flowers, which have a delicate oniony flavour, in salads. Every second spring dig up bulb clumps, divide and replant. **I•F•P•S** or **S**

Ginger  Perennial that grows from a root (rhizome) which is sold in grocery stores. Produces shoots of green

pointed leaves and makes a beautiful house plant. In hot climates such as Florida's, can be grown in a shady spot outdoors (bury 1" deep in soil.) Needs rich, moist, warm earth. Plant in early spring. As soon as shoots come up, harvest for tender young roots. In cool climates, grow in a pot. Use rich soil, keep warm and moist; plant 1" below surface. If root hasn't sprouted in six weeks, buy another and try again. Fertilize monthly. Keep pot in sun and put outside in spring. To keep: Peel root. Freeze or store in jar of sherry in refrigerator. Cut in slices or grate root directly into food for cooking. **I•S•W**

Marjoram  Sweet marjoram, *Origanum marjorana*: Tender perennial; plant in warm soil. Replant every year in climates where temperatures dip to freezing. Bushy plant, 8"-12" high, with white blossoms. To harvest, cut stems 2" above ground. Pot marjoram, *Q. onites*: Spreading perennial, 18" high. Grows pink flowers, has more robust flavour than sweet marjoram. For best flavour, dig up every two years, divide and replant. Grow in a hanging basket indoors. **I•S**

Parsley  Biennial; 6"-12" high. Plant fresh, 1' apart, every year since leaves become tougher the second growing season. Survives fairly cold weather (sometimes under snow). Grow curly parsley, *Petroselinum caru-soym*, or Italian parsley, *P. neopolitanum*. **I•PS** or **S**

Sage  Hardy perennial, 2'-3' high. Set plants 15"-18" apart. Grows year round in warm climates. Produces spikes of purple flowers; after blooming, cut branches back to keep bushy. Replace plant in about four years, because stems get woody. Indoors, let sage dry out between waterings. **I•S**

How-To-Grow-Tips

Buying Choose small plants they suffer less from transplant shock.

- Look for bushy specimens with side branches and signs of new growth.
- Pass up plants that are wilting or yellowing. Check closely (including under leaves) for signs of bugs.
- Be sure each plant is properly labelled so you'll know what it is when you get home.

Preparing the Soil

Enrich soil with rotted manure or compost. Add peat moss to help retain moisture. If the soil is dense with clay, mix in sand to improve drainage. Herbs prefer neutral soil (neither alkaline nor acid). You can check your soil's ph factor with a kit you buy at the garden centre. Alkalinity should be between 6 and 7.5. If below 6, dig some lime into the soil.

Planting Hot midday sun wilts new seedlings so plant yours in early morning, late afternoon or on a slightly cloudy day. Spread roots gently before you set plant in a pre-dug hole. Fill hole with soil, and water well, with fish-emulsion fertilizer added to the water.

Care Although herbs fight drought better than most plants, water regularly for best results. Fertilizing, except where noted, isn't generally necessary. Feeding the soil may produce larger plants with more leaves, but they will be less flavourful. In cold climates protect perennials over winter by spreading mulch (straw, leaves) on beds.

Garden of Herbs



Windowsill Farming

Make a mini-garden by planting several herbs together in a large pot or window box, or group herbs individually in pots.

- Cover drainage hole with piece of broken clay pot. In large pots and window boxes add a 1"-2" layer of pebbles for better drainage.

- Use light potting soil (a good mix: equal parts regular potting soil, sand, perlite and peat). In big pots let soil settle overnight before planting.

- Container-grown herbs (especially when in clay pots) dry out faster than those in the ground. Check frequently. If soil is dry to about half an inch from top, add water.

- Feed with liquid fish-emulsion fertilizer (using half the strength indicated on label) every two or three weeks.

- Indoor plants need four to five hours of sun a day and double that in artificial light.

- Temperature should be around 65°, even cooler at night – but not below 50°. To cope with bugs, spray with an organic insecticide soap.

Harvesting the Crop

Once herbs have taken root and are putting out new growth, you can pick a few leaves anytime you need them. Annuals: Pinching off flower heads will encourage the plant to produce additional leaves.

- When you cut off a stem of leaves, remove just above the point where a leaf joins the main stem.

- For the final harvest, cut at ground level.

Perennials: Cut off two thirds of plant; if stems grow back for second harvest, take only the top third so plant keeps enough strength to survive winter.

Preserving the Harvest

Drying: to preserve maximum flavour, dry herbs as soon after harvesting as possible. Tie long stems in bunches and hang, upside down, in a dry, dim, airy place. When the leaves are dry, strip

carefully from stems and store in glass jars in a cool, dark place.

Spread small sprigs or large leaves on a nylon window screen, sweater dryer or muslin stretched across a wooden frame. Depending on the humidity, drying takes from two to ten days.

You can also place sprigs and leaves in a single layer on a cookie sheet and dry in the oven. Set at the lowest temperature and keep door ajar. Remove as soon as completely dry (they should be as crisp as potato chips after an hour or two) or you'll lose the flavour. Store in glass jars.

When using, crush the leaves to release the flavour. Some herbs that dry well: marjoram, mint, tarragon, thyme, sage.

Hang seed heads upside down in a paper bag. When dry, shake seeds loose, put in oven at lowest setting for about half an hour. Store in jars.

Freezing Several herbs, particularly basil, coriander, chives and parsley – retain flavour best when frozen.

Wrap whole sprigs in foil and freeze; cut off as needed. Or chop herbs before freezing, pack in containers and scoop out by the spoonful. Or puree herbs in a blender with a little water, then freeze in an ice-cube tray. Store cubes in a bag; each one equals about one tablespoon of the fresh herb.

Preserving in Oil

Basil can be pureed in the blender with a little oil and frozen to use by the spoonful in pesto sauce.

Note Use three times the amount of frozen or fresh herbs to equal flavour of dried. □

Key to Plant Care

I = Indoor plant too
F = Fertilize occasionally
PS = Partial shade
S = Sun necessary
W = Extra water



Medicine Wheel

by Rainbow

In the East, I feel the wind of Eagle's wings
I catch an echo of incense and chanting
I dream the sun and new beginnings and seeds becoming shoots.

In the South, I feel the fire stirring
The laughter of children, coyotes, and African rhythms
As plants and plans alike bear flower and fruit

The West brings the rains of emotional release
Bear meets me on the Red Road preparing me for the Blue Road Within
The gathering of gifts and harvest.

In the North, Mother Earth lies fallow and waiting
With the White of Snows and peoples
I listen for the hooves of White Buffalo
For the messages of Elders and Ancestors

I give thanks to the Creator who made me
To Mother Earth who sustains me
To the Green centre of the Great Mystery
Of which I am an essential part

Merit for the Written Word

Words give brain handle on feelings: U.S. Researcher

by Julie Steenhuysen

CHICAGO (Reuters) – Brain scientists are starting to understand something poets, songwriters and diarists have long known: putting feelings into words helps ease the mind.

“It’s a pretty well-established finding that this occurs, but we don’t know why,” Matthew Lieberman of the University of California, Los Angeles, said on Saturday at the American Association for the Advancement of Science meeting in Chicago.

“When you put feelings into words, you are turning on the same regions in the brain that are involved in emotional self-control,” Lieberman said.

“It regulates distress,” said Lieberman, who studies the brain using technology known as functional magnetic resonance imaging or fMRI, which highlights brain regions as they become active.

Lieberman’s findings are based on studies in which healthy subjects lie in an MRI machine and view emotionally evocative pictures, such as scared or angry faces. Study participants touch a button corresponding to a word that expresses that emotion.

When study subjects put feelings into words in this way, the researchers noted increased brain activity in the ventrolateral prefrontal cortex, a brain



region known for dampening negative emotions.

At the same time, they saw decreases in activity in the amygdala, the brain machinery responsible for processing feelings about relationships and emotions like fear, rage and aggression.

Lieberman said this may explain why many teenagers and others take up pen and paper when they are filled with angst.

“I think it certainly could play a role in why people of any age write diaries or bad lyrics to songs,” he said.

“That is certainly a possibility,” Lieberman said he is now doing studies to see how putting words into feelings might help people who fear spiders or have anxiety disorders.

Think about it. □

Awkward Guys

By Geoff Ascroft

I took a walk just yesterday
A day just like your average day
Then there you were on up the street
What should I do if we should meet

I searched my heart, I stirred my Mind
To find a smooth and clever line
Then there you stood, what did I say
Could you tell me the time of day

Have sympathy for awkward guys
They’re honest and they really try
They kick themselves, for being so shy
But they have hearts near twice their size

If only I could talk to you
The way I’ve always wanted to
Then you’d not be afraid of me
We’d share our feelings openly

And I’d not turn to shade my eyes
I’d not tremble, I’d not cry
But until then, you’ll pass me by
No sympathy for awkward guys

Have sympathy for awkward guys
They’re honest and they really try
The kick themselves, for being so shy
But they have hearts near twice their size

**Joy is not in things;
it is in us...
Richard Wagner**

A Day in the Life of a Nobody

by Paul Shtogryn

Sunshine in and sunshine out,
Throughout the busy clamouring crowd
He is still confused of his whereabouts,
He sits on a bench thinking of
pretty girls on the take.
But suddenly reality steps in, and often says
“Move along boys”
“But officer”, he replies, “give me a break”.
The feet are aching and his
hands are bitter cold,
But he knows it’s a cold, cruel world
and he has to be bold,
As twilight creeps in, it’s the end
of another day,
Window shopping stores but he knows
he doesn’t have the money to pay.

Sunshine in and sunshine out
With, or without “Out of the Cold”
He’s still confused of his whereabouts

Kyle - The Housing Guy

Our man Kyle, helps people. He helps people find housing, stay housed and does everything in between. Advocacy is a large part of Kyle’s work, as he assists people to navigate the bureaucratic web. He also drives a very cool car. Vrrroooooooooom!!!!



THANK YOU VOLUNTEERS

*Out of the Cold came to a close for another year.
Another season of good food and shelter with miscellaneous items for those in need.
To all the churches and volunteers involved...
Many thanks are given from all*

Tootsie's Mixed Bean Salad

The 19 (oz) drained canned bean salad



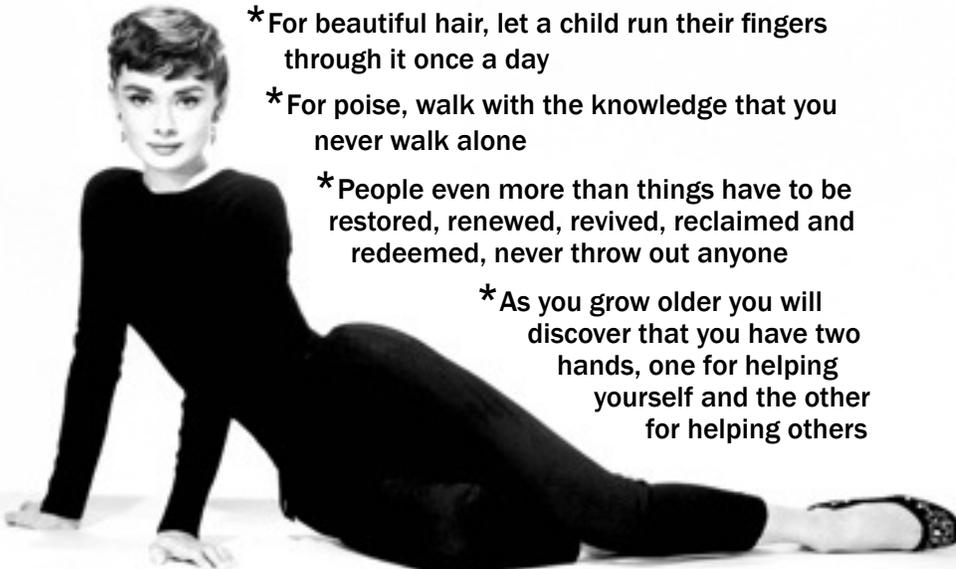
Ingredients

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 (19oz) can kidney beans | 1 medium yellow pepper diced |
| 1 (19oz) can chick peas | 2/3 cup white vinegar |
| 1 (19oz) can yellow beans | 1/3 cup vegetable oil |
| 1 (19oz) green beans | 1/4 cup sugar (optional) |
| 1 medium onion chopped | salt and pepper |
| 1 medium green pepper diced | 1/2 tsp dried basil (optional) |
| 1 medium red pepper diced | 2 cloves minced garlic |

Put all the tins of drained beans in a large bowl along with onion and peppers. Mix vinegar, oil, garlic, sugar and basil into a small bowl. Pour over bean mixture. Mix well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cover and refrigerate for at least 3 hours. Stir gently before serving. A good source of protein and nutrition.

Timeless Beauty Tips From Audrey Hepburn

- *For attractive lips, speak words of kindness
- *For lovely eyes, seek out the good in people
- *For a slim figure, share your food with the hungry
- *For beautiful hair, let a child run their fingers through it once a day
- *For poise, walk with the knowledge that you never walk alone
- *People even more than things have to be restored, renewed, revived, reclaimed and redeemed, never throw out anyone
- *As you grow older you will discover that you have two hands, one for helping yourself and the other for helping others



Everything is Not Sunshine and Roses

By Robert and Tonia

Seven months clean and trying to stay clean for the sake of the babies. Relapse. Recovery is not easy.

Staying clean is a white knuckle ride at the best of times. Without help it's nearly impossible. The reality is, it's all about choice. Choice and facing what got us here in the first place; and facing what's under the self medicating.

Staying clean means coming clean.

Thank you Bob and Tonia for sharing your story. We wish you well. SMUN Help is out there. A good place to start is NADAS or ADTC, now combined to form Community Addiction Services of Niagara. 905-684-1183 or the new website: www.cas-n.ca



211 - Your Community Connection

You can now dial 211 or visit the website: www.211niagara.ca
Live answers 24/7. All languages
If you have questions about...

- Government Programs
- Social and Health Services
- Clubs and Community Groups
- Counselling Services
- Children's Services
- Senior Programs
- Recreation
- Education

And much more...



What's in a Surname?

by Christine Taylor

One's surname, (last name) is a fossilized echo of ancient voices from castles, manor halls, monasteries, natural places and medieval villages. The term 'surname' comes from the medieval French word 'surnom', meaning, "above-or-over-name." But how did so many different surnames originate?

When you start to research your name, you may find that different branches of your family have come to spell it differently. Some may have changed it entirely. Sometimes, a public official with hearing problems or poor spelling skills would write the name down incorrectly, and the "wrong" version would become the accepted one.

People had names based on their occupations, their looks, where they lived or their lineage. With a few exceptions, the million or so surnames in North America fall into one of these categories. Moreover, the same name would translate differently according to language and common usage of a word. For example, a Frenchman named Lesueur and an Englishman named Cobbler would both be shoemakers. But the name Ramsbottom has nothing to do with sheep, anatomy, or the tush of a cute Aries. This ancestral name comes from the village in Lancashire, England, where wild garlic (ram) grew in the bottoms, or lowland. Almost all occupational names come from a male medieval ancestor. Unfortunately, very few women were so memorialized.

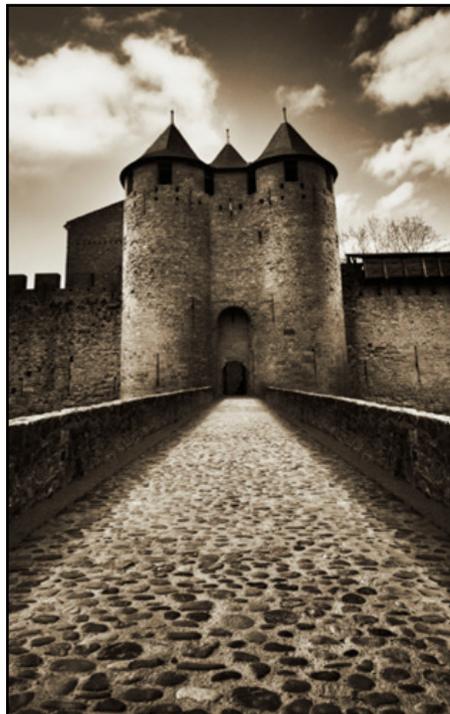
Occupational surnames could be Plummer, Mailer, Archer, or -ahem!- Tai(y)lor. They could be general, like Hunter, or specialized, like Fowler (hunter of birds). It is estimated that 15% of surnames are occupational in origin.

As the population increased, common names needed distinction. "John" could be John (who lives by the) Hill, John (who works as a) Weaver, John Short, who is vertically challenged, or John (the) Elder, father of John (the) Younger.

It is estimated that 10% of surnames come from nicknames, distinguishing people by such things as age, size, body type, or unusual habits. Only when the second name was passed down from one generation to the next did it become a surname. It was not until 1500 C.E. that surnames became inherited.

Forty percent of surnames come from place names, and any landmark or direction could be used. Underhill lives at the base of a large hill. Norwood lives in the northern forest. Westbrook lives by the brook, in the western part of the village. Leaford would live in the meadow (lea) by a ford, or bridge across water. Since the Middle Ages was 90% illiterate, many ancestors would be identified by whatever shop or special place they lived near. John Bell lives near the bell maker's shop - or near a tavern with "bell" in its name. Mary Cross lives near the crossroads, where the local marian shrine or sign of the cross would be placed.

Our surnames have gone through many changes over the centuries, often due to the errors of official clerks, priests, etc.



Occasionally, errors happened at baptism, as well, like this poor little girl: In Surry, England, an old vicar was confronted with a large number of baptisms, so a mother wrote the child's name on a piece of paper and pinned it to the child's clothing. When the vicar came to ask the name, the mother pointed to the child and said "it's pinned on her." Unfortunately, the vicar was a bit deaf and proceeded to name the child ISPINONER! □

Reference Material

2002 Gen find research associates, inc-
surname origins and history

Names in Genealogy Their Origins
& Meaning..... by Dr. Penelope
Christensen

Tulips of the Castle

by Janet Elgie

An exciting luxury purchase in 1636-1637
In Europe to those of great wealth.
Tulips

People of Turkey thought to be cultivating tulips
Since AD 1000
Around the Black Sea
Carolus Clusius became head botanist of
The Dutch University in Leiden in the later 1500's
Boom-time for the tulip market
Price for a single tulip in 1637
2,500 guilders
Equal in that time to
8 pigs, 12 sheep, 4 tons of butter
2 wagons of wheat & 4 of rye
1,000 pounds of cheese

Plus a bed, as well as a solid silver beaker
Astonishingly outrageous price for one single tulip.
Strange but true, true but strong
What were the words to their song?
Viceroy, beside Simper Augustus
Bold Leather Yellow Crown Tulip
Wealthy aristocrats became tulip enthusiasts
For who else could afford such an outrageous price?
The Dutch Trade in the future promise of tulips
Became known as the tulpenwindhandel.
"Tulip Wind Trade"

Promissory notes changed hands from one to another
Promising delivery of the tulip bulb.
Severe economic controls were implemented.
Holland in 1637 passed a statue, against such extremes.
Good overcame evil
As Wordsworth & Dorothy knew
On the hill, beside the lake, a host
In this crowd of red & yellow tulips
Neighbours of never-ending dancing daffodils.
Under white creamy apple blossoms and fresh blue sky
In this moment of passionate spring
Become aware at second glance,
Spring time guarantees chance.

Breath Work

by Janet Elgie

The majority of the time, our breathing is done unconsciously. When you become aware of your breath, you can use it consciously to heal anxiety and stress, and to maintain optimum health. Breath work is the process of learning to use your breath for relaxation, meditation, gaining energy, cleansing and purifying, and the releasing of negative emotions. The Sanskrit term for the flow of life force energy through conscious awareness of the breath is "Prana".

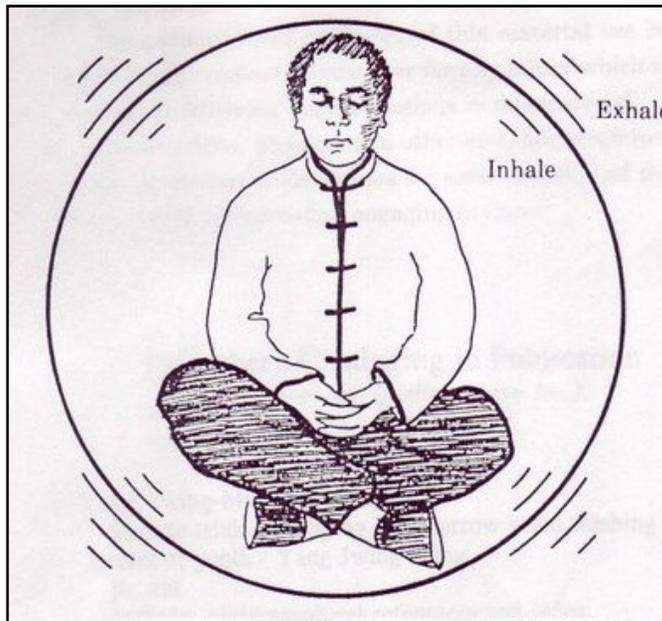
Breath work is a term that includes various focused breathing techniques. It is an easy to use, integrative practice that leads to emotional well being by causing physical changes in the body. Gradually you will come to understand all the magnificent energy that is available to you each and every day of your life - and how to use it. With practice, past conditioning, energy blockages, and automatic emotional responses that have become dysfunctional patterns in your life can be replaced with patterns of healthy emotional communication. This can bring significant changes in your relationships, personal confidence and self esteem, including a wonderful feeling of accomplishment and peace of mind. Breath work delivers the added bonuses of raising endorphins (the body's natural pain relievers), and of keeping the participant in the present moment, rather than regretting the past or worrying about the future.

Hinduism and Buddhism both teach that conscious observation of the breath can lead to the knowledge of self liberation.

When natural breath is blocked by shallow breathing, or holding one's breath due to worry habits, physical tension levels skyrocket. This can have negative health

effects, such as increased blood pressure, coldness in extremities, headaches, digestive problems, and increased anxiety and pain symptoms.

It is not hard to change our breath patterns - if we keep paying attention to them. The ultimate goal in breath work is to take slow, deep, gentle breaths. This increases oxygen intake, raises



endorphins and lowers tension and stress.

One choice is to breathe through the nose. Another is to breathe in through our nose and out through our mouth. We have more control over the breath through our nose than our mouth. The nose acts as a filter and it moisturizes the air as it comes in. When we breathe in air, we absorb energy from it. If we use our belly to breathe, the diaphragm sinks down, creating more room to hold the air in; thus we can absorb more energy. It also charges up our blood with plenty of oxygen. Breath work improves our vitality and we discover peace of mind.

Energy work like Tai Chi or Yoga starts with a series of abdominal breathing exercises to calm the mind. Exhaling should last twice as long as inhaling. Inhale for a count of 2, exhale for a count of 4. Inhale, stomach comes out. Exhale, stomach comes in.

Meditation, martial arts, yoga, gymnastics, walking...everything works better when combined with breath work. Relax, be gentle with yourself, and be aware.

Some Trivia About Your Amazing Lungs

1. Daily, we inhale approximately 23,000 breaths - and 10,000 quarts of air.
2. The two lungs are separated by a structure called the mediastinum. This contains the heart, trachea, esophagus, and blood vessels.
3. Together, they contain approximately 1,500 miles (2,400 km) of airways.
4. Humans have two lungs; the left is divided into two lobes and the right into three.
5. Each lung is between 10 and 12 inches long.
6. If all the capillaries that surround the alveoli were unwound and laid end to end, they would extend for approximately 620 miles.
7. The lungs are covered by a protective membrane called the pulmonary pleura.
8. The lungs' main function is respiration; show your

gratitude by exercising daily.

9. Transplantation now allows for a person to have a single or double lung transplant, or a transplant of both the heart and lungs.

10. As you breathe in more deeply and take in more air, your lungs become stronger and better at supplying your body with the air it requires to keep you healthy and well so you can enjoy all the glory of spring. □

Out beyond the
idea of wrong
doing and right
doing, there's
a field - I'll meet
you there...

Rumi

A PRIVATE HELL

Anonymous

What would you do if your child was molested and nobody believed you? It is a private hell that my daughter and I have endured and survived.

I want to share our story to put meaning to the emotional pain. This is for all those who want to protect children. It is for those like me and my child who have been sexually abused. We shouldn't have to suffer with the guilt and the shame.

The side effects of the abuse are often worse than the abuse itself. The abuse leaves us with a soul sickness. Something has been stolen from us, and cannot be brought back. This leaves me to wonder if we can ever completely recover.

The upside for me to having been sexually abused myself is that I can understand from my own experience how she feels. I know what it is like to blame yourself, rather than the abuser. I know what it is like to feel guilty because I did nothing to stop it. I know what it is like to doubt my own mind, and try to believe it didn't really happen. How many times did I think – but he's such a nice man!?

While researching everything I could about sexual abuse, I found that, tragically, the aftermath of the abuse can carry a host of difficult implications.

Myself, I have a hard time trusting emotional intimacy with men. I regularly over indulge in drugs and alcohol to escape reality. My behavior has often been promiscuous.

I worry about the long term effects it will have on my daughter. *Mandy, I was told by an expert on sexual abuse, is a text book case of an abused child. I am the only person she has told about the abuse. Sadly, I have come to understand that my daughter is not an unusual case.

The story begins several years ago when I was in a common law relationship with Mandy's father, *Mark. We decided we wanted to have a child, and shortly after, I was pregnant. I had been off of the drugs and alcohol for about three years when Mandy

was born, but Mike was still a daily user at the time of her birth. He was addicted to the pain killer oxycotin. Before I got pregnant, I believed his addiction was in the past.

Mark began to show a different side of himself. It was a violent, unpredictable side. He hit me, shoved me, threw me. I was in absolute dismay about this stranger who had emerged. It was as though I was too paralyzed to do anything about it.

Not only did Mark become violent after Mandy was born, he became obsessed with her.

What really captured me when I met Mark was his dark good looks. He had a gangster look about him. Tall, muscular, and walking with a presence. He was a ladies man. In the beginning, I felt that I had hit the jackpot. He was a man that I might expect to have an affair with another woman, but he was the last man I would expect to abuse a child!

As Mandy grew, Mark became increasingly vicious. It was like being dropped into the middle of a horror show. Mark began threatening to kill me if I ever interfered with him and his daughter. "This is the love of my life now" he said, "I don't need you anymore."

Mark took Mandy in the truck with him everywhere he went. He would take the phone with him so I couldn't call anyone. (at the time, I was isolated on a farm with no other outside access). His pain killer addiction was in full swing and kept us broke.

One day he left with her and didn't come back. Mandy was like a possession to him. I went to the police, and they told me it wasn't illegal for a father to have his daughter. Scared as I was of Mark, I pressed assault charges against him so that my daughter could be found. I made a video tape statement citing several assaults and numerous threats that he had made towards me. Mark was arrested and Mandy was returned to my care. He served only 42 days in jail. I felt gravely failed by the justice system!

We separated after his release and went to

court regarding Mandy's custody. Mark got Mandy every other weekend, and liberal visitation rights. In response to my concern about his ongoing drug use, the court ordered he refrain from using drugs or alcohol while caring for his daughter.

About a year after we had separated, I was getting Mandy ready to go to her Dads for the weekend. Mandy was now 3 years old. What she said startled me because she had so openly favored her father over me. "Currying favour" with the abusive parent to protect oneself - or the other parent - is quite common.

"I don't want to go to Daddy's" she said.

"Why don't you want to go to Daddy's?" I asked in surprise.

"Daddy's bad" she asserted.

"Why is Daddy bad?" I was confused. Mandy looked like a porcelain doll with her beautiful smooth skin. Her almond shaped eyes were darting all over the room.

"He kisses me too much." She was squirming and looked ashamed. Suddenly I had the most terrible sick feeling in my stomach. A flood of memories came back to me. Her Dad, I remembered, took bubble baths with her. He also had "powder up" time with her when he would "powder her whole body." Molesters gradually groom their victims, and slowly invade their bodies. Children often adore their abusers because they make them feel so special.

I needed to know if the unthinkable was possible. One thing I was aware of was that I couldn't ask her any questions that would lead her on in any way. My instincts took over.

"Mandy, I'm going to play a game with you. I'll say a word, and you tell me what it means."

"Do you know what a Secret means?", I asked, not really expecting an answer, but she said

"A secret means Daddy." Her answer knocked the wind right out of me.

"Do you have a secret with Daddy?" I

used the calmest voice I could.

“Yes, it’s a bad secret.”

“How does the secret make you feel?”, I asked quietly.

“It makes me angry!” she said sharply and loudly.

I told Mandy bad secrets are never the child’s fault, always the adults, and when I was little, I had bad secrets too! She looked at me as if she understood.

“Where did the bad secret happen?” I was amazed at how these questions just came to me.

“At Daddy’s house.”

“Where in Daddy’s house?”

“In Daddy’s bed.” She looked like she was going to cry.

“I have only one more question to ask you Mandy.” I picked her up and put her on my knee.

“Can you point to the place where Daddy kissed you too much?” I was desperate for her to answer. She pointed to her vagina and said “Dad a hurt”, in baby talk. Before I could comfort my daughter, I had to see what was going to happen to me. I was dizzy. I was going to faint. My



heart couldn’t possibly hold all this pain. Breathe. Breathe, I told myself. I began to rock Mandy in my arms.

“Mommy’s going to help you.”

My daughter had displayed signs of sexual abuse, only I didn’t recognize her distress signals. She had trouble falling asleep. She had nightmares. Her toilet training reverted back to diapers after she saw her Dad. Her eating habits changed. She frequently stared into space, appearing detached. Her unusual attachment to her Dad struck me as very odd.

Mark was the last person I would have ever expected to sexually abuse his daughter. What my daughter told me, I believed was clearly a confession that she had been abused by her father. I’m grateful that I was able to believe her right away. Most children try to tell an adult and are not believed. Children almost never invent claims of sexual abuse. Some are so controlled by their molester that they keep the secret.

Mark arrived to pick up Mandy. I believe

I was still in shock. Contempt and rage flared in my voice as I told him that she wasn’t going with him this weekend. He left without arguing, but came back with the police and the court order regarding custody.

Mark was calm and lucid. I was becoming more hysterical. The police acted like I was the problem. It was as if they thought I was using my child as a pawn. Regarding

my concern about the molestation, I took an officer aside and explained what my daughter had said to me. The officer then took his partner aside and I could swear they looked at Mark, then looked at me like I was crazy.

In spite of their apparent contempt for the “crazy” woman, my daughter was taken to the police station. She was questioned by a specially trained officer and a social worker. Mandy said nothing to suggest she was being abused. There was nothing I could do to stop Mark’s access. I was told that if I didn’t let my daughter go, I would be arrested. When she left with her dad, I felt my soul die. I lost something that day.

One day at home I found my daughter huddled up in a corner crying.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Some secrets are too important to tell.”

“Mandy,” I said, “big people should never ask little people to keep secrets, unless it’s about a surprise present.”

“My Dad sneaks into my room at night”

she blurted out.

Tears ran from her beautiful blue eyes, and her long wavy blonde hair hung over her face.

Again I called the police. Again she was questioned by the child abuse department. This officer was kind and gentle, he really listened to me. To my devastation he said Mandy disclosed nothing, and he couldn’t proceed with an investigation. He told me he was sorry and I should keep a diary relating to anything that has to do with suspected abuse.

My own doctor had already seen Mandy about the abuse, but I took her again. Nothing was revealed. I contacted Child Protection Services, and organizations that service sexually abused people. I wrote to the Ombudsman, the Minister of Social Services, the lawyer of the Children’s Office. The list goes on and on. Everything came to a lonely dead end.

I was beginning to feel like I was bothering people with my hysterics. I have concluded that my daughter, who was so young and innocent, was sexually abused by her father. Children don’t lie about this. The younger the child is when the abuse occurs, the

more likely it is to be a family member who is the predator. A number of years have passed since Mandy’s disclosure. Mandy hasn’t done or said anything to indicate she is still being abused. I believe Mark has stopped abusing her for fear of getting caught.

Constantly I question what more I could have done. Instead of getting help, I was often treated like a criminal for suggesting that such a “doting” father could have done such a terrible thing.

What more I could have done remains an unanswered question. I simply don’t know. It shocked me beyond belief that something like this could happen. My child was left to protect herself. □

**All names have been changed for confidentiality and protection of the child.*

If you need help, contact:

Niagara Regional Assault Centre
45 Church Street, Suite 503

24 Hour Crisis Line (905) 682-4584

www.sexualassaultniagara.org

Poetry

Moments Like This

by Sheldon Reddy

I can see right through you
I know what you're dreaming of
I feel the intensity of your heart
As we soar through the clouds high above
The warm winds skim our body
The gentle breeze tousles our hair
Moments like this are meant forever
Living in freedom without a care
This is our moment shared in paradise
A moment of no fear and no regrets
A feeling with romantic inspiration
Unable to control and unable to forget
Wherever this will take us
Is where I'll go with you
On this wild journey of love
Always enticing and rapturously new
For beyond all of eternity
I'll stand at your side
Protecting and sheltering you, my love
Notwithstanding the forces of nature and the test of time
My love is limitless when it comes to you
Our disagreements mold us into a cohesive unit
This commitment and union ignites our passion
Our souls are intertwined and there is no chink to assault

The Girl I Couldn't Keep

by Geoff

Roll a smoke and tell me of the girl you couldn't keep
You say her name was Linda, hair of gold like summer wheat
Here, take the jug, don't chug-a-lug, what's left will have to do
Then pass it back, without the cap, this girl I knew her too.
She was my inspiration, my utmost pride and joy
Then came the day she told me, she met another boy
She said that she was bored, with loving just one man
If I could see through her eyes, then I would understand.
My heart nearly shattered, I just could not believe
The love we shared together, how could I have been deceived
Still I see her now and then, but just in passing by
And still my heart falls at her feet, like you and other guy's.
You say you loved her quite the same, thought she could never cheat
You never knew to keep her love, that you'd have to compete.
And just like me she took you, for your caring, and your love
You didn't know when she was through, she'd fly off like a dove.
Just look at us, two grown fools, sitting in these woods.
Drinking wine and crying, for a woman who's no good
And if we had another chance, we'd take her back again
Then let her break our hearts once more, and never to complain.
Here roll another smoke old pal, and have one for the road,
There's one more drink for both of us, and then I'll have to go
To find a place where I can rest, and get a little sleep
And dream again of what was mine, the girl I couldn't keep.

Masks

by Kimberly Ann Mino

As we walk around
in life,
A Mask we place upon
Our face,
Different, streets, avenues,
Are travelled,
Behind, the Mask no-one
Knows
The terror, the Mask
Will hide,
For so long we have
Worn this Mask
To afraid to reveal our
Inner self
One Day the courage
Comes
We take off the Mask
And find,
A person whom we must
come to know
and love

She's the One

by MIDC

She dazzles in my eye
Just like a star in a perfect sky.
She took my breath away
When she asked if I could stay.
My heart was beating fast.
I wondered if it could last.
As she cuddled in my arm
I knew we were free from harm.
She took me to a place
I had never been before.
If this is what love is,
I knew I wanted more.
She was the one so special,
She put me in the know.
She was the one to show me
How to see flowers even in the snow.

The Gift of a Child

By Diana Mino

Into my waiting arms is placed a bundle,
Emotions are close to the surface
Perfection is found from head to toe.
The miracle of fingers so tiny that cling
so dearly,
Soft down is her crown and glory,
A tiny button for a nose,
Her cheeks have the blush of a rose,
Trusts sparkles clearly from intelligent
eyes,
I gaze in awe at this tiny creature,
In my arms, I hold the gift of a child

Flicker in the Hickory

An original poem by Cornelia Hoogland
Adapted by John Paxton

The Developer chops down
The eighty-year-old Hickory,
Heritage Orchard, wildlife corridor
The lady came by in the pouring rain
To band against coddling moth

A day ago. Apricots budding all week
Ironic subdivision named after what destroyed, Apricot Estates
Tanks spray clouds of lime sulphur over the orchards.
How long can she hold her breath?
Even the golf course's grass is eerily green
The kind of lawn you see in a magazine
Wrapped tight as cellophane
Around creosote beams that grid
The manufactured so level golf greens
Not even the rabbits can nibble
She can hear the call of golfers, fore
And the greens keeper yelling
Hey kids don't trespass, you'll wreck
The greens and leave footprints in the sand traps
Too bad for the children she thinks

Her fear is for the birds, the Flicker
Whose nest was in the Hickory
Who two weeks straight
Belts a song so lusty

It bores a hole in the sky no female fills.

Clockwork Heart

By Drew Kelly

Yes, you can't hurt my clockwork heart
it was onto you right from the start
you thought you could get through this
time
past the clicks and clacks, past the
chimes
Yes, you can't harm my clockwork heart
thought you could break it down, take
it apart
but the gears never grind, the steel never
rusts
it doesn't need your love, it never trusts
Yes, you can't feel, my clockwork heart
you are inert, despite all the moving
parts
just a flesh machine repeating patterns
in its chambers a cold fire burns
Yes you can't love, my clockwork heart
it was onto us right from the start

Emergency Resources

Shelters Homeless outreach 905-984-8649 9a.m.-9p.m.

EMERGENCY SHELTERS	PHONE	ADDRESS	BEDS	HOURS	RESTRICTIONS (Age, sex, addiction, etc.)
Abbey House	905-684-9736	115 Dufferin Street St. Catharines, ON L2R 2A2	8	24hrs	females and females with children; 8 weeks clean
HOPE House	905-734-8492 905-734-8302	116 Division Street Welland, ON L3B 3Z9	21	24hrs	accommodate men, women & families; no alcohol or drugs
Nightlight Youth Shelter	905-358-3678	5207 Victoria Avenue, Niagara Falls, ON L2E 4E4	10	24hrs	males and females, ages 16 - 30; no alcohol or drugs
The RAFT	905-984-4365	17 Centre Street St. Catharines, ON L2R 3A6	16	24hrs	males and females, ages 16 - 24; no alcohol or drugs
Salvation Army Booth Centre	905-684-7813 905-684-7990	184 Church Street St. Catharines, ON L2R 3E7	22	24hrs	males only, ages 19 and older; no alcohol or drugs
Southridge	905-682-2477	201 Glenridge Avenue St. Catharines, ON L2R 3G8	35	24hrs	males and females; no alcohol or drugs
YWCA St. Catharines	905-988-3528	183 King Street St. Catharines, ON L2R 3G8	28	24hrs	females and females with children; no alcohol or drugs
YWCA Niagara Falls	904-357-9191	6135 Culp Street Niagara Falls, ON L2G 2B6	20	24hrs	females and females with children; no alcohol or drugs
SPECIALIZED SHELTERS	PHONE	ADDRESS	BEDS	HOURS	RESTRICTIONS (Age, sex, addiction, etc.)
CMHA Safe Beds	905-684-7271, ext. 43230	15 Wellington Street St. Catharines, ON L2R 5P7	7	24 hrs	must be referred from hospital's community crisis care or mental health agency; 3 to 5 day stay; ages 16 and up; no alcohol or drugs
Men's Detox	905-682-7211	10 Adams Street St. Catharines, ON L2R 2V8	18	24 hrs	men only; no alcohol, drugs or smoking
Women's Detox	905-687-9721	6 Adams Street St. Catharines, ON L2R 2V8	12	24 hrs	women only; no alcohol, drugs or smoking
Women's Place (St. Catharines & District)	905-684-8331	P.O. Box 1387, St. Catharines, ON L2R 7J8	24	24 hrs	females and females with children; at risk of violence, no alcohol or drugs

Meals

Salvation Army Booth Centre 184 Church Street	Daily 8:00am, 12:30pm, 5:15pm	\$2.50-\$3.00
St. George's Breakfast Program 83 Church Street	Daily 7:30am-8:30am	no cost
RAFT (ages 16-24) 172 Church Street	Daily 6:30pm-8:00pm	no cost
Ozanam Centre 235 Church Street	Monday-Friday 11:30am-1pm	\$1.00
Start Me Up Niagara 95 Church Street	Saturday, Sunday 11:15am-1:00pm	no cost

CLASSIFIEDS

Peanut Mill

191 Welland Ave. St. Catharines, ON
905-685-8848 thepeanutmill.com
SMUN Business Sponsor

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Happy Being Me

Organic Clothing and accessories
Wendy Matthews 905-935-2082
inspire@happybeingme.com

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Rags for Commercial Cleaning
Jane Coxon 905-646-9788

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Lawn care, Snow removal, odd jobs
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Call David 905-736-8902

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905-359-3230

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Creative and customized floral arrangements and bead work for all occasions. Andrea at 905-682-0350
andreatoth@cogeco.ca

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Pianist and Singalong
Lois Dix 905-688-3130

NEW - Area 51 Computers

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Springing Forward

Find and circle all of the words that are hidden in the grid.
The remaining letters spell a message about Spring

T	L	E	M	W	O	N	S	S	S	A	R	G	L	A
G	C	Y	C	L	A	M	E	N	S	A	L	I	L	P
G	N	G	R	O	W	T	H	R	L	L	L	L	R	S
O	Y	I	I	D	L	S	A	R	A	I	E	S	N	N
L	A	L	N	K	A	I	E	B	E	R	R	O	H	E
F	M	L	O	A	N	F	E	S	G	M	I	P	W	W
E	N	A	E	E	E	S	F	I	U	L	R	R	A	L
I	O	B	Q	R	A	L	E	O	E	C	S	A	B	E
R	S	T	U	B	E	S	C	D	D	F	O	S	W	A
I	A	F	I	G	R	N	N	G	L	I	N	R	H	V
S	E	O	N	N	R	A	E	O	N	I	L	C	C	E
E	S	S	O	I	D	E	W	W	B	I	R	S	B	S
S	I	N	X	R	G	E	E	O	A	A	R	M	E	G
A	Y	F	L	P	R	O	R	N	M	L	W	P	E	O
E	T	E	W	S	S	P	I	L	U	T	R	S	S	R
R	E	T	S	A	E	P	L	A	N	T	I	N	G	F

ALLERGIES/APRIL/BASEBALL/BEES/CROCUSES/CYCLAMENS/
DAFFODILS/DANDELIONS/EASTER/EQUINOX/FLOWERS/FROGS/GOLF/
GRASS/GREEN/GROWTH/IRISES/LILIES/MARCH/MAY/NEW LEAVES/
PLANTING/RAIN/RENEWAL/ROBINS/SEASON/SNOWMELT/SOFTBALL/
SPRING BREAK/SPRING CLEANING/TULIPS/WARMER/WET



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\$25 \$50 \$75 \$100 other\$ _____

Please direct my donation to:

Street News The Centre, 95 Church St. Where it is needed most

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Postal Code: _____

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St. Catharines, ON L2R 3M9 (905) 984-5310



Working together...Moving Forward