

A WEEK GONE AWRY, BUT THE GOOD DEEDS CONTINUE....

TALK OF THE TOWNIE



Valerie Linnane

I must apologize. I had fully intended to report in full to you this week on the second phase of a three tier project that is the initiative of a collective TMR committee called Les amies des aînées, in collaboration with students and staff from Carlyle Elementary School.

The worthy goals of this endeavour include providing a bridge between the polar generations, creating an activity for seniors, and sensitizing young people to the aging process. This is an important community project in both scope and participation, as Les Amies des aînées' membership includes representation from the Recreation Department's varied services, the police, and the Volunteer Centre among others. The initial event took place in the early fall in the form of a lunch and multicultural entertainment served up by the students to the seniors at Town Hall. It was an ambitious jam packed event that was superbly executed through terrific teamwork.

The second stage of this collaboration took place last week, when the students and seniors reunited to enjoy a stage presentation of *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*, and partake together in a pizza lunch at Carlyle School. The event also went "green" when the seniors presented the students with plants that they will nurture together through the remaining school year. There are other components to this project as well, which include instruction to the students by the police on the difficulties the elderly are likely to experience. It was an extremely cold day for the event, but the project went forward nonetheless, not surprising given the dedicated spirit of everyone involved. The third event will take place in the spring, as the students and seniors reunite for tea and to marvel at the growth of their co-nurtured plants. A very well thought out project indeed, right down to the symbolic metaphors! As I said, I would love to have been able to report on last week's event in its full glory, and look forward to witnessing how the project comes full circle, but here's what happened... having broken my foot over the holidays, and having to carry on nonetheless on quite a demanding physical level since I am neck deep in the construction

zone of a complete renovation of my apartment, the injury is taking a while to heal. The horrible ache in every step was just starting to subside when, in moving a heavy bench to paint an area in the hallway, I tripped up on a protruding piece of wood and reinjured my just healing just out of agony blasted foot. The next day, which was the day the Carlyle event occurred, I could barely walk again and couldn't think beyond the throbbing pain. Rats. Blindsided again! It leaves me only one thing to speak of vis-à-vis my week's experiences, since they were rather limited. And that one thing would be...

...junk. Yes. From the sublime to the ridiculous in one column, one would think. One of my more pleasant experiences this week involved junk. Or garbage... as some might call it. In my renovation and lifestyle plan, I am striving for minimalism. That meant ditching two very tired, outdated, and rather large living room sofas, a huge old model TV (they don't make 'em like that anymore, and thank goodness!), two bureaus and a desk. All that furniture, which is only to be replaced by one new sofa. Minimalism. Space. Freedom to pursue thought and projects in the sparsity that modern technology offers. But what

to do with all these items, really of only which the sofas had a slight possibility of being used again? I had seen the trucks around town, so I called 1-800-gotjunk. In this day of questionable customer relations, I was bowled over by the friendliness and efficiency of this service. Since I was slow movin' because of the foot, I had to call them three times to postpone the job. Only cheerfulness and accomodation greeted me in spite of the schedule re-manipulation it would require. They even assured me I could delay again if I had to. Don't tempt me! I was also told that if anything could be recycled and donated for use elsewhere, it would be. And the fellas who threw those two couches over my icy balcony (and my hesitant protest) hitting the junk pod with absolute precision and did it in two minutes flat so no one was affected by the fact that they were blocking the driveway were absolutely brilliant. They even let me take pictures, acknowledging that the purging of "junk" is often therapeutic, or somewhat of a ritual with their clients. I'll save the cathartic aspect of the material purge for another column. To those involved in the Carlyle project, you are saluted! To all of you, have a brilliant week!