

# LIFE.info

Vol. 3, Issue No. 2

how to get rich  
↑

sloth & gluttony  
↑

Mel Gibson's passion

trust  
it's a risky business



also: puzzles • poetry • trivia • feedback • fun

**'Tiger!'** I walked into our bathroom just in time to see Tiger disappear out of sight, as he lost his footing on the bathroom window sill.

Tiger, in case you're wondering, is a cat. He is at least thirteen years old (opinion is divided regarding his exact age). Physically I would say (and some in our family might think this cruel) he's past his best, looking a bit scraggly around the edges. Mentally, however, he's at his peak. He is a lot less miserable than he used to be, and years of picking fights with other cats (his therapist says he can't help it, he's a ginger tom) have taught him that he has every right to have first pick of the food bowls. He's also learnt the merit of looking hungry in strategically-placed homes across the neighbourhood.

I heard the thud as Tiger hit the tarmac floor of our back yard (some eighteen feet below the window sill) and ran downstairs. Tiger was sitting at the front of the house, trying to pretend that he hadn't done anything stupid recently (like climbing a ladder, jumping onto the bathroom window sill and falling off). A quick check confirmed it, he was fine. 'There goes another life.' I thought.

Do you have any pets? We have three cats. That may seem like rather a lot (I agree) but if you knew my wife you'd realise that it's a constant battle to keep to that number. If she could, Lydia would live with so many animals we'd have no choice but to open our home to the paying public, just to pay for all the Chinchilla, Hamster, Parakeet, Cat, Ferret and Penguin food. Oh, boy!

We've got some pretty amazing pet stories on p.54. There you'll find the incredible travelling tales of cats, pigeons, even hedgehogs and, of course, man's best friend, dogs. What is it about dogs? So loyal, so trusting. The thing is, dogs will even show love and trust toward owners who don't really seem worthy. Ah, well, I don't want to get too heavily into dog psychology right now, but if trust is an issue you're struggling with perhaps you might consider living in a kennel for a while OR alternatively check out the really good article on p.47.

As always, hope you enjoy the mag.

Lea

## LIFE.info magazine

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## Magazine Aims:

To provide relevant material to help you with day-to-day living. To encourage you to stop and think about a few things that perhaps you haven't given much thought to before. To make you smile.

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## Daft instructions

In case you needed further proof that the human race is doomed, here are some actual label instructions on consumer goods:

**On a Sears hairdryer:**

*Do not use while sleeping.*

(Wake up! Wake up! Do you smell something like burnt hair?)

**On a bag of crisps:**

*You could be a winner! No purchase necessary. Details inside.*

(the shoplifter special?)

**On a bar of soap:**

*Directions: Use like regular soap.*

(and that would be how?)

**On some Swanson frozen dinners:**

*Serving suggestion: Defrost.*

(but, it's just a 'suggestion'.)

**On Nytol Sleep Aid:**

*Warning: May cause drowsiness.*

(and I'm taking this because . . .?)

**On Tesco's Tiramisu dessert:**

(printed on bottom) *Do not turn upside down.* (well . . . d'oh, it's a bit late for that!)

**On a Marks & Spencer Bread Pudding:**

*Product will be hot after heating.*

(and you thought it would be . . .?)

**On packaging for a Rowenta Iron:**

*Do not iron clothes on body.*

(Come on now. Admit it. Who hasn't tried this!?)

**On Boot's Children's Cough Medicine:**

*Do not drive a car or operate heavy machinery after taking this medication.*

(We could do a lot to reduce the rate of accidents if we could just get those 5-year-olds with head-colds off those forklifts.)

**On most brands of Christmas lights:**

*For indoor or outdoor use only.*

(as opposed to where exactly?)

**On a food processor made in Japan:**

*Not to be used for the other use.*

(now, somebody please help me out on this. I'm a bit curious.)

**On Sainsbury's Peanuts:**

*Warning: contains nuts.*

(talk about a news flash)

**On a child's Superman costume:**

*Wearing of this garment does not enable you to fly.*

(I don't blame the company. I blame the parents for this one.)



source: [www.inhis.com](http://www.inhis.com)

## The worst sentence

A newspaper reporter was writing a feature story about prison life and was interviewing one of the prisoners. 'Do you watch much television here?'

'Only the daytime shows,' the inmate said. 'At night we're locked in our cells and don't see any television.'

'That's too bad,' the reporter said, 'But I do think it is nice that the warden lets you watch it in the daytime.'

'What do you mean, nice?' the inmate said. 'That's part of the punishment.'

- ✦ There are 336 dimples on a regulation golf ball.
- ✦ It is estimated that, at any one time, 0.7% of the world's population is drunk.
- ✦ Most of the vitamin C in fruits is in the skin.
- ✦ Each of us generates about 3.5 pounds of rubbish a day. Most of it is paper.
- ✦ The plastic things on the end of shoelaces are called aglets.

fun facts



## CDs bite the dust

Compact discs could be history within five years, superseded by a new generation of fingertip-sized memory tabs with no moving parts.

Scientists say each paper-thin device could store more than a gigabyte of information – equivalent to 1,000 high quality images – in one cubic centimetre of space.

Experts have developed the technology by melding together organic and inorganic materials in a unique way.

They say it could be used to produce a single-use memory card that permanently stores data and is faster and easier to operate than a CD.

It's claimed that turning the invention into a commercially viable product might take as little as five years.

The card would not involve any moving parts, such as the laser and motor drive required by compact discs. Its secret is the discovery of a previously unknown property of a commonly used conductive plastic coating, combined with very thin film, silicon-based electronics.

The device would be like a standard CD-R disc in that writing data onto it makes permanent changes and can only be done once. But it would also resemble a computer memory chip, because it would plug directly into an electronic circuit.

source: [www.ananova.com](http://www.ananova.com)

## tongue-tied

Two snorers have had their tongues tied to their lower jaw using metal screws and nylon threads in a bid to help them rest more easily.

The revolutionary new operation was carried out by surgeons in Austria recently and was described as a complete success.

Dr Michael Arnoldner led the team in the one-hour operation on each patient at the Vienna Wilhelminen Hospital.

He said: 'The thread was put through the patient's tongue from one side to the other and fastened with titanium screws, and another one was placed around the tongue bone. Both threads were fixed using the screws which were fixed into the bone of the lower jaw.'

The procedure which leaves the titanium screws and nylon thread permanently in the mouth was developed to tackle what doctors call obstructive sleep apnoea syndrome.

The new method helps to keep the throat free which makes breathing easier while sleeping, without the tongue obstructing the respiratory system.

Sleep apnoea patients suffer from extreme tiredness as the noise they make does not allow them to relax in their sleep which can lead to high blood pressure, heart attacks or strokes.

Dr Arnoldner said, 'The two patients who had surgery are feeling great and although it may sound surprising they will eventually not even notice the thread or the screw.'

REX Features/R Zorin/Fotex



source: [www.ananova.com](http://www.ananova.com)

# How to get rich

REX Features/Jeffery Titcomb



by Anita Marshall

by

I don't read many newspapers, but the other weekend my husband bought *The Independent on Sunday*, and when I came in from a very tiring session of gardening, I picked up the LifeEtc. pages,<sup>1</sup> my eye having been caught by the headline 'How to get rich'.



'Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.'  
Emmerson

There were many fascinating facts to start with. For instance, did you know that if you earn £25,000 a year (average wages in UK, apparently), you are richer than 97% of the world's population? If you are existing on the national minimum wage you are still better off than 87% of people in the world. By the way, you also, according to the article, have more of a chance of dying while purchasing a lottery ticket than you have of winning the jackpot – not great odds!

The article gave tips for saving money too. If you smoke 40 a day, you would save at least £3,300 a year if you give up. Reduce your beer drinking from 12 pints a week to 6, and you'll save £780. It was pointed out that these amounts, invested well each year for 25 years, would net you a cool £69,245 re the booze money, and an even cooler £292,960-worth in ciggies unsmoked! Food for thought. Chocoholics do your own calculations!

It is amazing how much you can save by cutting out little luxuries. I was studying my cheque stubs a few years ago when I noticed that the £500 I'd managed to get through in a remarkably short time was not made up of any big items. It had all gone in



amounts under £30. Since then, with my Yorkshire canniness, I've tried to remember that salutary lesson.

For me, the LifeEtc article raised the big question: Would I be happier if better endowed with more of the folding stuff? The piece assured me that 'once you're comfortably off there's remarkably little evidence that becoming richer actually increases your happiness.' So what is 'richer', and is 'happiness' really dependent on it?

The happiest year of my childhood was also the most penniless for my family. On reflection, my happiest moments usually do come free, or for, say, the cost of a ticket into the gardens of some stately home, or the price of a CD, time out with my husband. I am gradually learning, too, that enjoyment is not necessarily proportionate to the amount spent on getting it.

So which is best? To be rich, or to have riches? To be rich means to have lots of money. End of story. To 'have riches' opens up a whole new ball game, as they say. For starters, what constitutes riches? It's an old adage, but old adages tend to be true, that money and riches often have absolutely nothing in common. Lots of wise sayings have been written on the theme of money.

The one that springs to my mind was penned by the Bard. In *Hamlet* Polonius

'We may see the small value God has for riches by the people he gives them to.'  
Alexander Pope

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advises his son Laertes: 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend.' (Wish my mum had told me that!)

'Man is a mere phantom as he goes to and fro; he bustles about, but only in vain; he heaps up wealth, not knowing who will get it,' is a delightfully cautionary tale from the Bible<sup>2</sup>.

'Give me neither poverty nor riches, but give me only my daily bread. Otherwise, I may have too much and disown you, and say, "Who is the Lord?" Or I may become poor and steal' struck me as quite poignant. A chap called Agur said that in the book of Proverbs – also in the Bible<sup>3</sup>.

But they're still talking *money*. I want to talk *riches*.

How can you put a price on the feeling you get walking on sun-warmed grass in your bare feet? Or the delicious squelchiness of mud oozing between your toes? (This may not be everyone's idea of bliss but it's mine.)

I've had tinnitus (whistling in the ears) all my life, and I really can't overestimate the price I'd pay just to hear silence. My friend has ME and would give anything for some energy and a return to life as she knew it.

We take so much for granted. And most of the stuff we take for granted costs nothing! We are absolutely surrounded by stuff that costs us not a penny! Did you pay for the trees that give such welcome shade on

a country walk? How much a gallon has the ocean lapping on the shore cost you? Did you have to *buy* the smile from your baby? The kindness shown by your friend – have you had the invoice yet? Did you remember to send in *your* bill when you took flowers to someone in hospital?

Having money (or not) has become such an exaggerated part of life these days. People drive themselves into the ground (literally) to get more of it. But does each of the kids really need his or her own telly? Do you have to holiday abroad this year when there's probably so much of your own country you haven't even seen, let alone explored? Do you always have to have 'the best' when cheap-and-cheerful can be so much more fun?

What do you sacrifice each day, in the way of time spent with the people you love, opportunities missed for giving someone else a boost (which never leaves you less off yourself), hours wasted trying to get more things for which you have to buy more cupboards or a bigger house to keep them in!

Can we just STOP thinking that 'wealth maketh the man (or woman)! All it does is make them have *more*. If they learned to be happy with what they've got, they wouldn't *need* more! And neither would we.



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<sup>1</sup>Jasmine Birtles, 'How to get rich', *The Independent on Sunday*, 7 March 2004.

<sup>2</sup>Psalms 39:6. <sup>3</sup>Proverbs 30:8,9.

# Free yourself from clutter



Are you a person who likes to hoard things and can't bear to throw anything away? Do endless piles of clutter in your home or work place get you down? And do you often wish your life were clutter free? If so, you're not alone.



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by Sheila O'Connor

Studies show that people surround themselves with clutter because **a)** it makes them feel secure, or **b)** they have difficulty making final decisions. If this is you, here are some ways to help you clear out some space:

- \* Be lenient on yourself. Give yourself a little slack and don't try to be a perfectionist.
- \* Undertake a project for a limited time so that you at least get started ('I'm going to spend half an hour on this, then I'll stop') – even if all you get done is making one phone call.
- \* Put time limits on things. If you haven't read a newspaper by the time it's a week old, throw it out. It's now old news. If it's an article you've kept for three months and still haven't read, make another decision to keep it or throw it out. Realise that you cannot read and know everything.
- \* Try, where possible, to make a decision on the spot. Does this need to be recycled, moved, given away or discarded immediately? If you can do this, you're well on the way to achieving a clutter-free life.

To get things into perspective, imagine you are:

- a.** Leaving the planet forever and only allowed to take one shopping bag full of items with you. What would you take?
- b.** Moving work place, taking only what you can carry in two bags across your town's busiest street during the rush hour. What would be in them?
- c.** In bed at 3am when you smell smoke. All your loved ones are safely outside and you only have one minute to take out the things you want. What would they be?

Your answers should show you what's really important in your life.

Ask yourself, does this item help me do anything *now*? The only time you have is the present. And what's the worst thing that could happen if you took a risk and gave something away or threw it away?

Realise that some level of risk-taking is important.

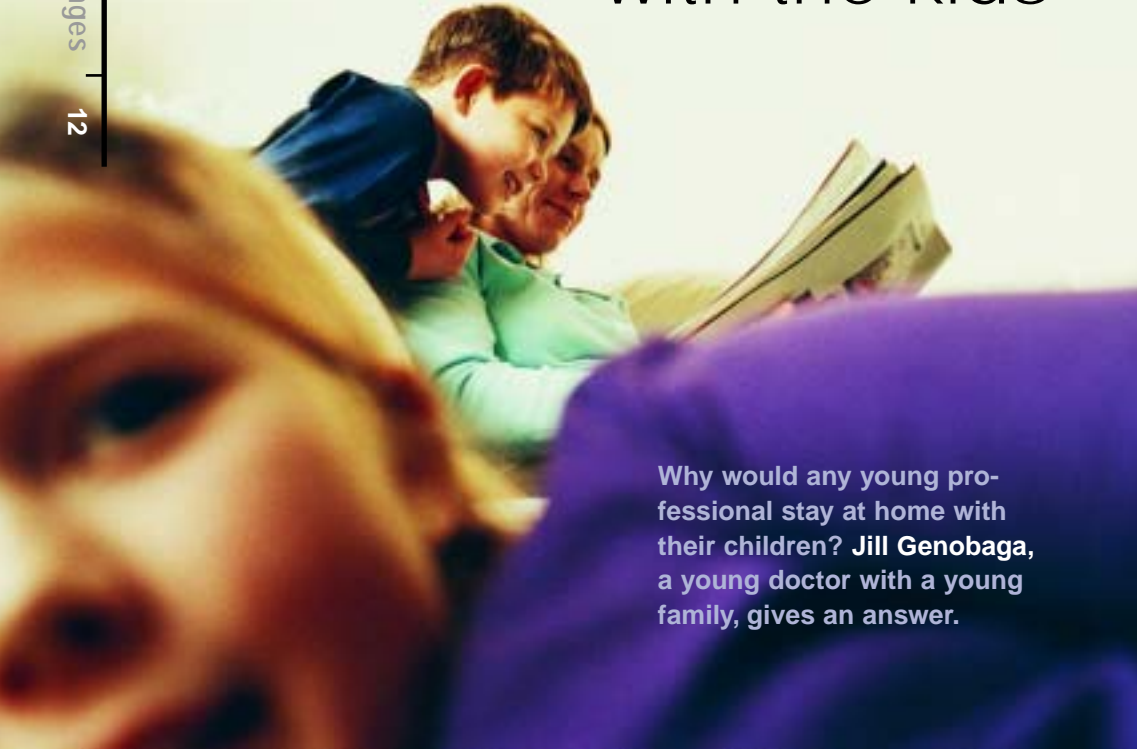
Try the 'Swiss Cheese' method of dealing with the problem. Do a little today, make one tiny change. Doing something about it will give you the energy to do it again the next time. Taking chaos and organising it is actually very rewarding, whether it's cleaning out the refrigerator or organising a complete new filing system.

Work on how you feel about the things around you by starting to visualise them the way you'd like to see them. Changes you make on the inside will start to manifest themselves on the outside.



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# Staying at home with the kids



Why would any young professional stay at home with their children? **Jill Genobaga, a young doctor with a young family, gives an answer.**

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The question came on the heels of yet another incredibly meaningful discussion we'd been having about his future career. I was expounding on the fact that if he were to be a doctor, he would have to be really good at science; if he chose law, then he would have to be a great reader, and so on. Then the conversation-stopping question came: 'So, what do you have to be good at to stay home with kids?'

After I'd peeled myself off the floor and composed myself, I gave him the intelligently lucent answer: 'Well . . . um . . .'

Statistics say that more women are leaving the work force, postponing careers and taking on the tasks of raising their children. After years of being told that women could 'have it all', they're deciding to forego some of 'it'. But along with their decision come fears and realities that aren't all that glamorous. I'd been struggling with these realities, and this question from my son was the last straw.

Feeling a bit distraught, I turned to experts for advice: my mothers' group.

The majority of them have made a decision to stay home, so I picked their brains. Were they struggling with the same issues? Were they fulfilled? Were they happy with their decision? Was it worth it? What do they worry about? Here's what I learned:

## Staying at home has a down-side

**1. Isolation.** 'Sometimes I feel I will never have an adult conversation again,' says Mandy, 31, mother of Imogen, 2, and Kieran, 1. 'I get to the point that if I have to read one more book about Big Bird, I will scream. For me, this is the hardest part about staying home. I would love to get out more, but it's hard to find the time when you're juggling naps, feeds, and trying to actually bathe yourself once in a while.'

**2. Professional stagnation.** 'The thing I worry about most is that, with my career on hold, I won't ever be fit for the work force again,' says Jacqui, mother of 6-year-old

twins Sara and Alec. 'I chose to stay home and give up my career with an advertising agency to be with my children. I don't regret my decision, but there's this voice in the back of my head that wonders if I'll ever be able to go back when the time is right. Will I have forgotten everything? Will all that schooling and training go to waste?'

**3. Boredom.** 'I quit my job as a lawyer to stay home with my baby girl,' says Inge, mother of Jodi. 'I am so used to pressure and deadlines that the change of pace was great for a while. Then things started getting a little boring, frankly. It's not that I'm not busy taking care of my daughter, but to be



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'So, what do you have to be good at to stay home with your kids?' This profound question wasn't being posed by a teen to her guidance counsellor; it wasn't a query between expectant mothers; it wasn't a discussion between husband and wife. It was lobbed at me by my 6-year-old! The same son for whom I'd postponed my medical career in order to roll about on the floor, wipe a runny nose and to whom I was to devote all my spare minutes.

That son who was going to revel in the fact that his mother put everything else aside to stare endlessly into his eyes, fill his mind with her great wisdom and attend to his every need – instantly!



perfectly honest, my brain feels neglected sometimes. I know that sounds selfish, but I often feel as if I need some mental stimulation.'

Given all those harsh realities, why would anyone choose to give up their career and stay home with their kids? However, these three mothers unanimously agree that it was the best decision they ever made.

## Staying at home has an up-side

**1. Being there.** 'I absolutely love the fact that I was there to see my kids roll over for the first time, to hear that first word and to see them take that first step. It would kill me

## Coping with staying at home . . .

### Isolation:

- Join a playgroup with other mothers and their kids.
- Want something more cerebral? Join a book club.
- Can't find a playgroup or book club? Start your own.

### Stagnation:

- Steal a few minutes each day to keep up to date professionally.
- Read current journals in your field.
- Keep your membership in your professional society.
- Set aside some time to attend professional meetings in your field.

### Boredom:

- Pursue your hobby. Set aside a bit of time each week to go and take those pictures or knit that jumper.
- Have a scrapbooking get-together with other mums and kids. Rotate the child-care duties so everyone gets a bit of uninterrupted time.
- Set a date with your girl friends for a night out. Rule number one: No talking about the kids!



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to know I'd missed it and that someone else got to experience that,' says Mandy. 'Also, I feel good that my kids are learning their morals and values from me and not a babysitter.'

Kids need their parents (not someone else's). 'The longer I spend with my children, the more I realise how much they need me. They don't just need a caregiver – they need their parents. They need guidance, love and nurturing, and no one else in the world cares as much for them as do we,' says Jacqui.

**2. Correct priorities.** 'I never realised how many things in my life were totally meaningless,' says Ione. 'I was on the track to "success", but I was getting no meaning from it. It was only after having a baby that I began to realise what's important. When I die, no one will really care what job I had or what car I drove; my legacy will be left with what kind of child I raised. That's what will live on.'

From my son's gut-wrenching, ego-stomping question, I've learned several things.

First, I am realising that how society defines 'success' (in a career) is irrelevant when it comes to raising my children. For so long I've been indoctrinated to equate success with career. I've spent the majority of my life pursuing that goal.

When I became a stay-at-home mum, that was suddenly gone. I felt as if my identity had vanished as well. Suddenly I realised that my

son couldn't care less about how well I knew the cranial nerves or how to diagnose appendicitis. All he cared about was doing that puzzle with me, or snuggling against my shoulder. To borrow from Dr Laura Schlessinger, radio talk-show host, I now have a new identity: 'My kids' mum'.

Second, doing what I think is right for my kids might not be easy. It is indeed a job, and every job has parts that are great and parts that aren't quite so. The job of parenting is no different. Some days are full of the mundane and void of the mentally stimulating. But other days hold the wonder and excitement of discovering how to put a basketball through a hoop or successfully guiding that small hand to get macaroni from a spoon into that tiny mouth. The bottom line is, it isn't really about me any more. It's all about that creature that I helped create.

Third, there *is* a pay-off. Although my son may not yet understand what you have to be 'good at' to stay home with him, I'm start-

ing to realise that I now have an entirely new arsenal of skills that this on-the-job training has brought: love, joy, patience, longsuffering, understanding and perspective. I feel that I'm beginning to grasp the meaning of life. I strive to pass on this revelation to my children.

So if my son were to ask me the same question today, I would now have an answer: You have to be good at raising a morally responsible human being to become a positive contribution to society and family. I would go so far as to say that this might be the most difficult (and most rewarding) job in existence.

My daughter, in her creative 4-year-old musings, the other day stopped suddenly and asked, 'Mummy, do you know what I want to be when I grow up?'

'What?' I queried, intrigued.

With all the earnest innocence she could muster, she replied 'A mummy'.

Pay-off? I think so.



## Spell Chequer

Eye have a spelling chequer,  
It came with my pea sea.  
It plainly marques four my revue  
Miss Steaks eye kin knot sea.  
Eye strike a key and type a word  
and weight four it two say  
Weather Eye am wrong oar write  
It shows me strait a weigh.  
As soon as a mist ache is maid,  
It nose bee fore two long,  
And Eye can put the error rite –  
Its rare lea ever wrong.  
Eye have run this poem threw it  
I am shore your pleased two no,  
Its letter perfect awl the weigh.  
My spell chequer tolled me sew

# & sloth gluttony

by Angelette Muller

The battle of the bulge is fought by men and women every year, with fad diets, fitness workouts and willpower. Yet despite these efforts, 1 in 5 people become obese every year, keeping Britain in pole position as the most overweight nation in the European Union<sup>1</sup>. As obesity continues to rise, an associated increase in diabetes, heart disease, and depression is also seen; weighing down the nation with over 2 billion pounds worth of medical care.

The experts fear that over the next 10-15 years, the percentage of overweight Britons could rise to 75% affecting both children and adults.

So how can we reduce the expanding British waistband? Or, more specifically, how can we reduce or prevent our own waistband from expanding?

Researchers from the Dunn Clinical Nutrition Centre in Cambridge point to a rise in 'gluttony' and 'sloth' as two major contributors to the overweight epidemic. They note that TV watching as a pastime activity has risen by 100% since the sixties.<sup>2</sup> Other 'couch potato' activities such as the use of the Internet, computer, video/computer games, energy-saving household appliances, and motor transportation are all culprits for conserving energy and thus weight.

So, you and I need to think about areas of sloth in our own lives and how we can combat the 'couch potato' in all of us. It boils down to this: getting off your butt and doing something – physical activity – is better than sitting around reading about other people doing something – Sunday afternoon with the sports pages.

However, the benefits of physical activity for losing weight go far beyond increasing your energy output. One example of this is the ability of exercise to promote efficient hormonal regulation. Take for example the hormone insulin, which works by telling your muscle and liver cells to take up sugar (glucose) from the blood stream. These cells only have a limited storage area so excess sugar may have to be converted to fat (limitless storage). Thus, when insulin is kept too high for too long (hyperinsulinemia), the body begins to favour fat storage, particularly around the waist region. Chronic low sugar levels also arising from a badly-regulated system, can increase cravings for 'quick-fix' sugary foods. Exercise benefits insulin regulation<sup>3</sup>. So, a regular 20 minute brisk walk will not only help you expend excess energy, but also help to keep your

heart and hormones healthier.

Mental health is also an important issue for weight loss. The *Journal of Internal Medicine* reported that psychosocial stress was associated with central fat (waist and upper body region) in identical twins where the genes are shared<sup>4</sup>. Psychosocial stress has also been associated with unhealthy eating patterns. A study in the journal *Psychosomatic Medicine* showed that women who are stressed tend to overeat and choose foods that are sweeter and more fattening, such as chocolate, cakes and biscuits<sup>5</sup>. Elissa Epel and colleagues also found that *women more vulnerable to stress . . . may be at particular risk of stress-induced eating and weight gain*<sup>6</sup>.



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## Here are a few exercising tips to help reduce those expanding waistbands:

- \* Find an exercise activity that you enjoy, this may mean experimenting with classes from ballet to boxercise.
- \* 'Not having enough time' is the most common excuse for not exercising, but give your body a trial exercising month. Once you start seeing results with greater levels of fitness, firmness, energy and mental well-being, you may find that you can't afford not to make the time.



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\* Walk to the shops instead of taking the car. Remember weight bearing activity is needed for strong bones. Take nature walks which are also very therapeutic.

\* Exercise with a friend or partner. People who participate in weight loss treatment programmes were better able to maintain lost weight six months later.

\* Introduce new types of exercise to your routine. This will help challenge the body. The body is very adaptable, so you need to keep one step ahead. Top athletes cross-train, so try combining a range of exercise activities such as swimming, team sports, exercise classes, stretching, etc.

\* Remember to consult your GP before you start exercising if you have medical conditions.

Diet is of course the other main factor associated with increased weight gain. That's right folks, now we get to the gluttony bit. It is understood that food influence on weight gain goes beyond calorific intake. An example of this is the *type* of fat you eat. If you eat saturated fat, and it becomes incorporated into the cell membrane, research has shown that it can help to lower your metabolic rate<sup>7</sup>. Alpha-linolenic acid, an essential

fat obtained from plant sources such as flaxseed, has been shown to have the opposite effect of increasing metabolism<sup>8</sup>.

What does that mean to you or me? Let's put it like this: the metabolic rate is the rate you burn energy. It's like a bank account, with food being the money. If you are putting in money (food) but then spending that money at a faster rate (high metabolic rate), you will have less money (lower weight). If your metabolic rate is slow you are more likely to gain weight. If you gain too much weight and become overweight or obese, there are greater risks of health problems such as heart disease, diabetes and depression.

Even the *source* of protein can influence weight and disease. Soya protein, which differs from animal-derived protein in that it is lower in essential amino acids, is thought to promote higher metabolism. Vegan and vegetarian diets are associated with decreased risk of obesity, inflammation, stroke, cancer and heart disease<sup>9</sup>. Non-vegetarian diets high in wholegrains, fruits, vegetables, nuts, seeds and legumes, such as the *Dietary Approaches to Stop Hypertension* diet, also demonstrate beneficial health effects which include reducing hypertension, and weight loss<sup>10</sup>. A diet high in fibre, vegetables, fruit, and low in sugar and saturated fat, really does benefit both weight and disease reduction.

Dietary Tips for a healthier heart and body:

\* **Breakfast it is the most important meal of the day.**

Ensure it is low in sugar. Examples can include higher fibre cereals or wholemeal bread and beans. You can even try a mixed salad with tofu or beans (French green beans, or kidney beans with salad dressing), it is unusual but incredibly calming. Prepare it the night before if you need to rush out in the morning.

\* **Drink plenty of water.**

Often people confuse thirst for hunger. They

snack on food when they are really thirsty. Water is the most efficient thirst-quencher. Avoid sugary drinks or drinks with lots of additives, as some additives have been found to increase food cravings. If you get a craving between meals, drink a glass of water, and wait for the craving to disappear.

\* **Avoid eating late at night.**

Your metabolism slows down at night so it is a good idea to eat a lighter meal in the evening and keep yourself occupied with something interesting. Boredom is often accompanied by comfort-eating, particularly in the evening.

\* **Eat plenty of vegetables and fruits.**

Fruit and vegetables are foods which have a high fibre content. High fibre diets are associated with greater weight loss.

\* **Avoid overeating.**

It takes at least 20 minutes after you begin eating for the 'hunger switch' in your brain to be turned off. So take your time.

\* **Eating healthily does not have to be boring.**

Experiment with different types of food.

Make your food exciting, and enjoy it. 

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source: www.lifhs.com

## Women's Wisdom

\* **If you can't be a good example, then you'll just have to be a horrible warning.**

Catherine Aird

\* **The hardest years in life are those between ten and seventy.**

Helen Hayes (at 73)

\* **I refuse to think of them as chin hairs. I think of them as stray eyebrows.**

Janette Barber

\* **Things are going to get a lot worse before they get worse.** Lily Tomlin

\* **My second favourite household chore is ironing. My first being hitting my head on the top bunk bed until I faint.**

Erma Bombeck

\* **Old age ain't no place for sissies.**

Bette Davis

\* **Every time I close the door on reality it comes in through the windows.**

Jennifer Unlimited

\* **Thirty-five is when you finally get your head together and your body starts falling apart.** Caryn Leschen

\* **I try to take one day at a time, but sometimes several days attack me at once.**

Jennifer Unlimited

\* **When women are depressed they either eat or go shopping. Men invade another country.** Elayne Boosler

\* **In politics, if you want anything said, ask a man - if you want anything done, ask a woman.** Margaret Thatcher

\* **If men can run the world, why can't they stop wearing neckties? How intelligent is it to start the day by tying a noose around your neck?** Linda Ellerbee

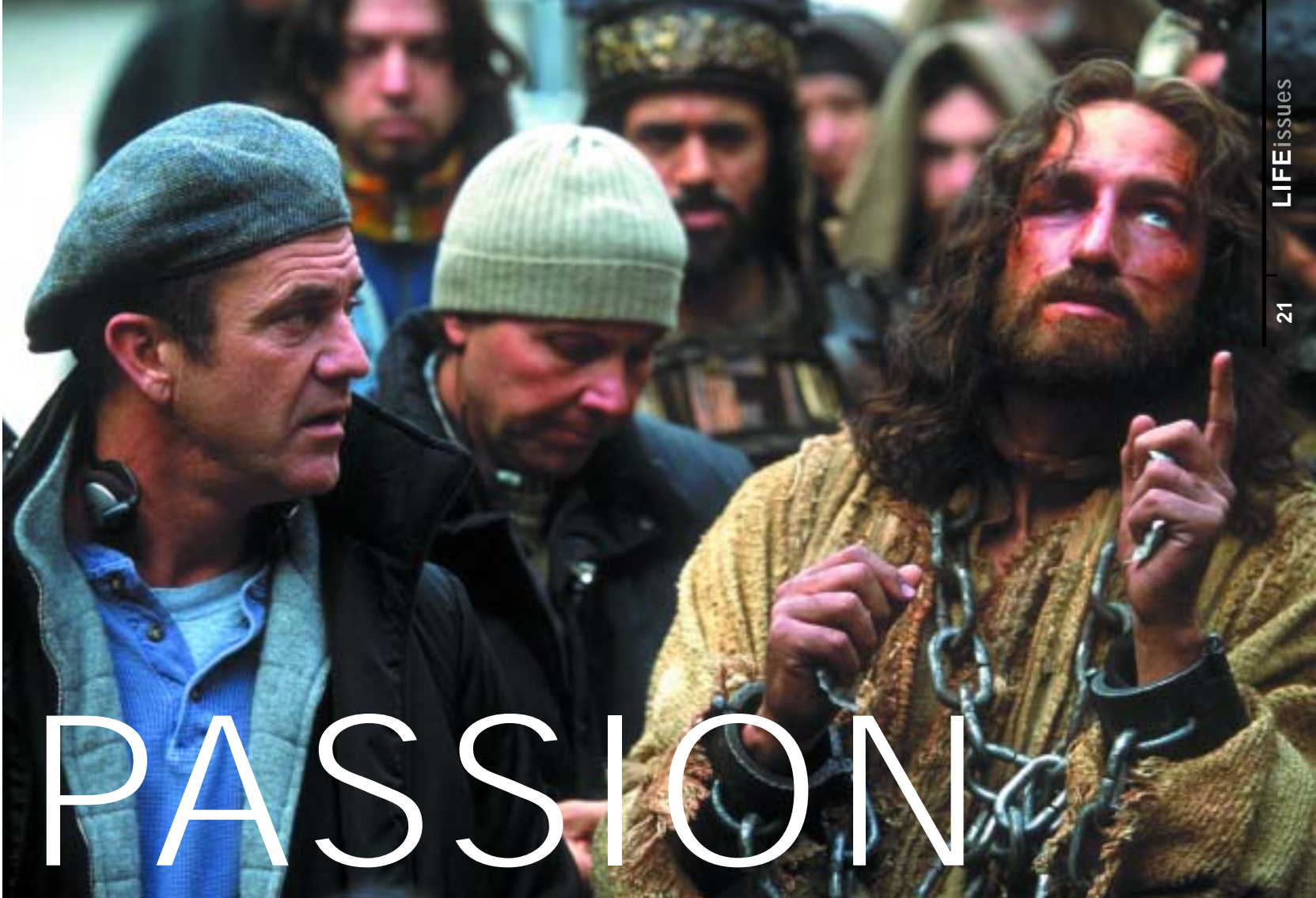
\* **Nobody can make you feel inferior without your permission.** Eleanor Roosevelt



REX Features/C. Neumaier/Everett

**NATHAN BROWN** looks at the controversy surrounding Mel Gibson's latest film, *The Passion of the Christ*.

# Mel Gibson's



REX Features/Nick Cornish

One of the strange things about our culture's fascination with celebrity is how we think we know the people whose names and faces clutter our screens and magazine covers. But, sometimes, they surprise us. One such is actor Mel Gibson.

Although generally regarded as an Australian, Mel Gibson was born in New York state, only moving to Australia at the age of 12. He spent his teenage years in Sydney and studied acting at the National

Institutes of Dramatic Arts. Gibson's movie debut in *Summer City* was released in 1976. In the following years, he came to prominence with his roles in the early *Mad Max* movies and *Gallipoli*.

Now one of the most recognisable names and faces in the movie industry, 47-year-old Gibson has appeared in almost fifty films, often in action roles such as those of his *Lethal Weapon* movies. He's also filled the director and producer roles in a number

of films through the 1990s, including *Braveheart* (1995), for which he won Oscars for best actor and best director. He is currently involved in work on a fourth *Mad Max* movie, due for release later this year.

As such a high-profile actor, Gibson's personal life has been the raw material for many news, tabloid and gossip stories. He is married with seven children, and maintains links in Australia. However, in recent months, Gibson has been making the head-

lines for his personal faith and his commitment to a somewhat unusual project – his latest film, *The Passion of the Christ*.

### Mel's faith

Gibson was raised in a strict and conservative Catholic family. In fact, his father has published two books highly critical of the modernisation of the Catholic Church, and Mel now shares his father's zeal for the traditional aspects of Catholic belief and worship.



REX Features/c. Newmarket/Everett

However, Gibson junior admits a period in his life when these beliefs had a low priority. 'From about the age of 15 to age 35, I kind of did my own thing, as it were,' Gibson commented in a recent interview with Hollywood movie reviewer Holly McLure. 'Not that I didn't believe in God, I just didn't practise faith or give it much consideration. I went through that period in my life where you put a lot of other things first.'

'I wasn't exactly the most zealous keeper-of-the-flame, you know. I was a pretty wild boy, quite frankly. Even now, when I'm trying more than I was before, I still fail every day at some level, but that's being human.'

However, Gibson retains much of his earlier faith. 'I read these articles that make me sound like I left the church for a while, but I didn't actually leave it; I always believed. Let me put it this way: I just wasn't too active.'

### Mel's passion

For Gibson, his journey back to an active faith has been difficult. 'For me, coming back to being a Catholic is hard, particularly when you look at all the scandals in the church,' he reflects.

'When I was growing up, the whole story of the Passion [the death of Jesus Christ as recorded in the Bible] was very sanitised and distant; it seemed to me very much like a fairytale. So, coming back twenty years later, it seemed so distant. I had to reconsider and say to myself, Now hang on a minute, this *isn't* a fairytale; this *actually happened* – this is *real*. And that started me thinking about what it must have been like – what Christ went through – and I started seeing it in film terms.'

And so began a process lasting some ten years in which the idea of a movie on the Passion grew. 'I have a deep need to tell this story,' Gibson says. 'The Gospels tell you what basically happened; I want to know what really went on. I began to see it realistically, re-creating it in my own mind so that it would make sense for me, so I could relate to it. That's what I want to put on the screen.'

But over the past couple of years, as Gibson's imagination has been painstakingly turned into cinematic reality, there has been a rigorous process supporting Gibson's movie-making. 'We've done the research,' he comments. 'I'm telling the

story as the Bible tells it. I think the story, as it really happened, speaks for itself. The Gospel is a complete script, and that's what we're filming.'

Just outside Rome, Gibson's team constructed a two-acre scaled set, recreating in fine detail a portion of first-century Jerusalem. McLure describes it as 'a breathtaking spectacle of biblical proportions, with giant columns, flights of stoned steps, massive wooden doors and weathered Roman emblems, creating a political and cultural climate where Jesus spent the remaining hours of his life.'

While he's assembled an international team of actors, technicians, consultants and sundry experts to bring the story to life, it is Gibson who has remained firmly in control – as co-writer, director and major financier – of the forty-million-Australian-dollar project.

The challenges Gibson set himself have been to attain the highest possible realism in telling the last twelve hours of the life of Christ and to use only the original (and now dead) languages of Aramaic and Latin.

### Mel's critics

Beginning with Edison's 1898 filming of the world-famous *Oberammergau* Passion play, there have been more than a hundred major films made on aspects of the life of Jesus. These have ranged from reverent to blasphemous, from musicals to the surreal. So why is Gibson – best known for his action hero and romantic comedy roles – adding to this cinematic tradition?

'I'm doing what I've always done: telling stories that I think are important in the language I speak best – film,' Gibson says. 'I think most great stories are hero stories. People want to reach out and grab at something higher, and vicariously live through heroism, and lift their spirits that way.'

'There is no greater hero story than this one – about the greatest love one can have, which is to lay down one's life for someone. *The Passion* is the biggest adventure story of all time. I think it's the biggest love story of all time – God becoming man and men killing God. If that's not action, nothing is.'

The making of *The Passion of Christ*

REX Features/c. Newmarket/Everett



REX Features/c.Newmarket/Everett



might be seen by some as an act of devotion, perhaps even an expensive – or extravagant – expression of personal faith. But before it made it to cinemas across the globe many were sceptical as to whether the movie-going public would be attracted to what promised to be a challenging viewing experience.

But Gibson is confident in the strength of the *story* he is telling. It 'has inspired art, culture, behaviour, governments, kingdoms, countries – it has influenced the world in more ways than you can imagine,' he says. 'It's a pivotal event in history that has made us what we are today. Believers and non-believers alike, we have all been affected by it.

'So many people are searching for meaning in life, asking themselves a lot of questions; they'll come looking for answers. Some will find them, some won't.'

The objections and criticisms are being

heard and spilling into the mass media.

Representatives of various Jewish communities have questioned the portrayal of the Jewish authorities in Gibson's movie.

'This isn't a story about Jews versus Christians,' Gibson responds. 'Jesus himself was a Jew, his mother was a Jew and so were the twelve apostles. It's true that, as the Bible says, "He came unto his own and his own received him not" – I can't hide that – but the struggle between good and evil, and the overwhelming power of love go beyond race and culture.

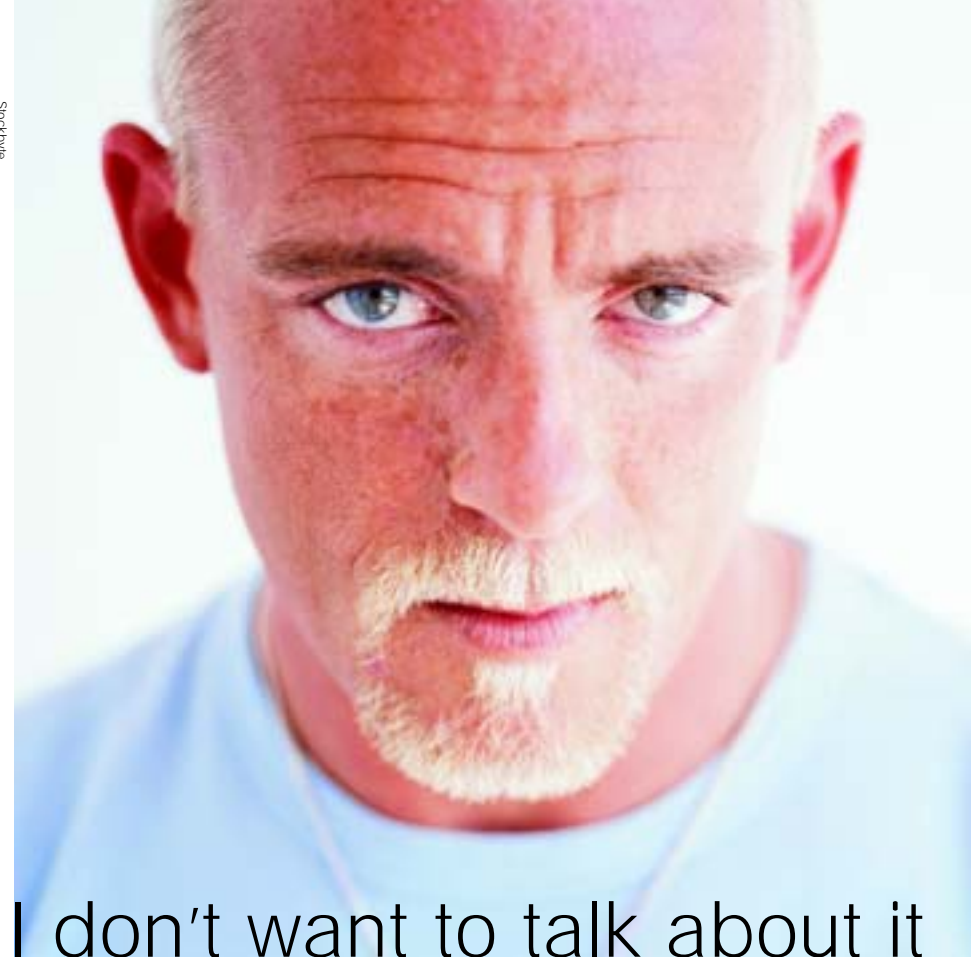
'This film is about faith, hope, love and forgiveness. These are things that the world could use more of, particularly in these turbulent times. This film is meant to inspire, not offend.'

And when questioned about violence in the film, Gibson asserts again the realism of what he is attempting to portray: 'That's the way it was. There is no gratuitous violence in this film. I think we have got too used to seeing pretty crucifixes on walls, and we forget what really happened,' he explains. 'We know that Jesus was scourged, that he carried his cross, that he had nails put through his hands and feet, but only rarely do we think about what that really means.'



**Have you seen the film?** What did you think? Let us know your thoughts, there's a section for you to do so on the feedback form on p.33.

Stockbyte



# I don't want to talk about it

**'I don't want to tempt fate.' 'I'm too young.' 'I'm married so I don't need to.' 'I don't have anything anyway.' 'I haven't really thought about it.' 'That's just being morbid!'**

What answer would you give if you were asked the question, 'Have you prepared a Will yet?' As a solicitor who prepares Wills for people, I often get responses like those mentioned above.

Recently The Public Records Office has made a number of famous Wills available online, colour copies of which you can download. (Exciting, isn't it?) You can download the Wills of such people as William Shakespeare, who wrote his Will on the 25th March 1616 (less

by Lydia Gallaher

than a month before he died), Jane Austen (one of my favourite writers), Christopher Wren and others. Will Shakespeare's Will is quite famous because his gift to his wife was his 'second-best bed'. Now there's love and generosity for you!

As we can see from the excuses mentioned at the start of this article there is a seemingly endless list of reasons why you shouldn't be thinking about wills and death but there are, conversely, so many reasons why it's a good idea to make a Will, whatever your age!



Photofisc

## Kindness is . . .

Kindness is the master key to all locks on barred hearts.  
 Kindness works without knowledge of its salary.  
 Kindness places a sun in somebody's sky, and stations  
 a full moon for the blackness of the night.  
 Kindness may not always seem kind.  
 Kindness is the mother of confidence and happiness.  
 Kindness is the Good Samaritan of today.  
 Kindness receives its reward both here and hereafter.



So, first we'll look at some of the reasons for making a Will and, if that makes sense, you may want to consider what you need to do to ensure you have your own valid Will, and we'll talk about that. Ok, surprise, surprise we are going to have to talk about death – your death in fact – so take a deep breath, here we go . . .

#### Why make a Will?

One of the main reasons for making a Will is to provide for your family after your death. You can decide what happens with your 'estate', which is basically the combination of all of your assets (house, bank account, savings, car, jewellery etc.). If you don't make a Will your estate is dealt with under what are called the 'rules of intestacy'. A rough guide as to how these rules pan out is shown below:

- \* If you have a spouse your spouse will automatically inherit your estate
- \* If you do not have a spouse but have children your children will inherit
- \* If you do not have children, but you have surviving parents your parents will inherit

- \* If you do not have parents your brothers or sisters will inherit
- \* If you do not have brothers and sister any surviving grandparent will inherit
- \* If you do not have a surviving grandparent any uncles or aunts will inherit
- \* If you do not have any uncles or aunts your estate will go to 'The Crown'. In other words, the state/government will receive the value of your estate. As if they hadn't already had enough of your cold hard cash while you were alive!

#### Friends and family

If you don't want your estate to go to the people who would inherit under the intestacy rules, the only way to avoid it is to make a Will. Some of your assets will automatically go to certain family or friends if there are arrangements already in place. For example, if you own a property jointly with another person that person will automatically receive your share in the property, or if you have an insurance policy and have named a certain person to benefit from the policy, that person will automatically benefit.

**Executors** (not necessarily a big man with an axe)

Another reason for preparing a Will is to ensure that those who will be dealing with your estate, which includes sorting out your belongings, paying off any debts, etc. (the Executors) are the people *you* choose to deal with it. In preparing your Will you can 'appoint' (choose) a specified person or people to be your Executor(s). They will have the right to 'administer' your estate, i.e. close bank accounts, notify insurance companies of your death and deal with your estate in accordance with the requirements of your Will. If you do not prepare a Will then it would be left to your spouse or your children or your parents or your siblings or your wider family to apply to become an Executor of your estate. This will involve their applying to Court for permission to become an Executor, which can cause delay and added work for your family in dealing with your estate.

#### Tax (Bah humbug!)

If the value of your estate, which could be a combination of house, savings, etc, has a total in excess of the current Inheritance Tax limit of £255,000, your Executor would have to pay Inheritance Tax at a rate of 40% on any amount which is above the £255,000 limit. Steps can be taken to avoid this happening when preparing your Will. You will need to take legal advice if this applies to you.

#### Do you really want people to sing Des O'Connor songs at your funeral?

In your Will you can ensure that your funeral arrangements are carried out according to *your* wishes. You are able to stipulate, for example, how you wish to be interred (put in the ground) i.e. burial/cremation. I remember when I was taking instructions from a client to prepare a Will for him. I asked him what his wishes were regarding funeral arrangements, i.e. burial or cremation. He

was looking indecisive so I attempted to help him along and inadvertently asked him, 'What is your burning desire?!' Oops!

#### Who'll look after your pets?

When you make a Will you are also able to ensure charities or non-relatives (even your pets) can benefit from your estate upon your death. Under the intestacy rules, no account is taken of gifts to charities or non-relatives. This is a particularly important point to note if you are cohabiting and are not married to your partner because your partner will not legally be recognised as family. If you jointly own a house with your partner (you are both named as the owners of the property) the property will not form part of your estate upon death, it will automatically go to your partner.

So, there are some of the good reasons why you might want to consider preparing your own will. If this is the case, the next logical question is, 'How?'

#### 'I wrote it on a serviette, now where is it?'

A Will can actually be prepared quite informally – you could write it on your hanky if you wanted to! It does not generally need to be in any particular form nor does it need to be drawn up by a professional, such as a Solicitor.

At this point I will also mention 'off-the-shelf' Will kits, which you may have seen for sale in some high-street shops and on the Internet. There is nothing wrong in using these kits to prepare your Will – they can be very useful in ensuring that you have 'covered all the bases'. One word of caution: such kits are very general, if you want to create a Will which is specific to your personal circumstances and requirements, you may find them somewhat limiting. Generalities may lead to ambiguity regarding the interpretation of your Will after your death. It is particularly important to make a Will which is specific to your circumstances

if you have a lot of assets to sort out, or if you wish to make complicated requests of your Executors.

So, back to the fact that although your Will can be prepared quite informally, in order to be legally valid, it must comply with certain requirements, set out in the not-so-recent Wills Act 1837.



CORRIS/rodd A. Gispstein

### Is it legal?

While the format of your will is not important, the content *is*. For it to be a legally valid document it must comply with certain legal requirements. Faults in the Will often only come to light when the person making it has died – which is too late! That is why, for peace of mind, many people choose a solicitor to draft their Will so that it can be properly prepared.

In order for a Will to be valid you must have the ‘capacity’ and the ‘intention’ to make a Will, which, in laymen’s terms, means: do you know what you’re doing (mentally speaking), do you know what your estate is comprised of and do you know why you’re doing it.

If you have both the capacity and intention to make a Will it must then comply with the following legal requirements:

- \* Your Will must be in writing and signed by you, or by some other person in your presence, at your request.
- \* In signing it you are showing that you want the Will to be valid.
- \* Your Will must be signed by you in the presence of two or more witnesses *at the same time*. Each witness must also sign your Will in your presence. A quick word of warning – make sure the person witnessing your Will is *not* going to be benefiting from it because that would invalidate any gift made to them in the Will.

### It’s under the bed

Once you have prepared your Will, what’s next? Like any important document it is always best to keep your Will in a safe place. If your Solicitor has prepared your Will for you, it may be stored in the firm’s fireproof safe. Otherwise, if you keep hold of your Will, it is important to keep it with your other important documents and to let your Executors know where your original Will is. They will need it after your death in order to prove that they have been chosen to administer your estate, so that they will be recognised as having the necessary authority to do so.

Once your Will has been prepared it is not set in stone! You can change it as often as you wish. It is important to remember that the circumstances of your life change, so you may need to review the contents of your Will from time to time! Some life-changing circumstances which could affect it include: marriage, children, divorce, re-marriage, a substantial change in your financial position, e.g. if you are fortunate enough to win the lottery!

Preparing a will is not tempting fate, it’s just being practical and preparing for your future and the future of those you might be leaving behind. Give it some thought.



# WARNING!

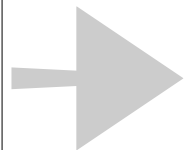
## Teenager-infested home



Digital Vision

We think we may have teenagers in our house. We’re not exactly sure, but there are a few of those tell-tale signs. Cookie crumbs that appear overnight in strange places; mobile phone chargers hanging out of every plug socket; a freezer overflowing with fifteen different kinds of pizza, twenty three kinds of ice-cream, one kind of burger and four bags of oven chips; a laundry basket where all the clothes are black or denim; and the faint metallic rhythms of music leaking from headphones.

by Karen Holford





Stockbyte

There are other signs too, like bathroom doors that are nearly always locked, and, when I can get inside, there are three bottles of hair gel on the sink, a distinct aroma of aerosol deodorant, and blue eye-shadow finger prints on the mirror.

The living room shows even more signs: a drum kit in one corner; a bass guitar in the other; sticky drink cans lurking under the curtains, and popcorn clinging to the sofa cushions.

And there are three bedrooms in our home where no one can remember what colour the carpets are meant to be because they've been hidden for so long under piles of clothes, homework, and CD cases! At least it saves having to vacuum in there!

We have an idea that these teenagers are semi-nocturnal. They seem to go to bed in the middle of the night, and get up in the middle of the day, at least on Sundays, and school holidays. They attempt to communicate in monosyllabic grunts, expecting that when we hear 'mmmngrumpph' we will immediately understand that they need a lift to their mate's house in precisely seven minutes. But when they talk to their friends on

our phone bill, they can be eloquent for hours!

One of the other signs that there are teenagers in the house is when they text our mobile phones from an upstairs bedroom, just to ask when the supper's going to be ready!

Examining the evidence carefully, it does seem that our house has definitely been invaded by teenagers. So what do we do now? Since setting pizza-baited traps isn't really on the menu, it looks as if the teenagers are here to stay, at least for a few years.

I used to be apprehensive about the idea of teenagers in the home (who wouldn't be?). I heard horror stories about teenagers who scared the neighbours half to death, or who pierced so many body parts you could drain spaghetti through them, or who played music so loud their parents had to leave home to get any peace. Or teenagers who did drugs, had wild parties every time their parents were out and only spoke at home when yelling obscenities at their parents. While I realise that this indeed may be some parents' experience of teenagers,

thankfully it hasn't been ours.

But now that we have teenagers of our own we think we've been quite fortunate, we're quite enjoying having them around the place. There are even some definite advantages:

- ★ We have resident clothes critics straight from 'What not to Wear' to ensure that we never leave the house looking uncool.
- ★ We get to inherit their funky clothes and trainers, although I did get some strange looks when I wore my daughter's rejected black and silver top to parents' evening, with 'Never judge a girl by her t-shirt!' emblazoned across the front.
- ★ They can cook their own pizza in an emergency. (Did you know pizza is a newly discovered food group all of its own, and teenagers need at least five servings a week, or their growth will be stunted? This is a little known fact that my son assures me he's been taught in food tech at school.)
- ★ We no longer have to pay for baby-sitters, nappies and teething gel.
- ★ We don't have to listen to hours of 'Thomas the Tank Engine' videos.
- ★ When they come home with seventeen other teenagers for supper, at least we know where they are, and who they're with.
- ★ Driving them to all their activities has significantly increased our knowledge of several local (and some not so local) towns. All the extra petrol puts loads of points on our loyalty cards, and then we get to use them to go out to dinner on our own!
- ★ We have some fascinating conversations with them between texts and grunts, usually when they begin to wake up at 11.30pm (and we're just going to bed!)
- ★ When it's their birthday or Christmas we don't have to spend ages deciding what to buy them, we just hand over the money quietly and let them buy their own presents.
- ★ They even plan and run their own birthday parties!

- ★ I don't have to mend my son's clothes any more – he just borrows safety pins to hold the rips together.
- ★ At last they actually enjoy coming shopping with us, even for groceries (as long as they get to choose the pizzas that don't have olives and garlic mushrooms!)
- ★ They are very honest with us ('Mum, please don't ever do that again in front of my friends!')

These might not seem the like greatest advantages in the world, but the teenagers are here to stay, at least until they learn how to drive, move to university, or discover that we've run out of pizza. They are ours, and even when they drive us crazy, we'll still love them. We just keep on listening when they (occasionally) want to talk, talking when they (occasionally) want to listen, filling the freezer with pizza, and the car with petrol, and just generally being there, letting them know we care and love them no matter what they look like, or what they get up to.

And one day, just when they've got us all grown up, and house-trained, they'll leave, and we'll have lots of peace, eating our favourite garlic mushroom and olive pizzas, safe in the knowledge that there are no sticky drink cans behind the curtains, until the next generation of teenagers invades our home, in about twenty years time! I think I need to go and have a rest while I think about that one.



Stockbyte

## Lazy and discourteous

Selfish drivers are hogging car parking spaces reserved for disabled motorists.

More than one in five disabled parking bays in the average supermarket are taken up by an unauthorised vehicle.

The situation is even worse in a large number of stores where disabled people are unable to find any free designated spaces.

The problem has been highlighted in a survey of supermarket car parks carried out by campaign group Baywatch.

The research looked at 808 car parks across the UK last month belonging to the four big chains – Tesco, Sainsbury's, Asda and Safeway.

In the average car park nearly 21% of spaces set aside for disabled drivers where blocked by a vehicle without a disabled badge. The problem is worse than a year ago when the figure was 18.5%.

REX Features/Alix/Phanie



A spokesman for Sainsbury's said, 'We will continue to raise customer awareness on this important issue and ensure that disabled parking bays are kept free for customers who really need them.'



## Dead weight

More than one in four Britons are 'on a diet most of the time', according to a survey.

Market researcher Mintel questioned more than 24,000 people and found women are just over twice as likely as men to say they are trying to lose weight.

Jenny Catlin, consumer analyst at Mintel, said: "Many people are now watching their weight because they are more knowledgeable about the effects of their diet on their health and general well-being.

"But on top of this, 'cosmetic' slimming has become big business. Today more and more people are dieting for aesthetic reasons as opposed to health reasons, often in response to peer and media pressure to achieve a slim and attractive figure."

The survey found 28% of respondents admitted they are trying to lose weight most of the time.

The number of women who said they were on a diet most of the time was 37%, compared with 18% of men.

The poll found younger people were less aware than older generations about the need to limit their intake of fats and sugars and to eat plenty of vegetables.

A quarter of 15 to 19-year-olds questioned tried to avoid fat, compared with 49% of over 65-year-olds.

Meanwhile 17% of younger people said they tried to cut down on the sugar they consumed, against 44% of pensioners.

# feedback

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Your overall opinion: (Please tick as appropriate)

Loved it  liked it  disliked it  hated it

Best bit: \_\_\_\_\_ Worst bit: \_\_\_\_\_

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Have you seen Mel Gibson's *The Passion of The Christ*? If so, what did you think of it?

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# PuzzlePage



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RouteWord™  
Find the route that reveals the word.

You're fired!

# Letters

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RouteWord™  
Find the route that reveals the word.

A honey of a manager

# Letters

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## Collective Creatures

Do you know the collective names for groups of the following animals?



- |                     |           |
|---------------------|-----------|
| 1. cattle           | 6. sheep  |
| 2. bears            | 7. cats   |
| 3. monkeys          | 8. lions  |
| 4. asses or donkeys | 9. geese  |
| 5. whales           | 10. goats |



For the answers see p.63

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2

## The photographs

*She sits alone in her silent room,  
and rocks to and fro in her chair.  
And from the window, the winter sun  
paints gold through her silver hair.*

*High on the shelf above the range  
her photographs stand in place;  
The wedding groups, and babies bare  
all look down on this old lady's face.*

*Her brother Jack in his uniform,  
so young and strong and brave.  
How numb she felt all those years ago,  
Dear Jack, such an early grave.*

*Alongside Jack, in mahogany frame,  
stands Wilfred, her sweetheart dear.  
How well she remembers that terrible war.  
The bombing, the burning, the fear.*

*There's Mary and Brenda; there's baby Joe  
asleep on Aunt Dorothy's knee.  
They all look so happy, but how it rained  
on that day trip to Sutton-on-Sea.*

*A snapshot of Sam, their scruffy old dog,  
young Joe brought him home as a stray.  
Such a faithful friend for fourteen years,  
almost human he was in his way.*

*The camera has captured some parts of her past  
that can never change or age.  
And through these pictures her memories live  
from her loved ones, all 'framed' on the 'stage'.*

*No worries for them in their ageless pose;  
no wrinkles, rheumatics, or pain.  
They smile down on this lady, so old and so frail;  
She smiles back, and she lives once again.*



by Ruth Bath

REX Features/Visin/Phanie



by Vickie Murphy

## Rejecting the rejection

We've all been party to it at one time or another. Either we've rejected others or they've rejected us. Whichever way it goes, it's a painful experience.

In today's society we hear a lot about the term 'inclusion'. It's a new politically correct phrase that is used in areas of education, social work, business and commerce. Often this phrase relates to the inclusion of:

- Children with 'special' needs being provided with mainstream education.
- Minority cultural groups being made a part of well-established ethnic groups.
- Young adults from traditional working class backgrounds being assisted to find places in our most prestigious universities.


Whatever the situation or circumstance it all comes down to the same thing: *including people.*

Recently I heard that in the heart of the banking capital in London one of the main banks has introduced a very appealing package. This attractive and lucrative package has been purposely put together to encourage young women from various cultural backgrounds to join them. Why? Because for years London's stock exchange has been viewed as a bastion of male chauvinism. However, many of the

banking directors realise that the introduction of such women into their business worlds would enhance their organisation's appeal and would add more diversity, a wider dimension, which it is hoped would benefit employers, employees and customers alike.

This is an excellent example to set, surely. Bosses who are looking to break down traditional discrimination barriers and be more inclusive! While it may be good news for business, the inclusive concept doesn't reach far beyond that. And yet our crumbling society needs such positive movement. Is there someone out there who would be totally inclusive no matter what our age, skin tone or educational ability? Well, yes. Two thousand years ago (just slightly ahead of the general global shift towards political correctness and equality) he was hanging out with homeless people and criminals. He spent time with the social elite and the socially unacceptable. Jesus even invited a taxman to be his friend – now, there's inclusion for you!

But guess what?

Humanity used the same tool against him as we use against others in society today. Rejection! How inclusive is that? 

# Escaped like birds

by R. Kidd\*

CORBIS/Dana Jynen

When I was in my early teens the title of my tale could have described my mother and us kids – escaped like birds.<sup>1</sup> You see, my father went bankrupt. (This was not all that easy in his field. He made television sets in the late 50s, when people couldn't get them into their homes fast enough. But let's not go there.) The result was that we lost our home, and most of our furniture. We were told one day, and we had to be out the *next*, which didn't leave us much time for packing! Treasured toys and, more importantly to me, *books* got lost. It was a traumatic time.

When I say we, by the way, I mean my mother and us four kids, because from that point on my father had very little to do with our lives. Now this might sound hard, but that was the good news. The bad news was that we were homeless and there weren't too many people around who could (or would) take us in. But then how many

people reserve enough spare rooms in their home on the off-chance they might need to accommodate five extra bodies for a few months?

Eventually we found lodging with an aunt and uncle. Between the five of us we had just one room downstairs and one upstairs, with use of kitchen and bathroom. That is, until my aunt decided my mum had done what *she* should have done years ago, and she left my uncle. This got up his chimney a tad. He had been used to slapping my aunt around when she didn't do what he wanted, but he didn't have the guts to take on my mum (a feisty woman despite years of . . . similar problems of her own.) So, by way of revenge my uncle restricted all five of us to one room, with occasional use of the kitchen. He also turned off the electricity but put it on when he needed to go to work in the wee small hours, so Mum used to set an alarm to wake her at 2am to do the ironing

(not easy in a roomful of snoring kids!).

Eventually my uncle put the house up for sale and we had no option but to move on. We ended up in another large house where we occupied *two* rooms – luxury! Well, we thought so until we found out that the chap who lived in the attic was actually a murderer. I met him one day, in the kitchen, cleaning his fingernails with a huge knife, but didn't stick around to get acquainted!

The reason I've told you all the above (and, on my beloved mother's life it is all absolutely true), is because a funny thing happened. In spite of the hardships of that year, we shared an amazing amount of laughter between us. (Which could illustrate in itself how bad things had been before!) It was as if we had 'escaped like birds'.\* OK, we were flitting about the heavens looking for a nest, but we were FREE! No more bad tempered tyranny. No more GBH of the inner ear (for me in particular, for some reason), no more . . . well . . . no more of a lot of things which we were truly better off without. We were responsible only for ourselves, and we became an invincible force. We must have done, because in the whole of that time, none of our school teachers or friends had any idea that anything bad was happening to us! Mum was never one for 'washing her dirty linen in public' and she'd been shamed by my father for years, so no point in going on about it now he had gone! For her it was a simple coping device, but a very effective one. Forget the past. Pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and start all over again!

Which is what we did; we started all over again in a tiny house which had two rooms upstairs and two downstairs, with a kitchen the size of a cupboard. No hot water, outside lavvy. But we thought we'd died and gone to heaven the day we got the keys. My younger brother, 6 at the time, kept wandering about the house, murmuring, 'A room to sit in, a room to eat in, and TWO rooms to sleep in!' To which my mum would keep

adding, 'And a room to cook in, don't forget!' We had the most weird and wonderful (and sparse) collection of furniture. No income either, at first (my mother didn't want to bother the Social services, so she took herself off to get a job instead), and we older ones now had a two-mile walk to school each day, but we were deliriously happy!

**Coping.** To a greater or lesser degree, we all cope in situations that are far from ideal. And the amazing thing to me, is that we often even manage to stay cheerful while living this strange double life.

**Are you living a double life?** Not through choice (as in being a closet bank robber by night and a housewife by day, or anything dramatic like that), but through circumstances that you just cannot change, however much you try?

Remembering the times in my own life when I've been in just such a situation, I've had a good think about the many reasons we cope and cover up, and it's quite a list. Here it is, but I bet you can think of lots more.

- \* Pride in ourselves (the positive sort)
- \* We care for something bigger than the problem, eg. Love of spouse, parents, friends, children, colleagues, and will do anything to maintain these very important relationships
- \* We don't know what else to do
- \* We refuse to let the 'bad guys' win
- \* We learn to live with the things we can't change
- \* We don't want to spread gloom and despondency
- \* We just live in the hope that things won't get worse
- \* We really don't want people to know how bad they are.

Of the above, the most poignant is probably No. 3. We don't know what else to do.

**What do you do when you don't know what to do?** In my experience a good place to start is to do what you know is

right. Now I know the choice is not always that clear-cut, but what I mean is, be like my mum, I suppose.

She had been dealt a rough hand. She could have given up, left us kids in the care of the local authority and gone her own sweet way. But she was our mother, and to her the right (and only) thing to do was *be a mother!* So, despite the fact that she must have been worried sick, she turned everything into a big adventure to keep her kids smiling so the awful situation was made bearable. *She chose to do the right thing.* And went on doing the right thing until she had changed our situation for the better – which took a year, and which left her with a stomach ulcer, by the way.

**The things some people have to put up with!** Another good practice – and this has to be a matter of choice on your part – is to put the past behind you. Don't go on about what's happened endlessly, as if by talking about it you can change it. You can't! That's not to say that the old chestnut, A trouble shared is a trouble halved, is wrong. It isn't, but you really do need to think very hard about who you share that trouble with. Share it with enough people and it begins to pile up like an unscaleable mountain range; share it with someone who can actually help, and then it can be halved!

As I said, Mum didn't tell anyone much about what had happened, but one day she met an old and trusted friend who worked in a furniture warehouse. He asked how she was coping (knowing about the bankruptcy, etc). All mum said was, 'I just wish the kids had a bed each'. A few days later three single beds were delivered to our house. They had been slightly damaged in transit when the van carrying them had been in a road accident, and the manager of the warehouse had been going to take them to the tip (after filling in the necessary insurance claim, of course!) He was only too pleased to let our friend have them instead. We began to think, by then, that Someone

must be watching over us, but it was years later before we knew for sure Someone was.

I believe in coincidences, OK. What I don't believe in is one coincidence after another, after another. Let me just tell you one of the many which happened during that period of our lives. When we fled our shop and house, my older brother only managed to rescue one record – of a song called 'Green Door'. (Shakin' Stevens did a reprise years later). We played that record to death, and loved it every time we played it; the lyrics and the tune became part of our lives. Well, the coincidence happened when we walked up the pathway to our 'new' house. The door was a bright and cheerful – yes, you've guessed it – green! My little brother just stood there, gaping at it (he was only 6, remember), and we all traipsed past, grinning. Then we heard his awestruck voice: 'It's just been waiting for us,' he said. 'Our very own green door!'

Since those days I've learned to love Jesus, and, looking back, I can see his hand guiding and helping us through what could have been a catastrophic year. In some ways, of course, it was, but how much worse would it have been, I often ask myself, if God hadn't taken a personal interest in us?



'The Bible, Psalm 124:7

For resources relating to this article see p.57.

CORBIS/Rosa & Rosa

\*The name of the author has been changed by request



REX Features/Rex Interslock

by Harry Wilby

Have you ever found yourself thinking, 'If only . . . .?'

Hindsight is a wonderful thing. It allows us to look back and see our mistakes in crystal-clear replay mode. All too often situations we find ourselves in can be seen in the light of 'if only . . . .' – small decisions that we have, sometimes unwittingly, made which have helped to shape a certain course of events.

It is as we look back that we can easily find ourselves in 'if only . . . .' mode; wishing we'd done this differently or got ready earlier or even thought first and acted second. A long time ago, before there was an M4 (or any other motorway in Britain) I would cycle out from central London to monitor progress on the construction of the Cromwell Road extension which was being carved from Earls Court to the Chiswick roundabout.

On one occasion I decided to return via the North Circular Road, and as I pedalled

up the incline to cross the Piccadilly Line, I watched as a tube train passed on its way. Suddenly; Wham, there was a searing pain in my left shoulder, and I and my bicycle landed in tangled heap behind the back of a parked van which I had not noticed. I was experiencing for the first time the sensations of having a broken bone. An overwhelming sense of helplessness came over me, as well as that awful pain; and above all the thought: If only I could go back in time. Thirty seconds would do!

Recently, a slightly less damaging (physically at least) event occurred which well illustrates the point.

Returning from a trip for ADRA, the Adventist Development and Relief Agency, with Humanitarian Aid for a gypsy encampment in Belgrade, I ran out of driving hours for the week and took a 24 hour break at the Shell truck stop on the E25 motorway in Luxembourg, about 8 km south of the city.

Next morning I slept late, had a leisurely breakfast and read for a while. But by the afternoon I was getting a bit bored, so I decided to hike the 6 miles into town. The track beside the motorway winds around a bit and then doubles back on itself before joining a main road to cross the ring road; but there was, I noticed, a short cut across a large field, which would save about half a mile. It held a large herd of cows, but no bulls that I could see. As usually happens, the herd showed a great interest in their visitor and began to close in on me, headed by a large well-endowed matriarch who actually broke into a trot on her approach. I shooed them all away until they apparently lost interest, and I headed for the gate. When I arrived at the place where the gate should have been I discovered that it had been replaced with wire mesh topped by two tight strands of barbed wire.

By pushing down hard on the wires with both



hands I found I could just get my right leg over on to the ground, which sloped up to the road. However, in transferring my weight from left to right, I moved sideways a bit and got hooked by one barb. Removing my left

hand from the wire to disentangle my trousers allowed the wires to rise a little and rotate. Ouch! Several more barbs got *me* as well as the cloth. I was stuck but figured that a little care and patience would soon resolve the situation. It is surprising how quickly fatigue sets in when one is trying to balance on one leg. Once again the 'if only' factor kicked in.

While I was just mulling over a few 'if only' thoughts I heard a gentle snort to my left. I looked up to find the entire herd of cows had gathered around and were jockeying for position to get the best view. You could practically see the grins on their faces. Every time I got one barb out and moved to get my hand on the next one, another would find its way in. Time for reflection. Mental pictures of Mr Bean came to mind.

There was only one solution! With cars passing on the road behind me I undid my belt and eased the trousers down to crotch level. Then realised that I'd have to remove my left shoe to get my foot through the trouser leg. When I extended the leg out so I could reach the laces without the risk of tumbling over the wires the shoe received a tentative licking from a heifer, and when I reached to remove it, Big Mama massaged the top of my bald pate with her very wet nose.

This was definitely becoming a 'Don't Try This At Home' situation, but you'll never know how hard it is to get one leg out of your trousers without taking them down (because you are wired for demolition) until you try it.

What a relief it was when I finally had both legs on the same side of the fence, albeit still firmly anchored to the wire by my trousers.

Standing there six inches from a herd of inquisitive cows with a bare leg and underpants on one side and trousers at half mast on the other, I heard a bus approaching, I dared not look round as it passed.

There was a gentle tug and I looked down to find that Big Mama was munching her way up the loose trouser leg and was already up to the knee. I took up the strain and slowly extracted the soggy cloth from her gizzard. As I lifted the trouser leg over the wire for better access to the barbs there was a shower of Euro coins from the pocket and they rolled down among the feet of the cows. As traffic continued to pass, I redressed with as much dignity as I could muster and retrieved my worldly wealth.

After a meal in town and some exploration I trudged, footsore and weary, back to the truck – the long way round. As I my soggy trouser rubbed against my leg I had a few 'if only' thoughts rattling round in my head.

There is a positive side to these situations however. If we are sensible, we can learn from our mistakes. We can use our 'if only' situations positively – to help us make better decisions in the future. A little reflection will also show us that we carry the responsibility for the decisions we make in life. It is all too easy to blame others, or even God for our misfortunes, but often *we* are the ones who cause problems for ourselves.

So, be wary of barbed wire, it's vicious stuff. Oh, and take it from me, if you can make time to think before you act or speak it could save you a lot of time, in the long run, worrying about 'if only'. ☺



## Because you're worth it

A well-known speaker started off his seminar by holding up a £20 note.

In the room of 200, he asked, 'Who would like this £20 note?' Hands started going up. He said, 'I am going to give this £20 to one of you, but first let me do this.' He proceeded to crumple the £20 note up.

He then asked, 'Who still wants it?' Still the hands were up in the air. 'Well,' he replied, 'what if I do this?' And he dropped it on the ground and started to grind it into the floor with his shoe. He picked it up, now crumpled and dirty.

'Now, who still wants it?' Still the hands went into the air. 'My friends, we have all learned a very valuable lesson. No matter what I did to the money, you still wanted it because it did not decrease in value. It was still worth £20.

Many times in our lives we are dropped, crumpled and ground into the dirt by the decisions we make and the circumstances that come our way. We feel as though we are worthless. But no matter what has happened or what will happen, we will never lose our value. Dirty or clean, crumpled or finely creased, we are still priceless to those who love us.

The worth of our lives comes not in what we do or who we know, but who we are. You are special. Don't ever forget it.'

# normal?

## – what's that?

by Lee Gallaher

When I was a teenager I used to travel around on the bus a lot. One Sunday (when the buses to my village used to run about three times a day) I was sitting alone on a stationary bus, next to a bus shelter, waiting for the driver to wake up. I was sitting parallel with the huge advertising poster on the bus shelter. The poster showed a young man in a wheelchair with two people standing either side of him. They were talking across him but it was plain that the man in the wheelchair was not part of the conversation. He was being ignored.

A couple of weeks ago I travelled to Folkestone, with this image still in my mind, to meet Allen Jones and Maureen Fenner. Allen and Maureen are both wheelchair users. Together with a small team of disabled and able-bodied volunteers, they run the Kent-based charity: *The Wheelchair Users Group*.

I wanted to ask Allen and Maureen if it was still a struggle, in an age of political correctness (gone mad) and inclusive disability legislation, for disabled people to 'be normal' in a predominantly able-bodied world.

First, a bit of background information about Allen and Maureen. Allen has Becker muscular dystrophy, a genetic disorder which causes muscle weakness. Becker dystrophy only affects males and is generally a slowly-progressive disorder. As in Allen's case, many men with Becker dystro-

phy become unable to walk in their 40s or 50s. At present there is no cure for muscular dystrophy disorders.

Poliomyelitis is a virus which commonly affects children under the age of 5. While, in 98% of cases, contracting the virus results only in short-term symptoms (temporary loss of movement and flu-like ailments), 2% of cases result in permanent paralysis. Maureen contracted polio at the age of three months, in August 1955 (ironically less than six months before the polio vaccine was discovered). The virus left Maureen with both her arms paralysed. Her legs and spine were also affected. Both Allen and Maureen have able-bodied partners. Allen has five children, Maureen has two.

Maureen and Allen rely on their wheelchairs for independent mobility. In other words, whereas I use my legs to walk to the shops or to get me from the house to the car or to get to the toilets at the cinema, Maureen and Allen use four wheels. This would be a fine solution to their mobility problems if it wasn't for the fact that, in many instances, such routine biped journeys are designed in ways that accommodate legs and feet – not wheels.

Allen and Maureen do have their respective physical impairments, which bring various lifestyle challenges of their own, but it is the world, society, business, the community, me, you, which disables them. They are prevented from living a 'normal' life, not so

much because of their physical impairment but rather because their requirements for living that 'normal' life are different.

So, let's turn life on its head for a moment. Imagine if we all had wheels; everyone used a wheelchair to get around. There would be a lot less stairs, more ramps, wider doors, lower curbs, wider aisles, lower checkout tills, different vehicles (for private and public transport) and more accessible spaces for wheelchairs on buses, trains, trams, tubes and planes.

Have you got the picture? It's quite a different world. Now imagine yourself to be one of the *minority* who actually uses legs for getting around. There are no stairs or escalators. Instead you never find a seat on a bus because they're full of docking bays for wheelchairs. A lot of people stare at you as they glide past on the wide, smooth 'Wheele Ways' (which you still call a pavement – how quaint). Some of the really bold people even prod your legs (if they



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get close enough) to see how they work, or they just smile inanely at you: 'Poor soul, still got those dratted legs, what a disadvantage.' You are not included in conversations because you're just too high up when you're standing. Jobs are hard to come by. (How many employers want to provide extra chairs for their employees when most normal people arrive at work in their own chair.) You have to fight to get a specially adapted car for the same reason. Most new cars don't come with a 'driver's seat'.

Life is a battle for you. Sometimes you wish you didn't have legs, but you don't want to wallow in self-pity. You're a fighter, you know; you've just got to get out there and make something of your life. It's not easy. The government provides very little financial support for people with legs – you're just not a priority.

When you were young you hated being called a 'legger' or a 'bi' or a 'foot-faulter'. Such derogatory terms cut you to the core. Now you're older it's not so bad. Sure, you still get the odd insult and sometimes shopkeepers get embarrassed, especially in shoe shops, but over the years you've developed a thick skin and a good sense of humour. Having a loving family who accept you as you are (legs and all) is a tremendous help. Because of their love and support you know you are valuable as a person. You can make an important contribution to society; you bring diversity, new perspectives (and of course your sense of humour) to your community, to society, to the world!

Have you got a mental picture of what your life would be like if this was the world you lived in? How does that make you feel? This is the reality for people like Allen and Maureen, people with physical impairments.

How can we help? I put this question to Maureen and Allen. Their answers boils down to these three points: awareness, education, attitude.

**Awareness** – some stuff you should know about (most) wheelchair users:

- ★ They are not thick or stupid. You don't need to talk slower.
- ★ They are not deaf. You don't need to shout.



- ★ They do not crave special treatment. They just have different needs.
- ★ They are not issued with blue-badge parking permits just to save time but because they have real mobility problems. Be courteous – don't park in allocated disabled parking areas.
- ★ They are not afraid or ashamed of their impairments, neither are they blind to them.
- ★ They are not wheelchair users because it's fun. Surprisingly, exclaiming 'Look at you in your fancy wheelchair, aren't you the lucky one!' would not be considered a well-thought-out comment. Think about it. Disabled people have to find different ways of doing things because they have to, not because it's novel or 'wacky'.

### Education

Disabled does not mean weird, freaky or mental. People with physical impairments are not second-class citizens, neither should they be thought of as 'spongers' or a drain on society.

Given the right opportunities (and in many cases this means access to the right technology for their individual needs) a lot of disabled people are able to close the gap their impairment creates. The biggest and, sadly, often the hardest goal for disabled people to

achieve is simple equality. Why shouldn't Maureen drive? Her modified car enables her to drive as safely as any other licensed road user. Maureen and Allen (pictured left) both have specially adapted vehicles. Maureen has an automatic which she steers using her right foot.

### Attitude

Disability is not something to get embarrassed about, neither should it be hidden away or ignored. People with physical impairments have heard the jokes, been grinned at sympathetically and even been suffocated by well-meaning do-gooders. You can't go wrong with the old adage: 'Think before you speak or act.' But don't panic, just remember that physical impairment aside, wheelchair users are every bit as normal as we are (which is probably the scary bit) but with different ways, means and requirements for life.

For Maureen and Allen and thousands of other disabled people, the definition of a 'normal life' is the same as for you or me. Wouldn't we all like our lives to incorporate healthy relationships with our family and friends and fulfilment – at work and/or vocationally? We value independence; to go, be and do where, what and how we please. Our recognition and acceptance of that fact as organisations, businesses, local authorities and first and foremost as individuals can only help that simple goal to become a reality in our world.



For a far better insight into the life of a person with physical impairment you need to get yourself a copy of *With These Hands*. Written by Maureen, it tells the very personal story of her own struggles and triumphs. *With These Hands* is an honest, humorous and heart-rending account of Maureen's life. I recommend you get a copy. The Editor You can find more information about the book (including how to order) at: [www.mo-ability.co.uk](http://www.mo-ability.co.uk)

For resources relating to this article see p.57.

by Ed Dickerson

# Risky business



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## who can you trust?

Whenever I leave my native land I marvel at foreign money. The currency of another country never quite seems like 'real' money to me. Yet the people who live there treat it so. For example, American money bears the motto, 'In God We Trust.' In many an out-of-the-way shop you'll see the following sign tacked up on a bulletin board behind the cash register: 'In God we trust. All others pay cash.'





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No doubt the merchant who displays that sign thinks himself quite the hard-headed sceptic. In fact, the opposite is true.

Take a look at the 'cash' our hard-headed merchant desires. In exchange for real merchandise, food, or services, our sceptical shopkeeper insists on – *pieces of paper? bits of metal?* On the face of it, it doesn't make a lot of sense. After all, you can't eat a dollar bill or a five-pound note. Well, I suppose you could, but we do not crave currency for its nutritional value. It burns, but provides only minimal heat, and coins don't burn well at all. It won't keep the rain off your head. In some ways cash, isn't anything 'real,' yet you can readily exchange it for real things. So what gives cash its cachet?

The merchant's sign declares it. 'In God we trust; all others pay cash.' Cash gets its value from our trust. We trust that when we take a five pound note to a restaurant, it will be accepted, and we will receive fair value in exchange. Sound a little too abstract? Think there's more to cash than just trust?

Consider the German mark during the

Weimar Republic. At the end of World War I, a loaf of bread in war-torn Germany cost just a bit over half a mark. Despite bumper crops, an increased labour force, and no more military demands on the food supply, after three years of peace, the price rose to *163 marks*, an astonishing increase of nearly 32,600%! One year later, the price of a single loaf of bread soared to 201,000,000 marks!

At one point, workers received their pay at noon each day, so they could go and spend it before it lost further value in the afternoon. Eventually, with paper money actually worth less than Monopoly money, merchants set up a barter system. Perhaps they had signs that read 'In Gott vertrauen wir; wir nehmen Bargeld, entweder nicht' (In God we trust; we don't take cash, either).

This breathtaking plunge in the value of German mark paralleled the German public's plummeting trust in their government.

Not just financially, but in myriad other ways, we exchange, build, and lose trust every day. As we walk down the street we trust drivers not to swerve and hit us; we

trust others in a queue not to pull out knives and start attacking; we trust restaurant workers not to contaminate or poison our food. People rarely do such things, but they could. Like it or not, our motto reads 'In Strangers We Trust.' Scary, isn't it?

Once you start thinking about all the things others might do, you realise that we have two alternatives. Learn to trust wisely, or try to minimise our need for trust. Of course, there's a word that describes those who attempt to live *without* trust: paranoid.

Some people, attempting to live without trust adopt the motto, 'There's one born every minute.' They become predators, exploiting the trust of others. Another group tries to live by the words, 'All the world is crazy but thee and me; and I'm not too certain about thee.' These folks become hermits, in their own tiny world, paralysed. In extreme cases they don't leave their homes for years at a time. Even that doesn't eliminate their need for trust: Someone has to bring the groceries, provide the water and power, make repairs. So, there we have it: attempting to live without trust forces us to choose between becoming a predator or becoming paralysed.

Do we really want to make that choice? Probably not. Therefore, even though a history of hurts and betrayals may have left us fearful, we must find a way to trust, if we truly want to live. So let's start by understanding trust better.

**Trust = Risk.** To say I trust you with my rubbish, means nothing at all, since I don't care what happens to rubbish. Since there's no risk, there's no real trust, either. If I trust you with a ten pound note, that's a ten pound risk. Trusting you with friendship represents an even a greater risk.

**Trust must be conferred before it can be earned.** Over time, my behaviour may justify your trust, but you'll never know until you actually take a risk. Think about it.

Suppose you give me a ten pound note for safe keeping. If you ring me up every

day to see if it's still safe, you're not trusting me. Only if you trust me to keep it safe first, can I then earn your trust by returning it when you request it. But of course you then run the risk that I might not return it. That's what trust means.

No one's perfectly trustworthy. As if it weren't complicated enough, no one is *completely* trustworthy. Not you. Not me. We all make mistakes. Your ten pound note might fall out of my pocket when I pull my mobile phone out of my pocket, or get lost in the laundry. We do not know the future; Someone might rob me, and take your ten pound note in the process. Or a fire might break out and consume it. Sometimes our resolve weakens; we can't even trust ourselves. With an unexpected opportunity to go to a concert, I might use your ten pound note, intending to pay you back, but not have it when you ask for it. I'm not proud of these things, I'm just trying to be realistic.

So what are we to do? We can't live without trust. Even the attempt to do so



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confronts us with the danger of becoming either predatory or paralysed. We want rewarding relationships, and those are built on trust. Here are a few suggestions:

**1. Trust freely.** Be willing to trust first. Don't be suspicious or hesitant in relationships.

**2. Trust evenly.** A Russian proverb says, 'Trust, but verify.' Remember that trustworthy people are people who trust. Every healthy relationship is reciprocal. Be cautious when the other person wants to trust you much more or much less than you are willing to trust them.

**3. Trust prudently.** Don't trust a new acquaintance with the keys to your car, for example. Start small, increase trust gradually, be patient. Let trust mature and grow.

**4. Learn to forgive.** 'Forgive us as we forgive others,' comes into play here. Remember, no one is perfectly safe, not even you. I've had to forgive my wife and my best friends, and they have had to forgive me, over and over. This doesn't weaken

these relationships. On the contrary, when friends ask for and receive forgiveness, broken relationships knit like broken bones, becoming stronger than before.

**5. Learn to pardon small faults.** 'Do unto others as you would have others do to you.' Everyone has idiosyncracies that annoy others. We can either learn to overlook these small faults, or be lonely.

As John Donne observed long ago, none of us is an island. Besides, any attempt to live without trust must fail, and impoverishes us emotionally in the bargain. Trust is the currency of all our relationships. We can hoard trust, like misers, only to see it dwindle in value. Or like investors, we can put it at risk. The losses can yield knowledge to help us invest more wisely next time. The successes can yield dividends as long as we live. We can learn to trust generously, to forgive fully, and enjoy a life rich in relationships. It won't be easy, but it will be worth it. Trust me.



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## Punctuation

A nearsighted minister glanced at the note that Mrs. Jones had sent to him by an usher.

The note read: 'Bill Jones having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety.' Failing to observe the punctuation, he startled his audience by announcing: 'Bill Jones, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety.'

source: www.jhhhs.com

# It won't bite you



The Bible – it's not as scary as you might think!

by W. A. Townend

Michelle breezed into my classroom on the first day of the new academic year and announced: 'I don't want to be in this class,' adding, 'It's a Bible class, and I'm not at all interested in the Bible.' She wasn't untypical, just courageous. But why this no-Bible attitude?

'Then why are you here?'

Her answer was clear and understand-

able. She'd heard about the business admin course offered by the church-based college and, despite knowing that the course included Bible subjects, she'd liked what she'd heard and enrolled. Now she faced the reality of her choice and didn't like what she thought she saw ahead.

I suggested that she should 'give it a go for a week' and I wouldn't be offended if she

quit. I assured her that she wouldn't be told what to believe. 'For,' I said, 'belief is a personal affair; each individual chooses what to believe and what not to believe,' and then, with a grin, I added, 'You never know, Michelle, you might even discover things you *want* to believe.'

Michelle smiled, nodded her head and sat down at a lecture table. And as I recall, she didn't miss a class all year, but better than that – as she walked out of the last class she handed me a note, saying, 'The best subject in the whole course. Thanks!'

But why the change?

As a Bible devotee, I believe there's something about the Bible and, often, that something turns out quite differently from what the students expect.

What many people expect is that the Bible will be hard to grasp – and in view of some of the stuff that's peddled about the Bible, that's understandable. But is the Bible really that hard to grasp?

Think of three figures – 17, 5, 17 – and you can grasp the Old Testament; three more – 5, 21 and 1 – and you grasp the New Testament. And thus the books of the whole Bible, a book of just one major theme: God and ourselves.

A word about those figures. The first 17 books of the Old Testament are essentially books of history – the history of the founding of the human race, then the Hebrew race, all crisply and succinctly told but with a fascinating purpose. The last 17 books of the Old Testament are pretty much books of prophecy, given with the paramount purpose of establishing the sovereignty of God.

Then there are the 5 in the middle: they're books touching the basics of life:

suffering (Job); God (Psalms); living (Proverbs); evaluation of life (Ecclesiastes); and love that's the real thing (Song of Songs).

These are the books of experience.

It's much the same in the New Testament, but the proportions are different – 5 books of history, 21 of experience, 1 of prophecy. The proportions differ. And in the Old Testament the Messiah is coming; in the New Testament he is here – so experience is emphasised.

I have an idea that there was a time when Michelle was scared of the Bible, hence her Bible-no-thanks attitude. Understandable. There *are* some scary things in the Bible. But they're not put there to scare. Love doesn't scare, and the Bible is the love book and comes from the source of all love – God (see 1 John 4:16). Love warns, not scares; it protects, not bites.

Another thing that might have put Michelle off could have been contact with either a 'Bible-basher' or a ponderous theologian. The first is often a well-meaning enthusiast, but often such people are judgemental, using the Bible as reinforcement. A theologian, with a great depth of knowledge, can give the impression that the Bible contains so much, it can't possibly be adequately understood or discussed

by a novice. There is a bite in that. The Bible doesn't bite.

Michelle found the Bible much more user-friendly than she'd imagined from her childhood reading of the King James Version of the seventeenth century. Warmth came with the knowledge that its original language was contemporary for its first



readers, and that's especially true of the New Testament – originally written in the Greek of the marketplace, not the Greek of the philosopher.

Discovering that people in both Old and New Testaments were like us took a lot of bite out of the Bible for Michelle. She discovered real people who ate, slept, worked, played, met and mated and produced children as we do today. They also played politics, schemed, swore and were disloyal. Some responded to the messages of the scriptures, others rejected them.

Some lived purposefully, others aimlessly – and they all died, as we all will. What's changed over the millennia of the written scriptures? Certainly not the Bible itself; it still meets our basic needs for recognition, security, affection and variety, just as it always has. Michelle enjoyed this serendipitous discovery.

Anyone can share in Michelle's eventual satisfaction and joy. They're found in four words: *revelation* – what the Bible is – about God; *inspiration* – how we received it as a book – the words of authors under God's leading; *illumination* – light on eternal subjects – as God's Spirit brings clarity to our thinking, we better understand his word; and *application* – how we use it – written to be believed and to shape behaviour.

These words tell us that the Bible first came from God to humans, then from those

humans to a written record, from the book to our minds, and from our thoughts to our lives.

Read the Bible – the process of discovery – then reflect on it. That is, consider what it means. Then respond to it, doing what it suggests as the means to a happier life, here and now and hereafter. It gives meaning to life and understanding on the best way to live life. That's what Michelle discovered.



## crusty old book?

Do you think the Bible is just a crusty old book, full of 'thee' and 'thou' and 'yea and verily'? Think again. The Bible was originally written in the modern-day language of the time. Following that tradition there are now several contemporary versions of the Biblical text which use language you and I can clearly understand. So, if you want a gripping, inspiring, life-changing read get yourself a Bible!\*

The Editor

\*If you live in the UK or Eire and don't have a Bible but would like to check out for yourself what the Bible has to say, contact [LIFE.info](mailto:LIFE.info) (details on p.2) and we'll send you one.

## Advice

- Always read stuff that will make you look good if you die in the middle of it.
- Drive carefully. It's not only cars that can be recalled by their maker.
- If you lend someone £20, and never see that person again, it was probably worth it.
- It may be that your sole purpose in life is simply to serve as a warning to others.
- Never buy a car you can't push.
- Never try to teach a pig to sing. It wastes your time and annoys the pig.

# Homing instinct

Incredible animals who've found their way home

by Geoffrey Elgar



The homing instincts of animals have long been the subject of speculation. How they find their way, often across hundreds of miles, remains largely a mystery. Cases involving cats and dogs are most common, but instances of horses, cows, ducks, hedgehogs and tortoises have occurred, together with pigeons and other birds.

One extraordinary event took place in 1914. Private Brown of the First North Staffordshire Regiment was sent to France in August at the outbreak of the war. On 27

September his wife wrote to tell him that his Irish Terrier, Prince, was missing. Soon afterwards Brown replied that the dog had joined him in the trenches. Somehow he had managed the long journey, including crossing the English Channel, to join his master.

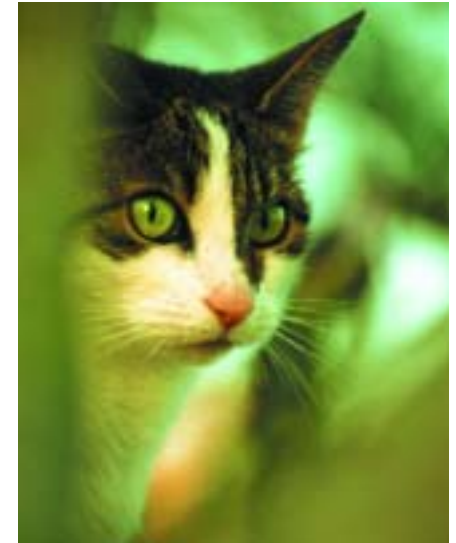
In 1937 Bobbie, a pedigree Collie, was taken at the age of 2 from his home in Oregon, USA, to Wolcott, a town about 3,000 miles east. When the car stopped in Indiana, en route, Bobbie leapt from the vehicle and disappeared. The family hunted for him but eventually gave up and completed their journey. Bobbie appeared on their doorstep three months later, exhausted, scarred and missing some teeth. A writer pieced the story together from accounts of people who'd seen Bobbie and sometimes tried to catch him. The dog had crossed the Rockies in midwinter, swum turbulent and ice-laden rivers and, on one occasion, leapt into the Missouri River to avoid capture. He made many friends, and many tried unsuccessfully to make him stay, but he had only one goal – to find his master.

In 1979 Nick, an Alsatian bitch belonging to Doug Simpson of Selah, Washington, USA, went missing on a camping trip in the Arizona Desert. Simpson searched for two weeks before starting his 2,000-mile journey home. Four months later his parents telephoned him at work with the news that Nick had returned home. He was emaciated, bloody and battered, having travelled through some of the roughest country on earth, including waterless deserts, icy rivers, 12,000-foot mountains and the Grand Canyon. When Simpson arrived home, Prince looked at him as if reproaching him for leaving.

In 1985 Barbara Paule was driving her truck in Dayton, Ohio, accompanied by her cat, Muddy Water White. Muddy jumped out and vanished when the truck stopped. Barbara never replaced him but, three years later, a stray appeared on the doorstep of her home in Pennsylvania. Three days later a vet confirmed that the cat was Muddy Water White, who had travelled 450 miles in over 1,000 days.

An elegant red tabby named Cindy lived in west London with her owner Brenda James, who took her to visit her brother

near Manchester. The home was burgled and items, including Cindy, were taken. Every effort to trace her was unsuccessful, and heartbroken Brenda returned home alone. Eighteen months later she moved to a new address three miles away. Ten months after that, in her new home, on returning from a weekend away, she found a note from her neighbour. She reported finding a half-starved cat sitting on Brenda's doorstep. She took her in, wondering if she might belong to Brenda. Amazingly, she did. Five minutes later Brenda was reunited with Cindy. She had made the long journey from Manchester to London and managed to find Brenda's new address.



The case of a homing hedgehog occurred in Russia in 1979. It was discovered with a broken paw by a doctor on a country road at Donetsk. She nursed it until fit and gave it to her granddaughter who lived forty-eight miles away. It languished and wouldn't eat and the granddaughter wrote to say that she had set it free in a forest. Two months later the doctor returned from work to find the same hedgehog on her doorstep.

The children of the Beauzetier family of Drancy, near Paris, adopted a magpie that had fallen out of its nest. In 1955 the children went to stay with grandparents near Bordeaux, taking the magpie with them. The bird escaped and the children returned home without her. Soon afterwards the bird was spotted in a tree near their home and came in answer to their calls. She had returned to them, having flown well over 300 miles.

The homing instincts of pigeons are well known. One extraordinary case involved a 12-year-old West Virginia boy who owned one as a pet. The boy became ill and was rushed to a hospital seventy miles away. After a few days, during a raging storm, the boy heard fluttering outside the window. He

told a nurse, who opened the window, and the pigeon flew in. The boy recognised his pet and identified it by the number 167 that was found on its leg.

One of the longest distances travelled was by a Collie named Whisky who became parted from his truck driver owner at a roadside café near Darwin, Australia, in October 1973. In July the following year the dog arrived back home in Melbourne after a journey of over 1,800 miles.

One of the fastest journeys recorded is that of McCavity, a tabby cat. He returned from his new home in Cumbernauld, Scotland, to his previous one in Truro, Cornwall, in just under three weeks. To make the 500-mile journey he must have averaged 25 miles a day.



## Amazing animal facts

- An ant's sense of smell is as good as a dog's.
- Giraffes have no vocal cords.
- Hamsters blink one eye at a time.
- Rhinos are part of the same family as horses.
- A mole can dig a tunnel 300 feet long in just one night.
- The placement of a donkey's eyes in its head enable it to see all four feet at all times.
- Of the 4,000 species of mammals on the planet, there are 900 different species of bats.
- The poison arrow frog has enough poison to kill about 2,200 people.
- A shark can detect one part of blood in 100 million parts of water.
- It is possible to lead a cow upstairs, but not downstairs.  
(Though why anyone would want to do this is a mystery.)



- A pregnant goldfish is called a twit.
- A hippo can run faster than a man.
- Butterflies taste with their feet.
- Slugs have four noses.
- In 1681 the last dodo bird died.
- A cat has 32 muscles in each ear.
- A snail can sleep for three years.
- The average housefly lives for one month.



source: www.inhls.com

## Some Universal Truths

- \* Triangular sandwiches taste better than square ones.
- \* You're never quite sure whether it's ok to eat green crisps.
- \* You're never quite sure whether it's against the law or not to have a fire in your back garden.
- \* It's impossible to describe the smell of a wet cat.
- \* You always feel a bit scared when stroking horses.
- \* The most embarrassing thing you can do as a schoolchild is to call your teacher mum or dad.
- \* It's impossible to look cool while picking up a Frisbee.
- \* Driving through tunnels is exciting.
- \* You never run out of salt.
- \* Old ladies can eat more than you think.
- \* There's no panic like the panic you momentarily feel when you've got your hand or head stuck in something.
- \* No one knows the origins of their metal coat hangers.
- \* The most painful household incident is stepping on an upturned plug while wearing only socks.
- \* People who don't drive slam car doors too hard.
- \* You've turned into your dad the day you put aside a thin piece of wood specifically to stir paint with.
- \* Everyone had an uncle who tried to steal their nose.
- \* In every plate of chips there is a bad chip.
- \* Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit; Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad!

### Stay at home with the kids [p.12]

[www.mentalhealth.org.uk](http://www.mentalhealth.org.uk)  
[www.new-ways.co.uk](http://www.new-ways.co.uk)  
[www.parentsatwork.co.uk](http://www.parentsatwork.co.uk)  
[www.flexibility.co.uk](http://www.flexibility.co.uk)  
[www.bbc.co.uk/parenting](http://www.bbc.co.uk/parenting)  
[www.practicalparent.co.uk](http://www.practicalparent.co.uk)

### Sloth & gluttony [p.16]

NHS Direct  
 Tel. 0845 46 47  
[www.nhsdirect.nhs.uk](http://www.nhsdirect.nhs.uk)  
[www.bbc.co.uk/health/](http://www.bbc.co.uk/health/)  
[www.doh.gov.uk](http://www.doh.gov.uk)  
[www.nutrition.org.uk](http://www.nutrition.org.uk)

### Escaped like birds [p.38]

NSPCC Helpline: 0808 800 5000  
[www.nspcc.org.uk](http://www.nspcc.org.uk)  
 Women's Aid Helpline:  
 0808 2000 247  
[www.womensaid.org.uk](http://www.womensaid.org.uk)  
[www.family2000.org.uk](http://www.family2000.org.uk)  
[www.oneparentfamilies.org.uk](http://www.oneparentfamilies.org.uk)  
[www.oneparentfamilies.co.uk](http://www.oneparentfamilies.co.uk)  
[www.lone-parents.org.uk](http://www.lone-parents.org.uk)

### Normal? [p.44]:

Wheelchair Users Group  
 Tel. 01303 226 500  
[www.wheelchairusers.org.uk](http://www.wheelchairusers.org.uk)  
[www.mo-ability.co.uk](http://www.mo-ability.co.uk)  
[www.van.org.uk/polio](http://www.van.org.uk/polio)  
[www.immunisation.nhs.uk](http://www.immunisation.nhs.uk)  
[www.fsh-group.org](http://www.fsh-group.org)  
[www.ability.org.uk](http://www.ability.org.uk)  
[www.motability.co.uk](http://www.motability.co.uk)  
[www.inclusive.co.uk](http://www.inclusive.co.uk)





# A beautiful day in Scotland

Another hectic week: meetings on Saturday; a dozen friends come round for a pancake evening; late night football viewing before sleep. Sunday morning – the sun streams through the bedroom window and as the light floods in I become conscious of sounds from the great outdoors, it's going to be a beautiful day!

By late morning we're up, the sky is cloudless blue, the air is crisp and the rich brown of the winter bracken blankets the hills with the odd patch of snow on the tops – the hills are calling.

But the sunlight on the windows only highlights the fact that they have not been cleaned for months, the normally blue car is grey from weeks of neglect, in the kitchen there is a pile of dishes, the laundry basket is overflowing!

Decision time – more work (of the household chore variety), or the hills with a friend or two? Question to self: 'Is my life a treadmill of duties that must be done or is the call of the hills telling me something else?' Answer: 'Hills, I'm listening!' A couple of phone calls later we have agreed to meet with some friends at two o'clock. Good brunch; frenzy of window cleaning; laundry stuffed into machine; car can wait; and I'm off to follow the call, in the hills above the town of Crieff in central Scotland.


A short drive from Crieff (just 2 miles) brings us to Loch Turret. The deep blue water stretches away from the car park with pleasant undulating walks on either side. At the northern end of the loch there is a stiff scramble up the sides of Ben Chonzie, one of Scotland's 'munros'. The O.S. map tells



me it is 931 meters above sea level (Loch Turret lies at 360 meters). From the top there are impressive views of the mountains around Loch Tay to the north and to the south east lies the lovely Loch Turret. Beyond the loch I can see the towns and farms of the Strathearn valley across to the Ochil hills. But we're not taking that route today.

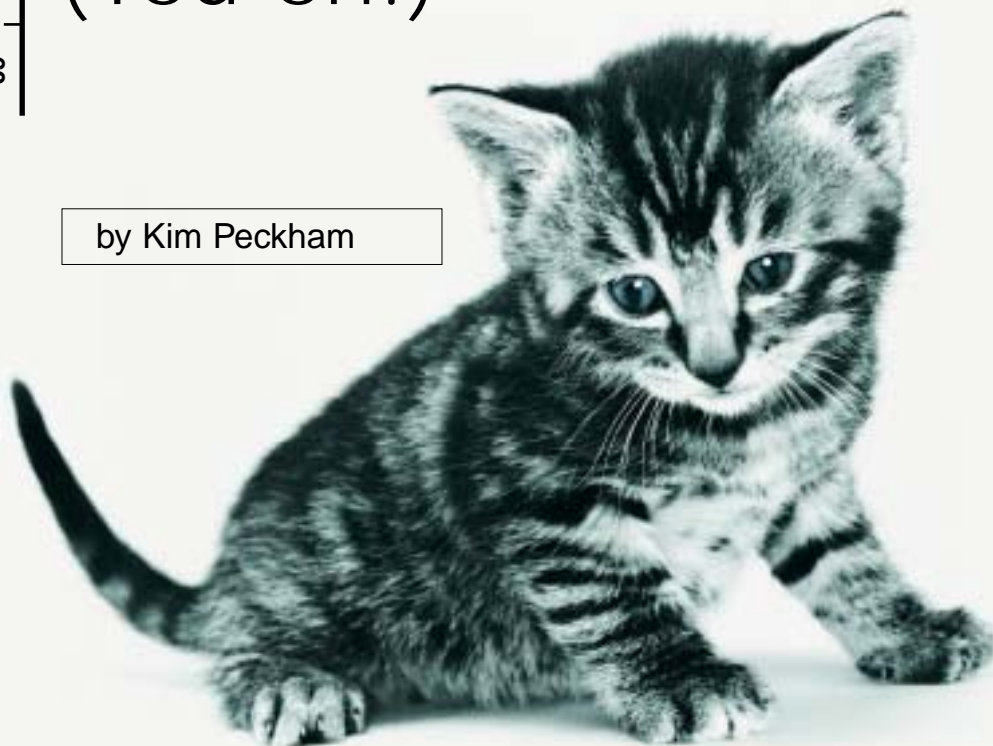
Today we take the track from Turret around the southern slopes of Chonzie over to Glen Lednock which runs from the earthquake town of Comrie up to the glen's loch. It's a nine mile round trip but today it only seems like five – the beauty is too stunning to think of distance. Other walkers greet us – there are no problems or timetables to worry about up here – the hills speak to my heart in peaceful, restful tones. As we stroll

along, stories and laughter, tales of travels and adventure, and of books read and dreams to chase fill the conversation. We enjoy the flight of a pair of herons, watch a herd of deer, marvel at ice statues made by streams, jump at the sudden take-off of partridges, watch in awe a buzzard floating on air, listen to the guitar-like music of wind vibrating a wire fence, are amazed by the dry stone walls that divide the hillside, leap childlike across small streams and wonder about sheep or deer skeletons. Suddenly we reach our pick-up place and all too soon our tired muscles begin to think about a nice long soak in a hot bath.

But we have listened to the call of the hills and have been reminded that there is more to life than eating, sleeping and working. It has indeed been a beautiful day. 

# Me-ow (You-oh!)

by Kim Peckham



Humans can be annoying. Which is why many people prefer the company of cats.

Cats do not ring you up in the middle of tea and try to sell you double glazing. Cats do not make clicking noises with their false teeth. Cats do not have call waiting. Cats do not insist on practising the clarinet while you're trying to read. And finally, cats do not equip their homes with burglar alarms which go off accidentally while they are on holiday.

Perhaps it would be a more blissful existence if you could limit your social contacts to cats. But this is not possible. In the first place, cats are not that excited about social contact. And second, you will at least have to interact with your family members, who are all too human.

If someone tapes over your favourite episode of *Friends*, you can be sure it was a family member. And if you're wondering

who wolfed down the last of the cheese when you need it to make a lasagne, there is no point in blaming it on the Liberal Democrats. It was probably someone in your own household.

Hard as it may be to believe, my wife has even found a reason to be annoyed with me. Apparently it is a practice in most civilised countries to rinse the dishes and put them in the dishwasher after a meal. I'm a bit lax in following this procedure – which is not a big deal unless we have *Oatso Simple* for breakfast.

*Oatso Simple* is a scientific wonder. In its natural state this wholesome food hardly needs any chewing. But once it dries inside a cereal bowl, it acquires the characteristics of concrete. To get it off requires either an industrial jackhammer or a 40-day soak in scalding water.

Of course, the people you live with don't *mean* to be annoying. It's just that they aren't as considerate as you might hope. Basically you want them to be like those old English butlers who always show up holding your socks the minute you're ready to put them on.

Instead of a child who announces that he has just finished a crayon mural on his bedroom wall, wouldn't you prefer to hear, 'I beg your pardon, Mother, but I took the liberty of polishing the family silver in preparation for tomorrow's company?'

Jesus said that the poor will be with us always. But he could have said the same about the annoying. There will always be people along your walking route with dogs that 'don't bite', but show a great deal more enthusiasm for your ankles than for *Pedigree Chum*. There will be next-door neighbours whose teenage children don't have quite enough ambition to mow the lawn, but just enough to start a garage band. And there will always be a family member who will use a kitchen spice and not put it back in alphabetical order.

Fortunately, God has considered the

problem of what to do about the slow, the inconsiderate, and the conceited. He provides the solution – the gift of patience.

I think this gift includes the realisation that we also have tried the patience of others. That we have been slow, or inconsiderate, or conceited, or even that we have left *Oatso Simple* in our cereal bowls. Yes, some people may try our patience, but the next time you find yourself having to count to ten, or twenty, or thirty, remember that sometimes even *you* can be a bit of a blot on someone else's landscape.



Stockbyte

*Kim lives with his wife, Lori, in West Virginia. He especially appreciates the patience of his teachers. 'You were right, Mr Wyche. The snake was not funny.'*

## Strange Headlines

- The Door is the Window to the Home.
- Air Force to Get New Uniforms: New Camouflage Really Stands Out.
- We're offering the best hearing aid money can buy at unheard-of low prices.
- Man Minus Ear Waives Hearing.

source: [www.inhis.com](http://www.inhis.com)



# 25 stress reducers

source: www.inhls.com

1. Go to bed on time.
2. Get up on time.
3. Delegate tasks to capable others.
4. Simplify and unclutter your life (see page 10).
5. Allow extra time to do things and to get to places.
6. Pace yourself. Spread out big changes and difficult projects over time; don't lump all the hard things together.
7. Take one day at a time.
8. Live within your budget.
9. Have backups: house key buried in the garden, extra stamps, etc.
10. KMS (Keep Mouth Shut). This single piece of advice can prevent an enormous amount of trouble.
11. Do something for the child in you every day.
12. Get enough exercise.
13. Eat well.
14. Get organised.
15. Write thoughts and inspirations down.
16. Every day, find time to be alone.
17. Laugh.
18. Take your work seriously, but yourself not at all.
19. Develop a forgiving attitude (most people are doing the best they can).
20. Be kind to unkind people (they probably need it the most).
21. Sit on your ego.
22. Talk less; listen more.
23. Slow down.
24. Remind yourself that you are not the general manager of the universe.
25. Every night, before bed, think of one thing you're grateful for that you've never been grateful for before.



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## It's a Bet!



A strong young man at the construction site was bragging that he could outdo anyone in a feat of strength. He made a special case of making fun of Morris, one of the older workmen. After several minutes, Morris had enough.

'Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?' he said. 'I will bet a week's wages that I can haul something in a wheelbarrow over to that outbuilding that you won't be able to wheel back.'

'You're on, old man,' the braggart replied. 'It's a bet! Let's see what you got.'

Morris reached out and grabbed the wheelbarrow by the handles. Then, nodding to the young man, he said, 'All right. Get in.'

source: www.inhls.com

## PuzzleAnswers

**RouteWord solutions:** Ceramics; Beekeeper.

**Collective Creatures answers:** 1. cattle = drove or herd 2. bears = sloth  
3. monkeys = band or troop 4. ass or donkeys = herd 5. whales = gam or pod  
6. sheep = flock or drove 7. cats = clutter or clowder 8. lions = pride  
9. geese = flock or gaggle 10. goats = tribe or trip.

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## Mistakes

Mistake: to err, to cause an error or make a mess  
 If a barber makes a mistake, it's a new style.  
 If a driver makes a mistake, it's an accident.  
 If an engineer makes a mistake, it's a new venture.  
 If parents makes a mistake, it's a new generation.  
 If a politician makes a mistake, it's a new law.  
 If a scientist makes a mistake, it's a new invention.  
 If a tailor makes a mistake, it's a new fashion.  
 If a teacher makes a mistake , it's a new theory.  
 If our boss makes a mistake, it's our mistake.  
 If an employee makes a mistake, it's a MISTAKE!



source: [www.lnhs.com](http://www.lnhs.com)

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