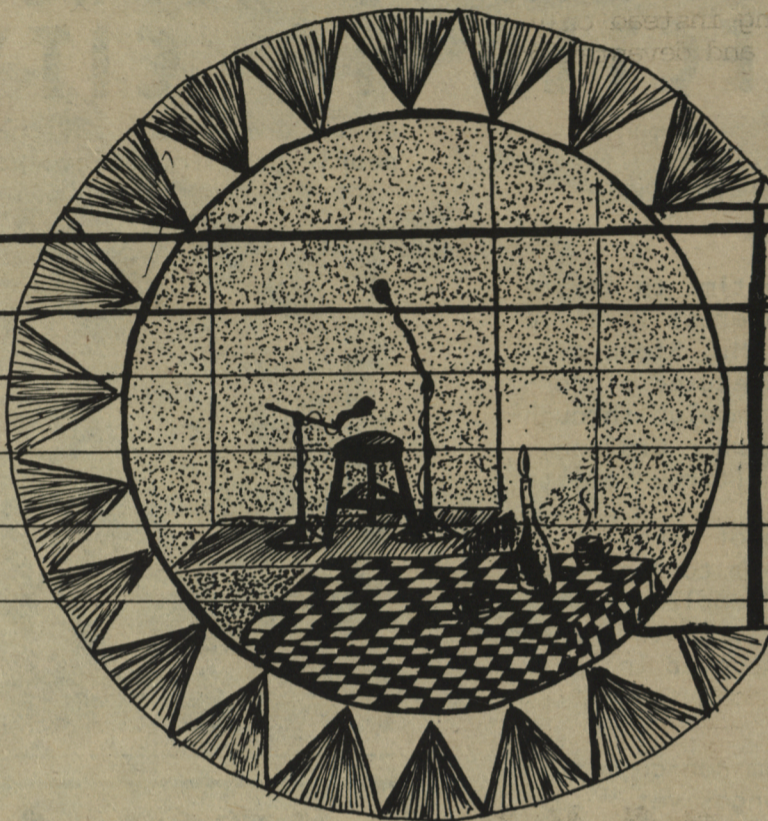


# THE EXCHANGE

## WELCOMES YOU



At the Chaplaincy Centre

WED.

November 16

8:30 - 11:30

ACROSS from Kelly Building

### 'a coffee house for everyone'

## CULTURE CORNER

### L O N E L I N E S S

Grammie Wood woke up and looked at her clock. It was near ten o'clock, time to get up and get started for the day, but what did she really have to get up for?

She lived alone in her house, her eight children were all grown up and gone; her husband was dead.

Life didn't hold anything more exciting to do, but plan her three meals a day and even that became tiresome when you had no one to share them with.

She thought back to the days when all the family were home, busy days they were, and certainly not happy ones. Her husband drank, cared nothing for his wife or family, and made life unbearable. Money was just as scarce as it could be.

All the burden of the family fell on her shoulders. She would walk three miles to town to any rummage sale she heard about to pick up clothes for her children.

She thought about her daughter Rose, now living in the States. They were so poor, all they had to eat was bread and molasses. Rose hated going to the store for molasses, which they got in a big jar. She wouldn't go unless she had a big bag to hide the jar in, but even then the other children used to laugh and tease her for carrying a jar of molasses, and she would come home crying.

She became an alcoholic.

She thought about her son, Marvin. She used to give him letters to mail

to her sister in the States, and her husband would watch, take the letter from him and tear it up. Her husband encouraged him in any way, to do anything that would hurt her.

He grew up and went to prison.

She thought about Melvin, her youngest and her favourite. He tried so hard to be friends with his father but he always ended up getting nowhere.

He became a helpless alcoholic when he grew up.

Not one of her eight children bothered with her, they scattered through Canada and the States. In fact she didn't even know where two of her children were living.

Their childhood was unhappy, they just wanted to forget their parents.

They blamed their mother for staying with their father, and letting him abuse them the way he did.

In the afternoons, she would sit at the kitchen window and watch the cars go by; maybe, today someone would come to visit her, or the mailman would bring her a letter besides the telephone or electric light bill.

Thinking about it all, she wondered if the long ago days were not better than the loneliness she now lived with.

Her sacrifice, if it was a sacrifice, had been useless.