

NUMBER 1 • VOLUME 1

INSPIRE

magazine

INSPIRE LIFE

Life Story: Even the tough guys suffer. How 2 years of therapy changed this man

INSPIRE FAITH

Are you stuck in a season of hurt? Discover the power of a grace-filled life

INSPIRE Community

Rock out for cancer!

INSPIRE PHOTOS

Messy, but fun!

APRIL
2016

WISE WORDS FROM THE publisher



Just call me Pollyanna. Inspiration can come from anything but we don't often recognize what has inspired us until we achieve what that inspiration led us to do.

My inspiration seeped out of the shadows of my darkest days. It was a combination of people, places and things. But above all, it was my own pain that inspired me to take a leap of faith and follow my passion to create Inspire Magazine.

I once heard Christian author Joyce Meyer say we are like a seed; we must go into the ground and into the dark before we can grow up and out into something greater. I couldn't agree more.

In May 2009 I was blessed with twins; a boy and a girl. We had the Million Dollar family as they say. But by February 2010, I became a prisoner of the dark. My 10-month-old son was diagnosed with an aggressive and incurable brain cancer. Our options were limited and less than favourable. My joy was buried.

In the years that followed, our family received many miracles that have kept my son, now almost seven, with us. But the journey is not easy. I have spent years trying to rebuild my life the way it was before cancer struck it down, and threw me off the tracks I smoothly travelled.

I was a train wreck and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get my life back on track – or what I thought was “on track.”

Tired of looking to find what I thought I had lost, I decided to make a change. I started surrounding myself with more positive people and regularly attending church. That's when the idea to create a Pollyanna-inspired magazine started to grow out of the darkness.

A classic novel by Elanor Heagy, Pollyanna is the story about a young girl who is innocently optimistic and genuinely grateful about life. Pollyanna tries to find something to be glad about in every situation, calling it the Glad Game. In psychology, the Pollyanna Principle refers to our natural positive bias. We tend to remember past experiences as rosier than they actually occurred.

Suddenly, instead of seeing my life as a tangled ball of thread, I saw the intricate details of a beautifully

designed tapestry.

There was no thread out of place.

We all have a tapestry woven specifically for us. Each moment of every day is a thread that binds our tapestry together. Like the vertical threads we cannot see in a finished tapestry, we cannot see the big picture of our life. Although hidden, they are vital components of every tapestry.

Sometimes, God will reveal a piece of our life's tapestry to keep us together and heal us from our suffering. But we must be mindful or we may miss what we have been shown.

From my most tedious jobs of data entry to the opportunities for program development, I was shown how every job – every thread – was sewn to lead me to this magazine. None of it would have happened if I hadn't been pushed into darkness by a parent's worst nightmare.

Too often all we see is that tangled ball of yarn.

We fear the dark, forget to play the game and never find our pollyanna. Focusing on the positive has made me a happier person.

Now, I encourage you to keep an open mind, an optimistic perspective (and a copy of Inspire Magazine) as your uniquely beautiful tapestry unravels.

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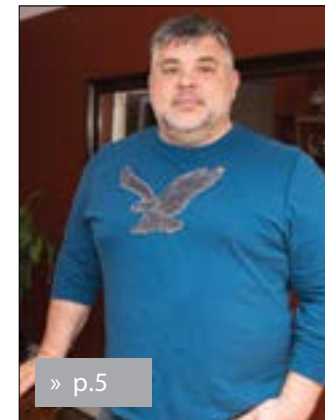
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IT ALMOST DESTROYED ME

LIFE STORY

By Carla Garrett

We are all human, and when we are cut, we all bleed the same... even the tough guys. Brad Enright is a fulltime firefighter who lives in Oxford County. His Life Story is horribly beautiful. It is a story of courage, unconditional love and proves you are never too broken to be put back together.

As they sit at the dining room table, Brad gazes at the young woman across from him. He remembers how light her hair used to be. He notices her hair is now longer and much darker. His eyes lock with hers and he is snapped back to reality; this is now a beautiful young woman, not the 10-year-old girl he remembers.

Nearly a decade has passed since he last had dinner with his daughter.

When she talks, it's as if it is coming from the mouth of a stranger.

"Her voice is different, she talks totally different," Brad says of his now 20-year-old daughter, Megan. "She is someone else entirely. In my head I still see the little girl I baked cookies with the day before I never saw her again."

Megan was a casualty of a disorder Brad didn't know he had.

His illness silently eroded his sense of self, but recklessly destroyed everything that surrounded him.

It took years before he could

understand the complexity of what was happening inside his mind and what it meant to have post traumatic stress disorder (PTSD).

Traumatized as a child in a household of abuse, alcoholism and mistrust, Brad lived in shame. His father was a sexual offender and had been locked up twice for preying on young girls. Brad was haunted by his past. It followed him into adulthood and peaked when he had his own children.

It crept into his working life as a fulltime firefighter. And every so often a call would trigger a flood of emotion to wash over him. Tragically, the waters never regressed.

"I felt too much, I couldn't stop feeling for them... it almost destroyed me," says Brad. "Nothing can explain what we go through. It hits you with all your senses and you see things you can never undo..."

Brad's pain turned to anger – a hatred for the world and himself. A rage that had years earlier made his daughter cut ties with him after his divorce with her mother.

"I only saw the bad qualities," Megan says today. "The things he said, just the way he was ... it made me sick."

Out of Control

“ I don't know what the end is... I just know that tomorrow is coming.



Photos by Mark Garrett

Brad still maintained a relationship with his second-born, Liam, but their relationship was strained.

Brad was using marijuana regularly, smoking up before and after work. He says it was his crutch, his coping mechanism that allowed him to function and focus.

“I was like a caged animal, ready to bite someone,” he says. “I needed to be softer ...and marijuana did that.”

His teenaged son struggled to understand his father’s choices, feeling more like the adult in the relationship than his 40-something father. Then one day Liam came home from school and “dropped the bomb” on his dad.

Liam confronted his dad about his reckless marijuana addiction which forced him to sever the relationship with his father.

“It’s tough to be an adult, 40-plus years of age, who goes to work, has huge responsibilities, watch life and death come and go, mitigate the times in people’s lives that are life altering events, and then be told by anyone, let alone my teenage son that he doesn’t accept certain choices I’ve made,” says Brad. “I was angry.”

He would catch himself twisting his steering wheel with rage, clenching his fists and gritting his teeth. He tried medications, but found himself only slipping further away.

“My mind was always racing with, I should have done this, and what if I had.”



Then a call at work came in about a teen boy trapped after crashing a speeding truck into a tree. The boy, crushed and bloodied, was slumped against the driver’s door when Brad got to him.

“The kid was in my arms trying to talk but couldn’t because his face was so damaged...”

Several feet away, police officers yelled to the boy: hang in there, you can make it.

But he didn’t. The boy was placed on a stretcher and Brad went back to work.

“I stepped away from that – with that boy’s blood and teeth on me – and we had nothing,” says Brad, a captain at his department. “That was the last call of a series that shattered my mental well being.”

There had been other calls involving children, about the same age as Liam, where all Brad could do was be there when they died.

“I just wanted to come home and see my kids,” he says.

But they wanted nothing to do with him.

“It totally messed with my mind. Changed me entirely.”

After that he didn’t care about anything. His second marriage was falling apart, his kids had left him, and his job was on the line.

“I felt like everything was out of control... and she did too,” Brad says of his wife Tammy.

She had met Brad months after his divorce. Her friends cautioned her about a relationship with him, but she saw “an innate goodness in him.”

It was Family Day weekend when the couple were visiting Tammy’s sister who just had a new baby boy.

Tammy watched as Brad held the small child in his burly arms. Tears welled in Brad’s eyes. “No one else could see it, but I could tell,” Tammy recalls.

Moved by his tears, she went to his side.

“He looks like him.” Brad told her of the baby who had died on a call just weeks before.

Until then, Tammy didn’t realize how much the trauma was affecting him day to day. Every negative event – and there were lots – pushed him further away. His goodness turned cold. He was combative, negative and highly charged.

“He was not the Brad I knew when he stopped responding to my emotional needs, when my tears did nothing to make him react,” says Tammy. “We were done.”

A New Beginning

It was the second last game of the high school football season. Liam was a linebacker, and the team was leading



As a first responder, I can only try to offer hope to someone who feels hopeless, or tell someone who is constantly angry that it is possible to find peace.

But Liam got a penalty and then another. If he got a third, he wouldn’t be able to play in the final game, so his coach pulled him.

“I was livid,” says Liam, who walked away from his team.

Brad was watching his son and came over to him. He placed his hand on Liam’s shoulder and told him “this isn’t going to help your team. Go lead, go be the leader you are.”

That’s when it clicked.

“That was some real dad advice and made me realize he has come a long way,” says Liam sitting on the couch at his father’s house. “That was a real dad moment. I was so proud of him.”

In a last ditch effort to save or at least end their marriage peacefully, Tammy and Brad had started seeing a counsellor. Unlike other therapists in the past, Brad says this one was different.

“I call it luck and some people call it faith, but we were meant to find her,” says Brad.

Piece by piece and treatment after treatment, his shattered life started to be put back together.

Brad was properly diagnosed with PTSD and addressed the issues with his employer with hopes of changing policy and eventually sharing his story with new recruits.

Brad renewed the bond with his wife, earned the respect of his son and eventually reconnected with his daughter.

“There was a long time where I referred to him as Liam’s dad or Brad. It’s just starting where I can call him dad,” says Megan.

She had contacted him after hearing he wasn’t doing very well.

“It was causing me anxiety,” she says, “because if I lost him I wouldn’t have the opportunity to see him again and try to work things out. I guess I just always thought that he would be there whenever I was ready.”

The two spent Christmas together – the first in nearly a decade. Megan now visits her dad whenever she is home from university. They laugh together, smile and share meals and stories together– things neither saw happening a few years ago.

Tears fill Brad’s eyes as he thinks about the years lost with his daughter, “there is still a void there that makes

me sad. But sad is better than anger.”

While still recovering, the change already in Brad is “profound,” says Tammy.

“I don’t feel like I have to guard my feelings and ideas about things anymore... He is just a calmer being.”

And Brad can’t thank his wife enough for riding out the storm with him.

“She’s been my lighthouse in the stormiest weather imaginable...” says Brad. “When every other woman I know would be overwhelmed or crack, she constantly rises above.”

With two years of therapy behind him and a lot of soul searching, Brad can now reflect on his past and confidently say, “I am content.”

The story is not over, but Brad says it is heading in the right direction.

“I don’t know what the end is... I just know that tomorrow is coming.” More at www.inspiremagazine.ca

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Chief: We can get through this

POSITIVITY

For all the man has seen he always has a smile. In his 30-plus year career in policing, Woodstock Police Chief Bill Renton sees the worst in people everyday. But despite the negativity, he finds the positive.



WHAT WAS THE MOST DIFFICULT TIME IN YOUR LIFE?

I have been exposed to so many instances of death and despair. As a police officer, like fire and , we are confronted with so much human tragedy. To answer the question without really answering it, I would have to say that all the death and or homicide investigations I have been involved in were all troubling as they all had their own dynamic and story, ending with the sad reality that life has been lost and a family was left to deal with the pain.

WHAT IS YOUR MOTIVATION TO STAY POSITIVE?

First and foremost is my family. To stay positive is also to stay healthy and have the ability to care and provide for your family. Secondly, friends are a very big part of my life and I enjoy time with them. As well, to be effective in my work, I need

to remain positive to support and motivate those I work with. In like, their positive attitudes supported me an encouraged me in my roles.

WHAT HELPS LIGHTEN YOUR OUTLOOK?

Family. I am blessed with an amazing family. A great wife and three children and now our first grandbaby “Ben”, as well as my parents and “outlaws” and three brothers and their families. We are all very close and from that, the many positive aspects of our lives are reinforced.

Friends. I have incredible friends who provide support, entertainment and friendship. Many friends are long-time friends and several are from hockey teams, golf or a service club I belong to. From that I gain a lot of strength and positive reinforcement.

WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?

“We can get through this. Sometimes those negatives may seem very dark and troublesome, but I do firmly believe that if we feel “we can get through this”, there is the motivation to work hard to resolve the issue and work toward better times.

WHO INSPIRES YOU?

My wife, Sue is a great inspiration to me. She has been an incredible mother and spouse Sue has worked all her career either with

developmentally challenged adults or youth. For the past 15 years she has been an Educational Assistant working with special needs students, some physically fragile, others with exceptional needs. She is able to remain so positive, caring and compassionate to all. Simply a natural inspiration.

WHAT'S YOUR ADVICE ABOUT HOW TO KEEP A POSITIVE PERSPECTIVE?

We just have to be thankful for all that we have. Sure there are difficult times in everyone's life and there are many things out of our control, but one must dig deep and see the true value in our lives and be content where we are. Take time to reflect and put the situation in perspective. If you don't like where you are, then work to make those changes.

HOW HAS YOUR LIFE IMPROVED BY HAVING A POSITIVE ATTITUDE?

I think we have to be honest, that we are not always as positive as we want and I have been called “grumpy” at times, but as you get older you can really see the positives much clearer. I think being positive simply allows you to enjoy the little pleasures in life much more and appreciate the important people and events so much more. It allows you to deal with and discern the negatives and keep them in perspective, so they are much easier to overcome.

Renewed by Grace

Within our homes there is a window that allows us to observe God's creation. This window reflects God's beauty in his landscape of trees where birds nestle in the branches, and there are glimpses of clouds above reminding us of God's intricate hands that birthed this world into beauty. Presently, this window reflects a season of dullness. It reveals squirrels scavenging for food, limited sun peering through the window and the hibernation of once life-filled trees. Spring will be upon us soon. God's creation will be filled with beauty as the flowers and trees blossom, and animals begin to wake to create new life. The amazing symbolism in God's creation patterns itself in change and growth. Spring is a time of renewal, but also a time of remembrance. We approach a day where we are reminded of God's grace reconciled in Christ Jesus when he died on the cross for us. We are offered forgiveness, as our gracious Heavenly Father loves us.

As we look at God's creation it reveals symbolism in how our relationships also reflect changing seasons. Our relationships with friends, family, or our spouse have times of conflict, suffering, and dullness. During these seasons we lose hope and faith that things will be different. These seasons can result in hurt words, avoidance and detachment. It can cause a natural response to strike back and deliver the same pain in return. This causes us to hold onto resentment and

bitterness that continues to cause a season that never changes. Our hurting season becomes paralyzed as we focus only on the same rush of negative experiences and emotions. God's creation changes with the seasons, but we pose a risk to having the same season remain in our relationships depending on how we choose to look out the window of our circumstances.



When we harbor resentment and bitterness it creates a heart that fosters unforgiveness. Our minds, hearts and bodies feel the burden of this pain, and transfers to all relationships.

How do we change these seasons of our relationships to a place where we can have hope and persevere until renewal has been achieved? We extend forgiveness to those that have hurt us, and allow this grace to mend, heal and cleanse our heart. God's creation reveals that nature of forgiveness through a magnificent rock called a Geode. This rock appears dull and plain, but found within is the deposits of sparkling crystals. When we allow grace to form within us through prayer and allowing the word to breath life into us, we begin to resemble the sparkling of quartz found inside this Geode by walking with the power

By
TINA
SMITH



of a grace-filled life. We all have a choice to make the seasons of our relationships less difficult with the same opportunity that was extended to us by the grace of Jesus Christ when he died on the cross for our sins. We can offer forgiveness. We can offer forgiveness to people that seek restoration and to people that do not. Forgiveness leads to better health in all of us, change to the world, and leads people to know God. As we learn to extend grace to those around us, we begin to conform to the character of Jesus Christ. This grace flows to those relationships that are in a season of suffering, dullness, and conflict. There is power in forgiveness to renew our relationships, and all begins with the touch of grace.

God is waiting to help change your relationships to a season of growth and newness. The bible states “get rid of all bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander, along with every form of malice. Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you” (Ephesians 4:31-31). As we look out our windows to observe the changes in God's creation we need to observe our own faint reflection peering back at us with this question, “How can I change my heart and mind to reflect a season of growth where I can extend grace to those in my life, if even they do not seek it?”

Tina Smith is a registered Social Worker and EMDR therapist in Woodstock.

Few people plan for difficult times in their personal lives. We plan for a house, babies, cars, holidays, everything wonderful.

Yet, eventually, trouble always finds us. And that is where I found myself on September 27, 2011.

My husband and I were in a small room at London Health Sciences Center as a doctor and nurse practitioner told us our first baby was going to be born with a serious heart condition. Hypoplastic Left Heart Syndrome (HLHS), which meant only half of the heart was functioning and capable of sustaining life.

So much of that day is seared in my memory, but mostly I felt adrift. The plans I had made for a beautiful, healthy, perfect baby were dashed months before it was even born.

And just like that, the course of my life, the depth of my faith, changed forever. In the best way possible.

On February 6, 2012 we welcomed our oldest girl. She appeared to be the opposite of what we were told to expect. She was pink and screaming. She was immediately brought to Sick Kids and three days later she went under the knife. I cannot pretend I was anxious because I wasn't; I felt kind of cold and detached. After eight hours she was back in critical care looking very ill, very much the opposite of the dream baby. There was a month in hospital as she recovered and then three months at home. I was determined to do it all myself. I was so sleep deprived I really can't remember much about those three months. And then she was back to Sick Kids for her second surgery.

2 hearts Changed Forever

TESTIMONY

By Tania Klingenberg



Photo by Mark Garrett

Being given a sick child was an opportunity to either grow my faith and deepen my resolve, or a chance for me to use my anger as a springboard to leap away from the God I had been raised with.



We were told it would be a quick recovery. But after a week in critical care, it was apparent that she was not getting better. She was in heart failure. Our only options were to list her for transplant or let her go. We listed her. We were told to expect a three to six month wait for a heart. After three months we decided we were not going to wait to grow our family. A heart should arrive soon and we would be home before the next baby arrived. But that didn't happen. Instead, we waited and waited. She was listed for a year. At least six other children received hearts before her. We watched her get worse and worse.

Hope ebbed and flowed as we began to doubt the system. And then, a year to the day later, she went in for surgery. A family had graciously given, out of their most difficult moment, a heart for our girl. We had a week-old baby and an 18-month-old in critical care. It was busy. And tiring. And stressful. Recovery was long and difficult. It was almost 16 months before we finally were home again. But we were home.

While the time spent with our sick child at Sick Kids was instrumental in affirming, strengthening, and deepening my faith, the truest challenge was coming home again. God used my time in Toronto to set a stronger foundation

for the work He was going to continue when we came home. Looking back at my life before my daughter Aleeda, I can honestly say my relationship with God was an arms-length, acquaintance type relationship. At least from my end. I knew the stories, could answer the questions, pass the tests. But it was all surface. I hadn't allowed my heart to be touched in a real way. Salvation was just a sense of eternal security.

My time away from real life, sequestered in a controlled environment of medications, code blues, sickness and death, was almost too overwhelming to do any real growing. But it was the perfect opportunity for me to really let my heart be touched and moulded and softened towards the Father. My hope was more sure, my belief was deeper, my desire to know more was increased. God taught me patience, taught me gratefulness, taught me to see joy in the most unexpected and surprising places. All these things were reinforcing my foundation. The real growing, however, has happened in the time since we came home.

When Aleeda was in hospital I clung to **Romans 8:28** "For all things work together for good for them that love the Lord, who are called according to His purpose." (See **HEART** Pg. 12)

HOPETOHONDURAS

MISSIONS



NATALIE DICKERT

In January, Dickert traveled to Tegucigalpa, Honduras to work at a camp, run by Schools of Hope, for underprivileged children, who were sponsored by Child Care Plus.

"Our mission was to show these kids that no matter what their circumstances are; God has a plan for their life, and they can find hope in His son Jesus."

At first, Dickert says it was hard to see the poverty as they flew into the capital. But once they reached the outer edge of the city, the poverty was "unimaginable." Neighbourhoods were shacks put together with wood or metal scraps. Homes are without running water and most families eat just one meal a day, she says. For the kids who went to camp, it

was a chance for them to shower, have their own bed and eat three meals a day. Dickert, who is the kids' pastor at Calvary Church in Woodstock, taught the campers Bible stories and fun songs in Spanish. "Although these kids live in severe poverty, they are some of the most joy-filled people I've ever seen. Our lives were impacted greatly," she says.

HEART: I held on for dear life to the last part; according to His purpose.

I never planned on having a sick kid. I never would have chosen that as a way of enriching my life. But I learned sometimes we are never going to get an answer to the "why" and sometimes just need to move on to the "what now, Lord?" I learned His purpose is always going to be better than mine, and that it will lead to an increase in my faith as long as I can hold to the truth that He knows better than me. And as we continue down this road that will never truly be free from medical teams and testing, as we wait for the inevitable next transplant, I am confident that my faith will stand the tests to come.

God has been so gracious, so steady, so true. He has shown me

that the attributes of His character are so much more than a list of words, they are the very things that help me as I strive to be the woman, wife, and mother that He desires. I feel the weight of **Phillipians 3:16** "Only let us live up to what we have already attained." Christ's death and my salvation are so much more than a great story. Having a daughter who needed someone else to die in order to live helped me understand the gravity of the gift I have been so freely given.

The true challenge is opening the door for God to become more than an acquaintance. Until I was able to see Him as a friend, as the Father, I never really felt the gravity of the sacrifice made on my behalf. If I never allowed myself to be touched and moulded by God's infinitely wise

hand, then I never would have felt a desire to become the person I am called to be, to become Christ-like.

I want to work at being worthy of this immense gift. I want to let God continue to reveal Himself to me as I am challenged to discover the joys of increasing holiness. I want to revel in the light and glorious joy of His design for my life. That is one of the greatest things I have received from the storm of my child's illness; that His glory and the joy of living in and for Christ will surpass my every hope, dream, and expectation. May I always work to discover more of the Word as I train my heart to long for a life greater than the one I have now.

Holiness will breed happiness, but happiness will never increase my holiness.



Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up.

~picasso

Photos taken at 4Cats Arts Studio Woodstock by Mark Garrett



Rockout

Rise Against Cancer VIII

By Carla Garrett

Jeff Abbott didn't want his wife to lose a second husband to cancer.

So, after 20 years of smoking, he quit.

His wife Enza had lost her first husband to cancer in his early 30s.

"...she is such a wonderful and caring person that I could not bare the thought that I may put her through that pain a second time knowing that smoking would eventually take its toll," says Abbott.

He then challenged his co-worker to quit. If she did, he would join her team in a walk for cancer and help fundraise.

Then the innocent bet between two colleagues, snowballed into an annual event for a forgotten local 80s band.

Abbott, a drummer for the once-popular band Sweet N Innocent, says "it may have been over email or perhaps a pint, but it was suggested that we get the group back together for a fun night and raise money to support our walking team."

Nine years later, a small reunion concert evolved into eight sold-out



Photo by Mark Garrett

shows, raising more than \$250,000 for charity.

"Everyone has someone in their life that has been impacted by this terrible disease... for me it was the loss of my best friend, my grandfather Douglas Maxwell Burton to pancreatic cancer," says Abbott. "He has continued to be my personal inspiration throughout my life and in almost everything I do and even now I can hear his words of encouragement and support."

For 364 days a year Abbott and the rest of the band are ordinary guys with regular day jobs. But for one night they get to live out their dream of being big-haired, spandex-clad rock stars.

"It's a fun night for a good cause. We hope to make a difference," says bassist Lee Brett. "It's a lot of work just to be rock stars for a day."

Rise Against Cancer VIII on May 7 supports One Walk to Conquer Cancer and Woodstock District Developmental Services (WDDS). Money raised from the event will help support the WDDS "Expansion Campaign...Opening Doors... Community is Key."

"We are happy to be part of this great community event that draws a large crowd of supporters for both cancer and WDDS," says Deb Roloson, WDDS community development coordinator.

More at www.inspiremagazine.ca



GemsandJava

Becoming a first-time mom brought more joy to Shelley Green than she could ever imagine. Read online about her journey to adopt a girl

from Ethiopia and how it inspired her to start her own charity, Mothers with a Heart for Ethiopia.

www.inspiremagazine.ca

A City of Giving



Woodstock Camera Club

Relay for Life is the Canadian Cancer Society's signature fundraiser. Locally there are three Relay events :June 3 in Tillsonburg, June 10, Woodstock and June 24 in Ingersoll. Gather a team of family, friends, co-workers or community group. Raise funds and have fun all while supporting those living with cancer in Oxford County. Since the first Relay in 2000, over \$7.2 million has been raised in Oxford County. Accept the baton - take the journey and go the distance.

www.relayforlife.ca



Woodstock Optimist Club is looking for new members. Join this organization to help inspire youth and build a better tomorrow for our kids. Optimists meet monthly at Habitual Chocolate. The more members, the more they can volunteer and find fresh ideas to raise funds to give back to the community. Join now! info@woodstockoptimistclub.com 519-608-9257



Hand Bags for Hospice

The 6th annual charity purse auction was held on Jan. 22 in support of VON Oxford's residential hospice, Sakura House. The event attracted over 850 guests. All proceeds from the event support the annual operation of VON Sakura House. Thanks to the support of events like this, VON Oxford can provide this care at no charge to patients. In less than 10 minutes, \$31,000 was raised to create a Childrens Bereavement Program. Total funds raised was \$141,861.



Travis Allison, Subtlevox Photography

United Way Oxford supports 211. If you don't know where to turn when faced with challenges in your life, 211 has the answers. This free, 24/7 online service helps you connect to people in government, health and social services in our community. 211 is an information and referral helpline. In an emergency, call 911 for police, fire and EMS.



Woodstock&District Developmental Services partners with the Rotary Club for the annual Fish Fry on Apr. 16 at the Oxford Aud. WDDS will launch a new "key" fundraiser along with the "Shooting for the Stars" auction. Proceeds will support the Expansion Campaign. And on Apr. 28, WDDS opens its doors for a community open house to showcase the positive changes to the 212 Bysham Park Dr. building.



CALVARY CHURCH

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