

Dear Editor,

I had considered preparing this letter proclaiming how deviant society has become, how crimes are rampant, even in our small towns, and how the breakdown of the family has contributed to escalating crime and strife all around us. "Where are the parents?" we exclaim! This is all true, but is not the point of my letter. Even yet, I force myself to find forgiveness.

Instead, I am writing this letter in a plea for information from your readers to recover a precious item from my childhood.

The picture you are viewing is of a metal bouncing horse (white in colour, with a gold mane and tail, and red saddle). It was a gift from my mother some 40 years ago, during a very dark time in our lives. With Christmas fast approaching and absolutely no financial resources, my mother traded a partially used bottle of perfume with a benevolent neighbour, in exchange for the horse. She painted it herself, and proudly presented it to me that Christmas. It is one of my most cherished possessions.

I am happy to point out that that bleak time in our lives is long over, and I have watched our 4 children happily play on that bouncing horse. It brought tremendous joy to my mother to see this also, mixed with a slight pang of sorrow to look back on those days of hardship, unable to comprehend how her life would eventually turn around.

Now, according to an eye-witness, a group of 6 youths felt compelled to violate our privacy, and remove the horse from our porch. This was at 1:30 A.M., Sunday, July 16, 2006. This was in addition to pushing over the Diabetes Assoc. donation box, stealing a cherub garden ornament from one neighbour, a chair from another, and throwing another neighbour's bench onto the cemetery grounds. The resident who observed these activities then pursued the youths. Once they were aware of his presence, they fled, dropping my horse on the sidewalk. This resident made chase until losing sight of the gang, then returned home, only to find that my horse was gone during that 10-15 minute interval. Where the horse is now, we can only speculate, but perhaps may have been picked up by a passing motorist.

If anyone has information to share in this incident, and can aid in the recovery of this article, I beseech your assistance and compassion towards a once very desperate family, and a precious memory of our perfume-bottle Christmas.

Most Sincerely,  
Mrs. Darlene Mulock  
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