

"Knowing that there are people who care about what I'm doing, that I'm not just running across Canada, that there are people who are giving money to help fight the disease that took my leg and to help other people who are lying down down in hospital beds all around the world, it's a reward."

—Terry Fox, Sept. 80—

On April 12, 1980, Terry Fox began his Marathon of Hope. His hope: to find a cure for cancer. His marathon started in St. John's Newfoundland and was to end in Vancouver, B.C. After 144 days and 3,339 miles, Terry had to stop running because the cancer had spread to his lungs. He was forced to stop outside of Thunder Bay, Ontario, much to his disappointment. Even though his thoughts were cut short, Terry has gotten his message to all Canadians — Cancer must be beaten. Since Terry stopped running his own marathon, over 67 million dollars have been raised in his name. As Terry wished, the money is used exclusively for cancer research. Although a sizable sum has been raised to date, much more is needed to conquer this crippling disease.



L to R: Gary Cole (President York Unit, Cancer Society); Mayor Brad Woodside; Gary Clarke (Organizer, F'ron Run); Chantelle Hanley (Asst. Coord.)

AWARD WINNING EDITORIAL

The following editorial written by Bob Mossman, Editor of the Bridgewater Bulletin was awarded top honours in the 1981 National Editorial competition sponsored by the Canadian Community Newspapers Association.

Terry Fox deserves an editorial that really can't be written.

You always lose something in transferring a feeling, or life itself into words, because really are just man-made labels. They only describe life or our feelings. They are not life, and they are not feelings.

There are times when television has its place. Television showed us Terry Fox. Shortly after we were introduced to him, and the nightly news clips of his Marathon of Hope progress started to be televised, our affinity with him began to grow. It grew to the point that many of us began to accept our tears as a natural part of the film clip we were viewing. We were simply saying: "How can you do that. Here I am with all of my limbs, and you're doing that, and I'm sitting here. This is not right. By God, at least I can cry."

The tears probably helped him. Terry fox was pure spirit. He gave up any lasting concern for his body long before he began his marathon in St. John's in April of 1980. To him, it was just a machine. He put it in the best shape possible, and the spirit took over, and drove that damn machine.

Terry possessed a quality that everyone naturally envies. He was one-pointed in a good sense. Being one-pointed in a good sense is an attribute that few of us have. The world would be a much better place if more people were like Terry Fox. Like Albert Schweitzer, or Mother Teresa, or Martin Luther King Junior. Canada has had only a small number of selfless giants. Such people are not hatched out of political worlds. In fact, they very often avoid the political maze. Their route is more direct, and in

many cases they just don't have the patience "to play the game".

People who are guided by rightful inspiration in this world very often lay aside considerations held sacred by the majority. Whether or not an action on our part will be painful is always a major consideration. Terry Fox, from what he went through in running halfway across the country, must have considered pain almost a non-priority on his list of considerations.

Terry's sense of determination is still for the most part a mystery to us. Certainly he was angry at cancer, and being awakened to the high cost of treatment and research, through his own experience with the disease, decided to launch himself, in an effort to literally beat cancer into the ground. The worthiness of his cause is unquestionable. Cancer is an indiscriminate killer. It strikes at any age and shatters the happiness of families all over the world.

We may never know the exact nature of Terry's inner self that prompted his crusade. In just four and a half months Terry's profile went from very low to very high, as stations around the world began to televise his marathon progress. Perhaps his action tells us enough. God, he was determined. We couldn't watch him with almost feeling his pain. We couldn't watch him without internally pleading for him to stop. But Terry wouldn't.

I don't think he ever did - stop. The machine halted temporarily in Thunder Bay, but not in spirit. The machine gave out completely on Sunday, June 28 in British Columbia. But not the spirit. It's just impossible to destroy the spirit.

Terry Fox was trying to tell us that. Let's never forget it.

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