

# One Way of Looking At It

with Jai Darshanand

## Unfettered and entrenched

Let's see, a Gibson acoustic guitar, a black Lexus, a four-week holiday - one of many, in the South of France and a sixty-inch flat screen TV, with surround sound. Better yet, I'd get a new custom built house with a theatre in the basement, complete with plush armchairs, popcorn machine, pool table, ping pong table and of course a beer fridge. If only I win the 649 tonight...

I was contemplating this idyllic exist-

ence one Saturday morning at breakfast, when my wife interrupted my thoughts with a public service announcement: we had to replace the kitchen sink because it now qualified for CPP, or words to that effect.

The man at a home supply store that shall remain nameless assured me nonchalantly that replacing a sink was a piece of cake, even for a clueless homeowner like myself. They rated it as one of the projects most incompetents could accomplish without much misery, and it did seem easy, come to think of it - take the old one out and drop the new one in.

The old sink did not surrender without a fight, and why should it? Would you get up and leave after sixteen years of lying there doing nothing? Sinks are no different from regular people, or even irregular ones; once we get set in our ways it's tough to change and get out of the old rut and routine. After half an hour of trying to pry the edges up from the countertop, I started to get a sinking feeling this project would drain every bit of my patience. Then I noticed there were clamps underneath, and in a state of euphoria, I promptly undid them, but without fanfare, because my wife was around and would have said something sarcastic. But the sink would not budge. It just sat there, unfettered yet entrenched. It occurred to me that's how I would feel when I won the lottery, unfettered and entrenched.

Finally, after an eternity of pushing from underneath and prying the edges up, I dislodged Rip van Sinkle. But, as I said before, sinks are like people, no

two are exactly alike, you don't just drop a new sink into the void created by the previous one.

The new sink didn't fit, the void was null, my Saturday was ruined and there was no more beer in the house.

I visited nameless again and fortunately for him, I did not see Mr. Nonchalant but an accomplice of his, who listened to my tale of woe and made some recommendations. I returned home with a jigsaw, a cool tool, that allowed me to modify the void, thus allowing the new sink to be sunk. Total cost of this project so far was \$350.00 plus beer. I have never used the jigsaw since, and it enjoys a heavenly existence in my basement workshop - the proverbial one hit wonder, never required to prove itself again, and retired at a young age. I wish I were so lucky.

But I could be lucky, you never know. After all, I did have a 649 ticket for the draw that night. If I won, I would buy myself a cell phone, but not just any cell phone, an iPhone. My old Samsung flip phone would bite the dust, shuffle off its mortal ring tone and I would no longer be ashamed of whipping it out in public for all to see. I would carry my iPhone around proudly, like everyone else, my head lowered in solemn contemplation of its wonderment. I would even learn to send text messages; I'm all thumbs anyway when it comes to technical things, so I would be a quick study.

The ringing of the kitchen phone broke my reverie. It was the plumber, Paul, whom I'd contacted earlier, calling to say he would come by within the hour.

For some reason, I could not connect

the old drainpipes to the new sink; the entire configuration was out of sync, but that could have been due to the beer in which I had drowned my frustration.

I did consider a third pilgrimage to nameless, but what would be the point of such an exercise? It would be like going to Confession, to purge my soul of all ineptitude and beg the indulgence of yet another Customer Service person. Instead, I just kept my fingers crossed, hoping I would win the lottery so I could afford to pay the plumber.

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## VIEWPOINTS

How well do you know the highways and byways of Uxbridge Township? The first person each week to call into our office number, 905-852-1900, and correctly identify the location of our photo, will receive a prize; this week, it's two tickets for *Oliver* at the Music Hall. Last week's viewpoint (lower photo) was on the wall at the Family Health Clinic. It was guessed by Katie Fortune of Uxbridge. We'll have the answer to the upper photo next week. Photos by Renee Leahy.



**Oliver!**  
Produced with special permission by the Village of Uxbridge

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Sun, Feb. 10 @ 2pm  
all tickets \$10  
Thurs, Feb. 14 @ 7:30pm  
Fri, Feb. 15 @ 7:30pm  
Sat, Feb. 16 @ 3pm & 7:30pm  
Sun, Feb. 17 @ 2pm  
Thurs, Feb. 21 @ 7:30pm  
Fri, Feb. 22 @ 7:30pm  
Sat, Feb. 23 @ 3pm & 7:30pm

## DO YOU HAVE HEADACHES?

If you suffer with headaches, I can relate. As a teenager I endured frequent and severe headaches and was told to live with them and take medication to dull the pain. Of course the drugs did nothing to prevent the next headache. Even worse than that, I would get "rebound" headaches if I didn't take the pills.

This pattern continued until age 20 when I went to my first chiropractor.

Much to my amazement, the chiropractic adjustments cured my headaches. I was so impressed by this that I decided to switch career paths and become a chiropractor too.

Most headaches are literally a pain in the neck and shoulders.

Joint stiffness, poor

posture, and tight muscles and fascia irritate sensitive nerves which in turn "refer" the pain to the head.

These same hyper-sensitized nerves are what make people prone to the common headache triggers such as change in weather, stress, certain foods, strong smells, loud noises etc. Remove the cause (irritated nerves) and these triggers no longer have an effect.

Life is too short to waste days of your life with headaches. Call today for a no-charge consultation and treatment plan to eliminate your headaches.



*Dr. John Clark,  
Chiropractor and  
Acupuncture Provider*

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