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## Weather



TODAY:  
SUNNY

HIGH OF 6  
LOW OF -7



TUESDAY:  
SUNNY

HIGH OF 9  
LOW OF -3



WEDNESDAY:  
SHOWERS

HIGH OF 5  
LOW OF 2



THURSDAY:  
CLOUDY,  
SHOWERS

HIGH OF 12  
LOW OF 2



FRIDAY:  
60% CHANCE  
OF SHOWERS

HIGH OF 10  
LOW OF -1

# Reflections when a mentor dies - In Memory James (Jim) Richard Colley



## THE SCOOP

### MABLE HASTINGS

“Those schoolgirl days of telling tales and biting nails are gone

But in my mind I know they will still live on and on

But how do you thank someone who has taken you from crayons to perfume? It isn't easy, but I'll try

If you wanted the sky I would write across the sky in letters

That would soar a thousand feet high "To Sir, With Love" By: Lulu

Released on June 14, 1967 in the USA, I cannot to this day hear this song without thinking of two prominent men who played a key role in my adolescent life; my grade 7 teacher, Gerry Curran and my High School guidance Counselor, "Jim" James Richard Colley.

I had what I can best describe as, the pleasure of attending Massey Vanier High School as a teen in the early 80's. I was a poor kid from a rural community who did not possess much in the way of modern clothing, money or life experience. The High School was huge and I remember feeling overwhelmed and afraid. Over weight and coming from a large family where I ranked smack dab in the middle, I had lost my brother when I was fourteen and I was, for lack of a better word; a mess. The cards were stacked against me and the first time I decided to skip school might have had a very different outcome had it not been for the keen eye and heart of a very special man.

I remember sauntering down the hallway trying to look inconspicuous with the intention of hiding on the "French side" in a bathroom until the period would be over and it would be lunchtime. As I approached the end of the hall, there in the doorway of a room stood one of the prettiest men I had ever

seen. Blond straight hair flipped to the side, big blue eyes and a grin that tilted to the right side of his face exposing perfect teeth.

"Hey, where you headed," he asked?

Before I knew it, I was sitting in his office baring my soul. He didn't yell at me as I had expected. He didn't judge my feelings and he didn't try to talk me out of them. He listened and then he invited me out for lunch; his treat! That was this first time I smelled his black leather jacket as we walked to McDonalds together. It was September but his jacket smelled like Christmas and comfort; an emotion that now had a smell of its own. Jim Colley became everything I wanted to be. He saw me through high school and made such an impact on my life that I promised myself that I would one day walk in his footsteps and help youth. I would strive to make kids feel accepted and respected regardless of their clothing, money situation and family life. And, I would do it all while smelling like something wonderful that made my hugs feel like the promise of spring after winter's cold.

I have worked with youth for 32 years now in my small community which I love. I have been the keeper of secrets

and the bridge to understanding on many of occasions. There has never been a day that I have regretted the profession I chose nor my reason for pursuing the career I have. Always hoping, that one day, a youth might find in my support half of what I found in the company of Mr. Colley.

I learned this past week that on March 13, Jim Colley had died. I was instantly transported back to the days of my youth and the gifts he bestowed upon me in his being in my life. As an adult when I would meet up with him, I thought too about how he was embarrassed as I saw a God and he knew he was a mere mortal. That was Jim Colley; humble and likely unaware of his gift in making a life better just by his being.

"The time has come, for closing books and long last looks must end, and as I leave

I know that I am leaving my best friend. A friend who taught me right from wrong,

And weak from strong that's a lot to learn. What, what can I give you in return?

To Sir, with love."  
Godspeed Mr. Colley



Mable Hastings and Jim Colley taken on Mable's graduation day in 1982

## Ben by Daniel Shelton

