

CHRISTMAS

1990

AND the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people; for today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you, & he is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will." Luke 2:10-14

Merry Christmas

THE LEADER and the REVIEW

Russ Preston
Aline Preston
Gwen Veilleux
Daryl Preston
Ken Nelson

John Bruce
Stuart Bailey
Toni Bruneau
Shannon Shiels
Terri Jansson

Linda Dalglish
Gladys Godt
Linda Veroneau
Manju Lodha

Supplement to *THE LEADER* and the *REVIEW*



Lieutenant-Governor George Johnson and Doris Johnson.

PREMIER'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

The Christmas season provides us with the opportunity to pause from routine activities to gather with family, relatives and friends and participate in its festivities.

As we do so, we should reflect that in a rapidly changing world, the timeless message of Christmas is one of the few things that remain constant.

This has been so through the decades and centuries, and it remains so today on the first Christmas of the 1990s as we embark on the last decade of the millennium.

Time does not dim, nor the years dilute, the message of peace and goodwill, truth and justice, love, compassion and hope. These are the underlying principles of the unchanging message of Christmas which humankind continues to yearn and strive for.

As we recall once again these noble, time-honoured themes, my wife, Janice, our family and my colleagues in government join me in wishing every Manitoban a festive season that is meaningful, joyous and peaceful.

Gary Filmon



Premier Gary Filmon and Janice Filmon.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM SHARON CARSTAIRS

Christmas is a special time of year when we gather with friends and family to celebrate the birth of a child 2,000 years ago. He came to spread a message of love, peace and goodwill, a message that remains as important today as ever.

Christmas is a time to reflect on our fortunes and a time to help the less fortunate; a time to give thanks for all that we have and a time to be mindful of those who have not; a time to share our joys and a time to cheer the sorrowful.

It is my sincere hope that all the love and warmth of Christmas will be yours as you join in the festivities of the season. Best wishes for a peaceful and happy holiday and a prosperous new year.

CHRISTMAS EDITION 1990

MESSAGE FROM THE HONOURABLE GEORGE JOHNSON, M.D., LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA

The Christmas season is a time to count our blessings. Each Christmas brings this special opportunity for me to wish every one of you a full measure of joy and personal fulfillment at Christmas and in the days and years ahead.

Christmas brings people together in a renewed spirit of hope. With the true honoured message of peace on earth and goodwill to all.

We must work diligently all year to do what we can to advance the cause of peace and goodwill to all, at home and abroad; to ensure children of our loving care; to uplift the less fortunate through sharing; and to promote harmony among people through understanding. In short, to continue our good works on a daily basis.

If we do these things, we will help fulfill the promise and meaning of Christmas and make this a better world. As you gather with family, relatives and friends, my wife and I wish you and yours a joyous, healthy and thoughtful Christmas.

George Johnson, M.D.

ABITIBI-PRICE INC.



A GROWING COMMITMENT TO THE FUTURE

Best Wishes for a Safe and Happy Holiday Season



O

Christ-

mas tree,

O Christmas

tree, With happi-

ness we greet you.

When decked with

candles once a year, You

fill our hearts with Yuletide

cheer. O Christmas tree, O Christ-

mas tree, With happiness we greet

you. O Christmas tree, O Christmas

tree, How lovely are your branches. In

summer sun, in winter snow, A dress of

green you always show. O Christmas tree,

O Christmas tree, How lovely are your branches

OLD CAROL

May your Christmas carol repeat the sounding joy.

CHRISTMAS EDITION 1990, THE REVIEW, PINE FALLS, MANITOBA

A Dozen Silk Diapers

by Melissa Kajpust

A long time ago, there was a very loving mother spider. She and her 52 children lived in a warm, cozy stable just outside of Bethlehem.

Mother spider was very considerate, always thinking of others; never herself. When the little lamb who lived in the stable broke his leg, the mother spider spun a web round and round his leg to form a strong and sturdy cast. When the roof was leaking, she plugged the hole with mud that she had glued together with her silk web.

A time came to pass when a beautiful glowing star cast its light upon the warm, cozy stable. The wee baby spiders asked their mother why the star shone so brightly. Their mother replied that she was not quite sure, yet she thought it must be a blessing.

One fine evening, when the star shone with an exceptional brilliance, a wonderful thing happened. A young woman by the name of Mary came to the stable and gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. She and her husband Joseph named him Jesus. The spiders and stable animals looked on gently as Mary wrapped the baby in soft blankets.

The little spiders wished very much to visit with the new baby, even though their mother had warned them that people found spiders creepy and a visit could prove deadly. Grudgingly, they crawled to their comfy web under the cattle trough.

One particular night, the special star shone very brightly through a small crack in the wall. One little spider could not sleep, so he decided to sneak away and have a closer look at Mary's new baby. He crawled up the wall and onto his favorite rafter. He could not see from where he stood, so he tip-toed very close to the edge. He stretched his eight

skinny legs out as far as he could. His knobby knees began to quiver, his round ball of a body began to shake, and before he knew what was happening, he fell, right into the manger where Jesus slept. When he opened his four buggy eyes, Mary was peering down at him. He had heard terrible stories about people squashing spiders. He expected a scream, but he heard gentle laughter. Mary picked him up and calmly told him that little spiders do not belong in mangers, but in their webs with their mothers. She carefully placed him on the rafter and he raced home to tell his mother what had happened.

Mother spider was a little disappointed with her baby, he knew he was not permitted to leave the web alone. Yet she was grateful for Mary's kindness.

Early that evening, after mother spider had tucked all her children into the web, she overheard Mary and Joseph talking. Mary said that the diapers she had just washed would never dry by morning and that she had nothing but straw with which to make diapers.

Mother spider thought this was dreadful. She could not imagine such a beautiful

baby in stiff, uncomfortable straw diapers. Suddenly, she had a wonderful idea. She hurried back to the web and woke all of her 52 children to tell them her plan.

All through the night, the wee baby spiders spun silk while mother spider wove it all together. She worked very quickly. It was times like this when eight legs came in very handy. Just as the sun rays stretched their new arms over the eastern horizon, mother finished.

There they were, one dozen silk diapers, looking very splendid indeed. The little lamb with the now mended leg, gladly helped move the diapers to the manger where Jesus slept.

When Mary awoke, she was delighted and surprised. At first, she could not think where the beautiful silk diapers had come from. Then she remembered the little spider. She looked up to the rafter and spotted the loving mother spider smiling at her. Mary smiled back and said, "I showed kindness to your baby and now you show kindness to mine. Thank you, dear spider. I shall never forget these dozen silk diapers."

Based on a German folk tale *Never Kill a Spider because when Mary ran out of diapers, a spider spun her some.*

Greetings of the Season



Season's Greetings to the residents of Powerview, Pine Falls, St. Georges, Fort Alexander, Hollow Water, Manigotagan, Seymourville, Little Black, Bissett, the LGD of Alexander, and the Beaches.

from all the members and staff of the Powerview RCMP Detachment

RING IN A JOYOUS SEASON



Glad tidings to one and all! Here's hoping the holidays bring the best of everything to our friends!

To my great milk customers

Tracy

School's Milk Distributors

All aglow for the Holidays



It's a pleasure to greet our friends at this time and wish you all the happiness the season can bring.

School's Milk Distributors

John, Jan and Family

Greetings

Kindergarten students and Mrs. Barker of Wanipigow School would like to wish all parents and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The Grade 2 students and Mrs. Fontaine would like to wish everyone all the Best in the New Year and a Christmas filled with Peace and Joy.

Thoughts on the holidays

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus." Remember those words? They have been repeated many thousands of times over the years since a newspaper editor responded to a little girl who asked the question, "Is there a Santa Claus?"

Every year, parents of younger school age and preschool children wonder, and a few worry, about this inevitable question. In most families, the older children have given up their belief in the jolly, red-suited man, while the younger children still hold tightly to the belief that he/she somehow comes down the chimney after having parked his sled on the roof.

Parents of children who still believe in Santa question whether it is harmful for their child to believe in someone who really isn't. They question whether this myth will undermine the child's faith in other things the parents tell the child. It is comforting to realize that millions of people in this country have believed, have then found out that Santa does not really exist, but now as adults, still have a warm spot in their hearts for that mythical figure of Christmas.

Most children are not harmed by believing; they gradually come to realize that Santa is a myth. If a young child hears an older brother or sister say that Santa isn't a real man, he/she just doesn't hear. The "factual" information doesn't make sense to him/her

Corner Stone

by Marilyn Zarecki
Home Economist
Manitoba Agriculture
Beauséjour, 268-1411

and doesn't mean anything to him/her.

If the child, upon hearing such information, is ready to give up the belief, then he/she may strongly defend the existence of Santa. He/she may even shed tears and be unhappy. But those tears usually signal that the child is ready to accept the factual information. Even when the child of seven or eight does accept the factual information, he/she will still believe or reject only what he/she is ready to believe and reject.

Children of preschool age have well-developed imaginations. Some children have imaginary but "real" friends. They can manufacture a story a mile long and believe every word of it, while at the same time knowing that it isn't really true. And so it is with Santa. He exists. He is very real in the mind of the four or five year-old.

As the child grows older, he/she gradually develops a full appreciation of what Christmas is. The very young child, under 12 months of age, will probably not be at all impressed with the idea of

Christmas. He/she will be far more interested in the wrapping paper. First-time parents and/or grandparents frequently expect too much from the child — and sometimes are very disappointed when a nine-month-old does not fulfill their expectations.

The child or toddler age up to around three probably will be greedy. This age child will want and insist on opening every package and when a package is given to another person, he/she sits teary-eyed saying "Anything more for me?" If we as parents expect this kind of behavior then we won't be disappointed when the child doesn't act like an angel that adorns the top of the tree. Again, one important aspect of parenting is understanding what to expect from a child at different ages.

The child in his/her fourth year will have an interest in Santa and will be excited and pleased with the presents he/she receives. From toddlerhood on, the decorations will probably attract the child's attention. He/she may sit staring at the lights for long periods of time. He/she will

be curious about the ornaments. And, of course, he/she will want to rearrange some of them. Santa becomes very real to the four-year-old child. Every detail becomes important, even the snack for the tired old gentleman must be left in a prominent place on Christmas Eve.

In the later preschool years, the child can be included in many of the activities that precede Christmas. Parents have a good opportunity to allow the child to express his creativity by allowing and encouraging him/her to help decorate the house, make cookies, or trim the tree. Regardless of the end result of decorating on the child's part, praise him/her for their efforts. Remember, he/she may be more creative than mom or dad and he/she needs this opportunity and many others throughout the year to develop and express creativity. Remember also that contrary to the instructions printed on Christmas tree light boxes, there is really no one way to trim a tree. A child sees the tree from a different angle. Let his ideas count, too.

At first glance, we may not see all the opportunities that

are available to us as parents when we think of children and activities of the holidays. But there are many, many opportunities for the child to learn to do things and to practice making decisions.

JOY TO ALL

I wish to extend Season's Greetings to everyone from your electrolux representative

ROLAND DUVAL

367-8324

Season's Best



BISON TRANSPORT

would like to thank all their customers for their support over the past year. We wish you all the best during the festive season, and peace and prosperity in the New Year.

Warmest Wishes!



Len's Fine Fare Ltd.
Albert Beach Phone 756-2397

Bandy and Dennis Houston wish one and all a Prosperous and Peaceful Christmas and New Year.



Tree of Lights Donations

In memory of:

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Mr. & Mrs. Lazaruk
Mr. & Mrs. Lazaruk
Mr. & Mrs. Lazaruk
Gene & Susan Lazaruk

We at *THE REVIEW* take this opportunity to express our appreciation to those who contributed articles for this special Christmas edition.

Special thanks to the advertisers who without their support, this section would not be possible.

Our apologies to the young school children whose articles were not published. However, due to deadline restraint, time did not allow for typesetting and printing.

Please have a Safe and Happy Festive Season, and all the Best in '91.



Clifford Houston Jr. is all dressed up to visit Santa in a tuxedo made for him by his mother Dianne.


JOY TO ALL



'Tis the season to be jolly... have a merry Christmas!

Great Falls Community Club

A very merry Christmas to our clients and their families.



PAUL LAVOIE LTD.

Rene Lavoie, President

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to our friends, business associates and cherished employees.

Seasons Greetings!

Best wishes for a safe and joyous holiday season.



Darren, Shelly & Kaitlin

DARREN PRAZNIK
M.L.A. Lac du Bonnet
Constituency

Christmas Pudding

by Deb Froese
Brad didn't like Christmas pudding, but his mother made it every year anyway. It was a family tradition. She put all kinds of things in Christmas pudding. Funny wrinkled nuts and dried fruit, butter and flour, and something icky called suet. Brad didn't like any of those things.

The only good part about Christmas pudding was the sauce. He liked to eat that by the spoonful. But, his mother always made him eat pudding with it. He would smother the pudding in as much sauce as he could find and then swallow it quickly. It was sort of like drowning liver in mashed potatoes.

One year, Brad told his mother he would make the pudding. She told him to make sure and clean up after.

He dumped all his favorite food in his mother's biggest mixing bowl. Only good things were going into his pudding. There was peanut butter and grape jelly, bananas and raisins, leftover franks and beans, and lots of ketchup. Fruit cocktail, jelly-beans, and jam were good. And of course, he added his super duper favorite — chocolate chips.

Brad knew that any good cook would add some butter, flour and sugar to pud-

ding, so he threw a few handfuls of those things in too. He added six eggs to make all of the other ingredients stick together, and a little chocolate milk for good measure.

He poured the batter into his mother's turkey roaster because it was the only pan big enough for his special Christmas pudding. He set the oven to 350 degrees, just where his mother always did when she baked his favorite cookies. And he put the turkey roaster in the oven.

He watched it and watched it and watched it. After about three hours, Brad decided to take the pudding out of the oven. It was starting to get a little dark on top.

He cleaned up the kitchen just like he promised he would.

That year, Brad had a bigger helping of Christmas pudding than anyone. He was so busy eating his plateful that he didn't notice everyone else smothering their pudding in as much sauce as they could find.

Joyous Holidays

Every good wish for Happiness at this Christmas Season and throughout the coming year.

Pine Falls Five Pin Bowling League

PEACE

WINNIPEG RIVER LIONS CLUB

Thanks the community for their support this year and the years that have passed. We cannot function without you and count on your continued support.

Christmas JOY

WE WISH YOU THE SEASON'S BEST!

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Powerview Restaurant

Chinese and Canadian Food
Dine in or take-out orders

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Merry Christmas

from all our families at the

PINE FALLS SERVICE CENTRE

HOLIDAY HOURS:

Dec. 24 - 8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Dec. 31 - 8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Dec. 25 - CLOSED Jan. 1 - CLOSED
Dec. 26 - CLOSED

Best Wishes & Happy New Year

Santa Claus visits Pine Falls

by Linda J. Dalgleish
Kris Mouse said, "the best part of Christmas is Christmas Eve when the children are waiting for their toys."

As always, the parents were like the candy best, and Santa's jolly face and the little elf Tiffanie Henderson (8 months) cried but Cassidy (2½ years) sat on his lap nicely.

Most of them had a good time waiting for Santa. Some screamed at the sight of Santa's jolly face and the little elf Tiffanie Henderson (8 months) cried but Cassidy (2½ years) sat on his lap nicely.

Nathaniel Richor who just had his third birthday said he wants a typewriter.

Chastity and Erin Bruyere each wanted a doll but Mallory was holding out for a lawnmower. Hopefully Santa will be able to find one in his back warehouse.

Claudette McDonald wanted a Super Mario Bros. 3. Her sister Vicki wanted a Dolly Surprise.



These adorable Charles and Diana Bunnies and friends are by Sparrow. Adults love these as much as children. They are shown here at the Pine Falls bazaar.

Holiday Wish

The best of the season to you and yours.

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Pinawa 753-6474
Poplar Bay 345-2329
Pine Falls 367-2403
Whitemouth 348-2624
Great Falls 367-2976

Cette période des fêtes nous procure l'occasion d'offrir à tous nos membres et nos amis, nos vœux de bonheur et de prospérité pour Noël et la Nouvelle Année.

The holiday season provides us with the opportunity to extend our warmest wishes to our members and friends for happiness and prosperity for Christmas and the New Year.

Les caisses populaires du Manitoba

Beat the Drum for Kevin

by Winifred McTavish
Lac du Bonnet, Manitoba
Mandy clasped her hands in wonder.

In the church hall, every ornament on the Christmas tree danced with sparks of color like stars on a frosty night. The lights formed a halo around the golden hair of the doll on top.

Gifts hung from the boughs. Trucks and grains, dolls and games clung to the foliage, waiting for eager hands to hold them and coax them into life, but what caused Mandy to catch her breath in joy was a toy drum suspended from a branch in

the centre of the tree. It was a delight of a drum — a toe-tapping enchanting drum. Bright blue and silver paint on its side glowed in the glistening lights. Taped to the top were two wooden drumsticks.

If she could have that drum she'd never ask for anything else again. She imagined herself in a short skirt of blue and silver, her hair as golden as the blonde doll's, marching at the head of a parade. In her hands she twirled the drumsticks — "a-um-ta-ta-tum, a-um-ta-tatum."

"What a gorgeous doll!"

Would you like her, Mandy?" he mother asked. "No!" she shook her head vigorously. "I want the drum, not another doll."

"The drum's for a boy, Mandy," Dad said. "That doll's almost as pretty as you. I'll bet you'll love her."

She didn't answer. What was the use. How could parents understand? She was sick of dolls and she wanted that drum more than anything in the world.

During the concert, she forgot about the drum. She loved the music and singing and the play of the Christmas story, but when Santa Claus ran into the hall stamping snow from his boots and yelling "Ho! Ho! Ho!" she closed her eyes and prayed.

"Please, God, please let me have the drum?"

She waited in anguish, longing to hear her name called but dreading that someone else would be given the gift she wanted so desperately.

Then it happened. Santa reached up to take the drum from where it hung. Mandy hardly dared to breathe.

Santa stood before the crowd, the drum held high in his hands. "This is the gift for a very special person, for Kevin Matthews, who can't be with us tonight because he's sick in hospital."

A ripple of sympathy ran through the hall, as Kevin's father walked forward to take the gift. For a second, Mandy felt bitter disappointment, but then she thought of Kevin. She knew he

hadn't been well for a long time, but she hadn't heard he was in hospital again.

Later, when Santa placed the blonde doll in her arms she smiled and pretended to be pleased. She was a gorgeous doll, but who wouldn't get better?

After the concert, Kevin's father waited with her parents to speak to her.

"I'm sorry Kevin's sick, Mr. Matthews. Will he be home for Christmas?"

Mr. Matthews didn't answer her question but his drawn face softened.

"Would you do something for Kevin, Mandy? He wanted a drum so much. Could you come to the hospital to give this to him? He'd like that."

"Oh, sure, Mr. Matthews. I'd love to."

Excitedly, Mandy climbed into the car beside him, clutching her new doll. Kevin's father placed the drum between them. She ran her hand over the bright blue and silver paint. If she couldn't have the drum herself, the next best thing was for Kevin to have it. They'd always been friends. Perhaps he'd even let her beat it.

The children's ward in the hospital was strung with streamers. In the playroom she could see a big tree piled with presents. She looked at the doll in her arms. Nine of the dolls on the tree were as lovely as her blonde doll. She didn't need her. Running up to a nurse, Mandy thrust the doll into her hands.

"Here," she said, "here's a gift for a sick kid."

While the astonished nurse stuttered, "Why, thanks blondie," Mandy ran down the hall after Mr. Matthews.

When she saw Kevin's pale face on the pillow, her heart nearly stopped beating. She didn't need to be told he wouldn't get better.

At the sight of Mandy, his eyes gleamed and he gave a small grin. For a moment, he reminded her of the old Kevin, who could run faster and climb higher than she could.

"I'm glad you came, Mandy," Mrs. Matthews left the bedside, a smile on her sad face. We'll let you and Kevin visit for awhile."

Before following Mrs. Matthews, Kevin's dad placed the drum on the bed beside his son. Kevin's frail hands groped to pick up the drumsticks.

"Here," Mandy said, "Let's do it together." Her throat felt as if she'd swallowed a cotton ball and in her chest was a hard lump.

She placed her sturdy hands over his and they managed a faint tat-tap before the sticks slid from his fingers. Tears came to her eyes but she hastily blinked them away.

"You do it, Mandy," Kevin's voice was weak. "Beat the drum for me."

"Okay, here we go."

Sliding the strap across one shoulder, she grasped the drumsticks firmly. Softly she began to drum, "a-um-ta-ta-tum, a-um-ta-tatum" louder and louder as she marched around the room, knees high, feet keeping time to the beat.

Kevin was laughing and tapping his hands. She'd always remember him that way.

"This is for you, Kevin," she called, twirling the sticks faster. "I'm beating the drum for you."

HO! HO! GLOW!

Your patronage has enlightened our holiday.

Merry Christmas

Pacak Electric

May the Beauty of Christmas be yours to see.

DR. ANDERSON and Staff

season's best

May all the blessings of the Holy Season be yours in abundance!

Merry Christmas and all the best in '91 from the Board of Trustees and the Executive of the

PINE FALLS RECREATION ASSOCIATION

Best Wishes

Remember the true meaning of Christmas.

PAUL DUBE

Sanitation Engineer — General Trucking

Ph 367-2724 Pine Falls

The Little Shepherd Boy

by Suzanne Down Nelson, B.C.

There are certain moments in our life that stand out; they touch our inner bell and set it ringing. One such time was many years ago when I was a girl. It was Christmastime and we were visiting my grandparents in the high mountains of Colorado. One night my grandmother and I were sitting on her old-fashioned porch swing, all cuddled up with blankets. The air was crisp and cold, and all around us was deep snow, silent and peaceful. The stars shone so bright they made the snow twinkle, each crystal catching a starbeam, shining like tiny lanterns.

Looking out into this dream-like landscape, my grandmother said it reminded her of a Christmas story of long ago. I leaned my head on her shoulder, the swing rocking to and fro. Gazing out at winter's magic, I remember hearing this story. I will never be sure if this was the story she told, or one I dreamed that night.

The Little Shepherd Boy

Once upon a time, there was a little shepherd boy who could not walk. His name was Sebastian, and he lived high in the mountains with his grandfather. It was evening, and nearly time for them to take the sheep up the mountain path to the high meadow. It was a clear evening and as Sebastian packed his bag with food for his

supper, he noticed a very beautiful star in the sky.

"It will be a special night," said Sebastian halfway to himself, "I have never before seen such a star, it shines so brightly."

He finished packing his bag and soon his grandfather came to take him up the mountain path.

"Grandfather, look what a beautiful night it is, and the star...it is a special night indeed."

Then Sebastian picked up his bag, as it was time to go with the sheep. Grandfather helped Sebastian up onto his back, called the sheep, and off they set.

"Grandfather, I am sorry I am lame and have to be carried. I hope I am not too heavy for you."

But grandfather always said, "I am still strong, and singing makes the trip easier." So up the mountain path they went, singing joyfully...when they reached the mountain pasture, grandfather put Sebastian down.

"Thank you, grandfather, shall we eat supper together?"

"No, Sebastian, tonight I want to get down the mountain while there is still a little light. My eyes do not see as well as they used to."

So they said goodnight and grandfather went down the path, the wonderful star lighting his way. After grandfather left, Sebastian lit a small fire to warm himself, and there he ate his supper. The sheep were graz-

ing peacefully and the night was still...

"In the mountains with my sheep, on this night a watch I keep."

As it got later the star rose higher and shone brighter and brighter. All was so peaceful, Sebastian soon fell asleep. As he slept, a gentle music sounded in the air, "Gloria..." Sebastian stirred and sat up.

"What was that? I thought I heard something."

He looked around, the sheep were fine, it must have been a night bird. As all was well, he lay down and fell asleep again.

Once again the music sounded, "Gloria in excelsis Deo..."

As Sebastian slept, an angel came to him and said, "Sebastian...Sebastian, as you are so good and kind, you will have a dream this night, a babe is born. He will be the king of all mankind and bring great joy to us. He has come, and you are needed to tell all people of this wondrous night. He is the Christ child and will be called Jesus. You will receive a gift from him to help you with this task. Be strong, dear Sebastian, he has come."

And with the music of the heavens singing all around, the angel disappeared, "Gloria in excelsis Deo."

While Sebastian slept, as in a dream, he saw Mother Mary and Father Joseph in a stable full of light, looking over a manger where the Baby Jesus lay sleeping.

Sebastian awoke and the dream filled his heart. "It is true. He has come! Sebastian ran down the mountain path to his home to tell grandfather. As he neared their house he called to his grandfather. "Come quickly!"

Grandfather came and asked, "What has happened, what are you so excited about?"

"A child was born this night. He will be the King of all mankind. Oh, grandfather, I am so glad to tell this to all people."

Then grandfather noticed that Sebastian was standing. "Why, you have come down the mountain all by yourself," and he was filled with wonder.

Sebastian was overjoyed. He had been so excited, he had not even noticed that he could now walk. It was a miracle, a gift from the Christ Child himself.

"Now I can go and share the news of this special birth. Good-bye, dear grandfather, good-bye."

Grandfather bade Sebastian farewell. He knew he would be safe on this journey.

"And look, how the star doth shine."

The End

An easy way to bring a story like this into the Christmas mood in the home is by creating a shepherd boy's seasonal garden. This is one meant to be touched by young hands.

A simple version can be as follows:

Choose a special place, a low table, a hearth, a window seat. Cover it with moss, boughs, and drape a royal blue cloth around it to create a small landscape. Have stones and crystals peeking out here and there. Make very simple shapes out of beeswax, wool fleece, or felt, indicating the shepherd boy, grandfather, angel, and sheep. As you tell the story to your child, place the characters on the landscape. Leave them there and watch the children repeat the story in free play.

Let your homes and hearts be warm with the spirit of Christmas.

BROADLAND'S GAS BAR

Season's Greetings from all the staff.

We will be open for your convenience for a few hours on Christmas Day.

May your holiday be rich in happiness. We wish you all a very merry Christmas, and to coin a phrase, "thank you."

Season's Greetings from the Manager and Staff of

Royal Bank of Canada

Pine Falls

Joy and peace

It's the season to greet friends old and new with Christmas greetings of joy and happiness.

POWerview AGENCIES

Best wishes from Kim, Rhonda, Briquette, Louise, George and Vincent Harbottle. Drive safely during the holiday season and always.

JOY

Our joy is having wonderful folks like you as customers and friends. Merry Christmas!

Season's Greetings from Lucille and Claire at the flower shop

Pine Florists

Pine Falls
Phone 367-8754

Something Special

by Joyce Mitchell

The sun winked, then sobered as it fought a losing battle to the wind pushing its gray, snow-laden burden across its vanishing face. It was early afternoon as the three in the car headed east from Winnipeg to the tree cutting area. Danny, bundled warmly, was fidgeting restlessly between them. The young mother peeled off the outer layers and pulled off his overboots. Her husband, Dan was singing *Jingle Bells* loudly, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel and making faces at the boy who was soon clapping his hands

and singing along as best as a four-year-old can.

Sheilah leaned back, dreamily contented, feeling safe and happy in her world, which was the three of them. She could picture the decorated tree in front of the living room window. To her it looked nicer than the one on the cover of Eaton's Christmas catalogue or in the *Chatelaine*. It was perfectly symmetrical. Perched at the very top on a long slender branch was a golden angel. Trailing to the floor was her robe of scarlet, green, gold and silver. It winked seductively when anyone came near. She laughed to herself. How foolish. But this would be their first Christmas in their very own, tiny new home and she wanted everything to be perfect.

Abruptly, the droning of snowmobiles, the roaring of cars rocking backward and forward to be free of ever deepening ruts, and loud, excited voices jarred her from her reverie. They had arrived. Following in phantom footsteps, Danny frequently fell, laughing into the fluffly down. Once, helping him up, they gave in to temptation, abandoning their pursuit for the moment and like school kids once again, made angels in the snow. The first topped tree was a disappointment. It had gaping holes down one side. "Okay," Dan said, "you pick the next one."

Sheilah gazed up at the tall spruce. From down here they all looked the same, but she had to choose. This one too was a disappointment.

"Let's try once more," she said uneasily, glancing nervously at her son. They had been out for almost two hours and she was beginning to feel the cold. The third one was short and stubby, not at all what she wanted but they kept it. The ride home was in sharp contrast to the ride out. Danny lay sleeping across her lap. Sheilah could feel Dan's tenseness, his eyes on the road, his fingers tight on the steering wheel. She knew he was frustrated with her because she wasn't happy with their tree. She told him it was fine, but he knew.

She sighed, leaning back trying to relax, but she couldn't. Thoughts of Christmases past came to her. Although life with a father who drank was difficult, Christmas was always

very special. Then she remembered the Christmas when she was eleven.

It was late afternoon of Christmas Eve. She and her older brother had just walked the two miles from town. They were excited because their father had given them ten dollars to spend on presents and they were eager to wrap them. As they entered the house, they saw their four younger siblings at the table with crayons, scissors and heaps of paper. They were making Christmas things with a quiet and contented fervour of concentration that belongs to the young. Their mother was busy with steaming pots and pans at the wood-burning cookstove, preparing supper. She did not look up. Sheilah and John looked around the crowded room, then quizzically at each other.

"Where's the tree, Mom?" John asked.

"continued on next page"

O Holy Night



May the blessings of the season be yours in abundance!

The staff at

Do-it Center.

Lac du Bonnet - Phone 345-2431

OSIS BUILDING SUPPLIES

Powerview - Phone 367-2455

Silent Night

Merry Christmas to All.
May the Joys of the Season be Yours.

Staff at

EAGLE AVIATION LTD.
Silver Falls, Man.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

From all of us to all of you, a wish for a season that's truly joyfull!

Joyeux Noel
Bonne et Heureuse
Année

Best Wishes throughout the Holiday Season

LA CAISSE POPULAIRE
St. Georges
367-8268

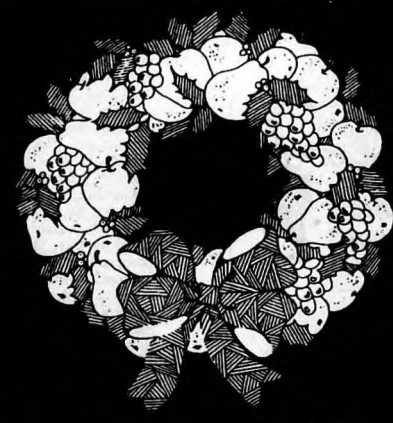
SILENT NIGHT



O Holy Child, be remembered in our hopes and in our hearts this Christmas!

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Pine Falls
Council No. 4244



'Tis the Season for Merriment

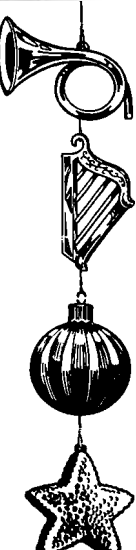
CLARK'S CORNER
Bob, Marlene and Staff

Just for Christmas

— time to pause to greet old friends and new, time to draw close to those we love. It's our fond hope that all your patrons will enjoy the best of the holiday season!

THE HAIR SHOPPE
FAMILY HAIR CARE

TRAVERSE BAY CORNER
PHONE: 788-NAMI



Something Special

continued from previous page

"There won't be a tree this year, John, there's no room."

"There won't be a tree? But we've always had a tree. It won't be Christmas without one."

"I'm sorry," she said, "but this year, moving to this tiny place, there's just no room. Your father's drinking, it's..." She stopped.

The tiredness and defeat in her mother's voice made Sheilah feel uneasy, a little frightened. Mother had never mentioned their father's drinking to them before. It was something they lived with but never discussed. Always her mother had taken such pride in her tree and decorated it herself. The children were allowed to carefully unwrap and hand her the ornaments while she meticulously hung each one. She was usually done the day before Christmas Eve. There was such a warmth, a family closeness that was so special at Christmas. Sheilah thought perhaps it was so special because it was the only time it seemed to her that her father never drank. They always had plenty of presents and food. Her mother cooked, along with a turkey, a big, fat goose, because her father preferred them. For dessert, there were apple and pumpkin pies and lots of steamed plum pudding.

Suddenly Sheilah felt drained. To be in such a high state of excitement and now this, left her with a strange emptiness she had never felt before. She knew John must feel the same. She looked at him. Instinctively, each knew what the other was thinking as they grabbed their mitts and scarves and headed out into the falling snow.

Already the little light remaining was fading fast. They sprinted down the wide path along the river which led to a dense stand of spruce about a quarter mile away. They reached it quickly and searched in vain for a small tree. Not finding one, they began hacking at one of the tall spruce. Having in their haste, each grabbed an axe but not a saw, they knew it was a useless effort; it was already dark and they would still have to top it. They hadn't realized till now how big and tough these trees were. They decided to search the scrub between the river-path and the road to town, it being less dense, they had a better change of spotting their prize. They walked briskly, eyes scanning the darkness but still no spruce trees. How could this be? This was their haunt. They knew every blade of grass, every stump, how could they not know there were no small spruce? There were poplars, oaks, and even

maples. There were cranberry, chokecherry and wild plum, but not a spruce could they find. Sheilah remembered the expression about people not seeing the forest for the trees, but she and John it seemed couldn't see their tree for the forest.

They were both cold and hungry now, but they wouldn't give in. They sky had begun to clear and stars blinked here and there between the shifting clouds. Sheilah knew by the stinging warmth of her toes that they were frozen.

"Maybe we should take this," John said, grasping a branch of a dogwood shrub. "It would look nice decorated. Just in case we don't find a spruce on our way back."

Sheilah knew he was frozen, too. She answered listlessly that it would be better than nothing. As John began swinging the axe, she thought she'd take one last look around before they headed for home. Suddenly, she started jumping up and down, squealing and jabbering with excitement for she had spotted a spindly lone spruce five feet away.

They no longer felt cold nor hunger as they hurried home with their scraggly, precious prize. They could see their mother's anxious face in the light of the doorway as her eyes search the

darkness in the direction of the excited jabbering. Their mother made them eat a big bowl of soup, rubbing their feet as they ate, promising them she would help set the tree up on her Singer in the front window as soon as they finished eating. Sheilah would never forget the look on her mother's face as the three of them decorated the tree

together. She insisted on Sheilah and John decorating it while she handed them the ornaments. But the thing Sheilah treasured most about that Christmas was not the smile on her mother's lips, it was the smile in her mother's eyes as she bustled about the tree.

They were nearing the city. Sheilah reached across Danny and touched Dan's arm.

"Tonight, while we're decorating our tree, I'll tell you a story," she said.

CHRISTMAS JOY



Swinging in with a special wish for you at Christmas: Have a delightful holiday filled with laughter and cheer.

DMD ELECTRIC LTD.

Traverse Bay
Phone 756-2665

Dennis and Laurie Danwich

A Father's eye view of the Christmas Dance

by Stephen R. Johnson

Every parent has to do it sooner or later — chaperone at one of the local high school dances. My wife and I drew the Christmas dance from the pool of parents "volunteers" organized by the students' committee at the beginning of the school year. As we will learn, the Christmas dance does not differ greatly from most of the others, except, perhaps that it's semi-formal, which means that nobody can come in barefoot. We are not the only set of parents on duty tonight. Two other pair of glassy-eyed recruits also walk a beat with us, along with a phalanx of teachers and the local constabulary who put in occasional appearances throughout the evening to "show the colors".

I have agreed to participate as a parent chaperone partly out of curiosity. I would like to see how things have changed since my day and the high school dances I used to go

to. Fair enough, says I to myself, let's do it. Well, we enter the hallway to the gym and even at that "safe" distance, the music is, shall we say, quite audible. We arrived a bit late, so the tribal rites are in full swing already. At this point, however, only the junior grades, 7s to 9s, are here. The others will file in up to cutoff time, 9:30 p.m., in order of rank, with the 12s, the "grads", the "aristocracy" as it were, the last ones to enter. The lowly juniors, so it seems, serve a function something like cannon fodder, and exist primarily to warm things up for the lords and ladies to come.

Well, the time rolls around, as I knew it would, when I actually enter the gym. The sound volume physically hurts. Fingers immediately go into ears. Old age will eventually deafen me, I see no need to hasten the process. But bit by bit the noise (I cannot call it music), becomes tolerable. Suspec-

ting partial hearing loss already, I discreetly tear off two wads of kleenex and stuff them in my ears. Later on my wife will tease me about the kleenex and call me a wimp. I will give her a frosty stare and walk away.

The dance committee has done a good decorating job. Streamers hang from the rafters and a large paper Christmas bell deepens from the middle of the roof. Other decorations appear here and there. Very impressive. Again, later on, I will learn that the custom has developed to allow the students to tear down the decorations, or at least those within reach, over the last half-hour or so of the dance, much in the manner of Ghengis Kahn and the hordes of Mongolia. But it's harmless enough and a lot of fun to boot. Everyone gets festooned with miles of streamers. I wish we could have done something like that, way back when.

On stage the musicians, and I use the term loosely, pump a noxious cloud of some sort of vapour into the crowd. Dry ice most likely, a rather pleasing effect actually, especially in combination with the strobe lights and lasers flashing around. I think I would have liked that back in the "olden days".

Looking out over the crowd, I sense something amiss. Then it hits me. It's still relatively early in the evening and there's no stag

line. The kids mingle everywhere. You remember the stag line. Boys on one side of the gym, girls opposite, a vast and hostile no man's land in between. Perhaps three or four pairs of girls dancing together would comprise the sole occupants of this desolate territory. The line would usually collapse as the night wore on and everyone loosened up a little, but never this quickly. I am glad for the kids today if it has disappeared. The out-dated social conventions it stood for are well-abolished if you ask me. Why shouldn't a girl ask a boy to dance if she wants to? Why should men and women fear each other at all?

Lost in a reverie of my own youth, I do not hear the music. Then blasting from the speakers comes "boom-boom-boom, let's go back to my room so we can do it all night and make it feel right", or words to that effect. I take one step forward and trip over my jaw. The kids love it and scream out the music. Hands clap and feet stomp. Spontaneous and unrestrained fun. But still...the lyrics! A moment's reflection brings the realization the song is, perhaps, not so bad as some back in the caboniferous era (when I went to high school, that it). I remember something where the refrain went "let's spend the night together" and another 98.6 occurring

throughout, the words making it quite clear the numbers mean degrees Fahrenheit body temperature.

Santa Claus puts in an appearance about half-way through the night. The kids greet him with cheers, whistles and a few boos. Santa distributes a sack of candies and other goodies, wishes everyone a Merry Christmas and beats a hasty retreat, back to the teacher's lounge, I suspect. The music resumes and the kids go back at it. I return to the hallway to give my ears a rest. The 9:30 p.m. cut-off time has already passed. No one gets in after 9:30 p.m. and if you leave after then, you don't get back in. Alcohol plays a part in those rules. Someone sits on the floor in the alcove between the entrance doors. One of my fellow chaperones tells me he is a guest of some local kids and is also "juiced to the eyeballs." The visitor cannot enter the dance in that condition, but neither does he wish to drag his hosts out early to escort him home. The teachers and chaperones don't want him to wander off and fall asleep in a snowbank either, so in the alcove he stays, immobile, but safe and warm for the rest of the evening. We maintain a close vigil. Happy hangover to you my friend.

One or two other minor incidents highlight the evening. Two girls get into a fight over a boy, or two boys get into a fight over a girl, or one boy insulted one of the girls and her boyfriend retaliated followed by a counter retaliation by yet another boyfriend of yet another girl. Pick your own version, I'll take the second one — it's more traditional.

I meander back to the gym and spot daughter mine, a senior who barely made it in under the wire. The pace has dropped to a number of slow waltzes. She looks just great, in my completely objective opinion, even has a dress on. She would, however, fail the dollar bill test. If you can't slip a dollar between her and her partner, they are dancing too close. But nowadays, we have loonies. Perhaps we could substitute 2x4's, lengthways. But who am I to deny youthful romance? I still have a flash or two myself now and then, and love, after all, makes the world go round.

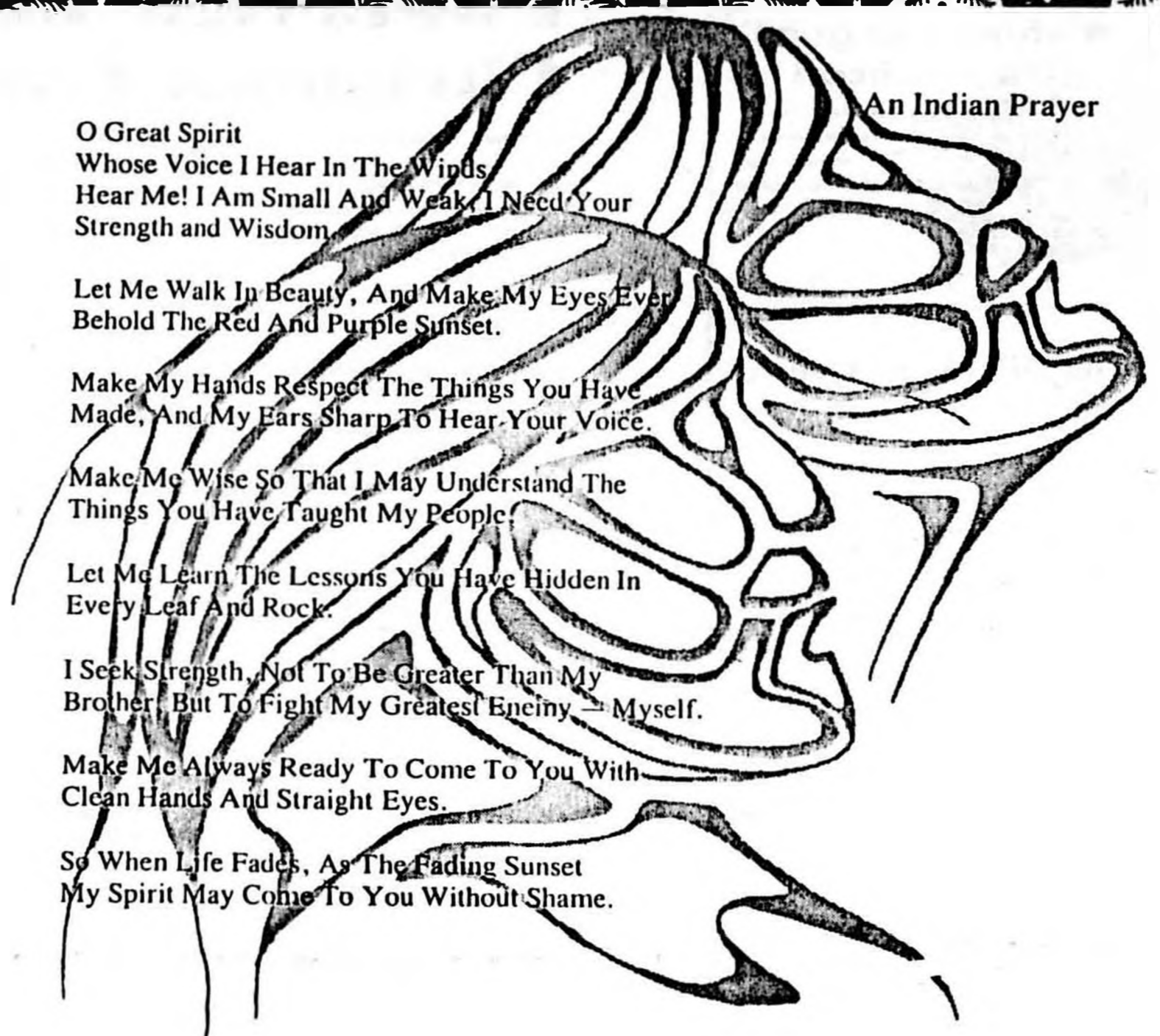
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Father's eye view

continued from previous page

The pace picks up and an old Beatles tune comes on. The kids, so I'm told, like the odd moldy oldy thrown in for variety, bless their hearts. The beat encourages them and one group forms a conga line. Around the gym they go. Move join in, hooting and hollering. I rarely saw such spontaneity back in the days of the Big Bang. A lot more stylized ritual seemed the rule back then. The song switches again and I spot something odd; one little fellow on the outskirts of a group, dancing all by himself. That's poor so-and-so, my wife explains, and one I mentioned earlier. His parents, so goes the word, push him out the door rain or shine to occupy himself. They won't make the effort themselves. He often shows up at neighbours, just to chat for a while and warm up. It soon becomes obvious that little so-and-so would like to join the group he is dancing near. He's working up the courage, I recognize the symptoms. My heart goes out to him and the pain of some past experiences seeps into me. He has his eye on a certain young lady, a girl that cannot help but grow into a beautiful woman. She has the classic features of a Grecian goddess, and from what I have observed, the arrogance to match. But it must be Christmas, because two minor miracles occur. Another waltz comes on and daughter mine comes over to ask her father to dance. I'm a little shy, explaining I can dance only with my wife, to any degree of confidence. But guess who appears at my elbow. One pushes and the other pulls and I surrender. A pre-arranged plan no doubt. On the way to the dance floor, my glance falls on the goddess. Though I cannot hear, so-and-so has asked her something. She looks at him for a moment and then her face softens. She nods her head and takes his hand. They move away.

So let's leave it at that. For the next five minutes the universe will revolve around the high school gym. Wish your kids a Merry Christmas for me. God willing and the fates kind, for better or worse, maybe they'll grow up to be just like you.



An Indian Prayer

O Great Spirit
Whose Voice I Hear In The Winds
Hear Me! I Am Small And Weak, I Need Your
Strength and Wisdom

Let Me Walk In Beauty, And Make My Eyes Ever
Behold The Red And Purple Sunset.

Make My Hands Respect The Things You Have
Made, And My Ears Sharp To Hear Your Voice.

Make Me Wise So That I May Understand The
Things You Have Taught My People.

Let Me Learn The Lessons You Have Hidden In
Every Leaf And Rock.

I Seek Strength, Not To Be Greater Than My
Brother, But To Fight My Greatest Enemy — Myself.

Make Me Always Ready To Come To You With
Clean Hands And Straight Eyes.

So When Life Fades, As The Fading Sunset
My Spirit May Come To You Without Shame.

Best Wishes for the Holiday
Season and the Coming Year...

Ki-Mi-Nen-Da-Min, O-Des-Sa-Ba-Da-Ming,
Manitou-Ki-Shi-go

From the "First Nations Government"
and "Staff of the Sagkeeng First Nation Band"

STAFF OF THE SAGKEENG FIRST NATION BAND

CHIEF: Jerry Fontaine COUNCILLORS: Ron Fontaine, Juliana Courchene, Lloyd Guimond, Cynthia Bunn

STAFF:

Band Controller — Len Gendre
Finance Chairman — Neil Guimond
Accounting Clerk — Fran Bruyere
Assistant Director — Percy Alexander
Secretary — Beverly Fontaine
Land/Planning Coordinator — Doug Boyd
Band Membership Clerk — Ruby Sinclair
Welfare Administrator — Rita Guimond
Assistant Welfare Administrator — Gloria Guimond
Welfare Aide — Colleen Twoheart
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Band Plumbers — Don Cook, John George Swamy,
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M.M.S. Coordinator — Henry Swan
Band Hall Manager — Larry Canard
Multi-Purpose Manager — Larry Guimond
Recreation Director — Richard Bruyere



**Peace
&
JOY**

Our sincerest prayer at this holy
season, is that we may live in
harmony with others.

Reeve, Councillors & Staff

**Local Government
District of
Alexander**

St. Georges, Manitoba

**Hope Santa's
good to you!**

If we had our
way, you would top
Santa's list!

Thanks for your
business and support.

Compliments of
Gary Berthelette

**BERTHELETTE
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Phone 367-8710

Wishing you good cheer!

Whatever the season brings, we sincerely hope that it will make you happy!

From
Don, Diana and Staff
at
Chapel's Auto Centre

Angels we have heard on high, sweetly singing o'er the plain. Merry Christmas and many thanks.



May this sacred season bring its finest blessings to you and those you cherish. Joyeux Noel!

Joy and Peace from the Boyko's and Staff at
Boyko's Pro Hardware
Pine Falls Phone 367-2380

JOYEUX NOEL

wishing all a holiday season full of life's best.

THE CO-OPERATORS INSURANCE

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EMMANUEL J. BOUVIER
5 Caron Bay North, Box 22, St. Georges, Man. 367-2573

Powerview Immersion Christmas Concert

by Linda J. Dalgleish
A bilingual festive treat was presented by Kindergarten to Grade 6 French Immersion classes on Wednesday, December 12, 1990 at Powerview School.

Introductions were made in French and English to all of the performances.

Mme. Savard's angelic little stars from the Kindergarten afternoon class lit up the stage. They sang about the skies on Christmas night. The tinsel around their stars could not shine as brightly as their eyes.

Mme. Scrosati's Grade 1s needed no introduction. The actions that accompanied their bouncy song were much enjoyed by young and old. Part of the chorus of *La neige tombe sur mon nez*, or *The Snow Falls on My Nose*, involved the children rubbing each other's noses with mittened hands.

Mme. Guillemette and the Grade 2 class presented *La chanson de la crèche* (*The Song of the Nativity*).

The children had a lot of Christmas gifts, but only one is the greatest of all.

The Kindergarten morning class with Mme. Savard, were *Joyeux musiciens*. Guitars, horns, drums, and many more were played with realistic sound effects and nifty instruments. The rhythm was catching. Toes tapped, hands clapped and bodies swayed to the beat.

The Virginia Reel, presented by Mr. Rudd's Grade 5 class, provided some high stepping, finger snapping

action with a country and western theme. The denims and hats were very appropriate attire.

The Grade 2 class of Mme. Fortin were hardly recognized by parents and teachers. Their sweet, innocent faces were raised in prayer to *Petit Papa Noel*. Are these the same little monsters who turn their parents' hair grey with their high spirits and energy? Christmas makes every little boy and girl into good little angels, at least for the season.

M. Champagne's Grade 5 class provided a new slant on an old song with *We'll be Waiting up for Santa*. The program said it was their language arts program. This beats grammar any day.

Mme. Demers' Grade 3 class celebrated winter in *Vive l'hiver*. The children carried or wore the equipment for many winter sports. Some of them at least would have preferred to really use the equipment with all that new snow.

The Grade 3 class were no doubt confused to discover that their French Immersion teacher was Mme. English.

However, they were snappy on every line of *J'ai vu maman embrasser le pere noel*. One blushing mama and another blushing Santa were greatly appreciated by the audiences who all recognized the familiar tune.

Mon beau sapin was the Grade 6 Christmas song. Mlle. Lambert was their teacher. Some of the students had done double duty and introduced some of the numbers.

Grade 4, under the direction of Mme. Dube, presented a choral reading and song *Dans une stable obscure il dort dans une crèche*, which tells the story of the first Christmas. It tells of a child and a stable, simply and beautifully.


The finale with Grades 3E, 4, 5C, 5R and 6 was wonderful. The stage was full of children. The audience was full of adults and more children. Powerview School was splitting at the seams. It's like Christmas when everyone comes home for the holidays.

The spirit of Christmas touched one and all.

PEACE IN THE NEW YEAR

Happiness to all!


CHRISTMAS JOY



Rejoice in the beauty of this Holy Season!

Season's Greetings from
Dr. Majewski and Dr. Kim, Yvette and Michele
MAIN DENTAL GROUP
Powerview, Man.

NOEL



THE GOOD TIDINGS TO ONE AND ALL! CHRISTMAS COMES TO GLADDEN EVERY HEART!

MR. PIC'S

Powerview English Christmas Concert

by Linda J. Dalgleish
Christmas Around the World was the theme of the annual concert for Powerview English students on Tuesday, December 11, 1990.

Notre Dame du Laus Youth Choir provided a wonderful musical prelude to both Powerview concerts. Dressed in white, the well-trained

children's group was a delight to listen to as everyone found seats prior to the concert.

Wendy Richardson coached the kindergarten class to perform the traditional welcome to the concert. It was all too short for parents and grandparents trying to spy "their" little one.

Grade 1 rang their Christmas bells with spirit and enthusiasm under the direction of Rita Boulet. There were very few misuses and no one dropped a bell.

Karen Foubert's Grade 2 class presented *Pappy Seed Cakes*. This Russian play was well acted with convincing performances by such young actors. A lot of preparation went into this play.

Buon Natale was the Italian presentation of Darlene Cowie and her Grade 3's. *Good Birth* is how one says Merry Christmas in Italian.

On Christmas Day was the combined presentation of Grades 1, 2 and 3. The younger ones could now take a break and let the older ones take over.

Under the direction of Noel Escueta, four lively ladies presented the Philippines *Tinkling*. Melanie Palmquist, Michelle Moore, Kristie Houghton, and Carmen Fraser stepped smartly to the Philippine music and the clash of long bamboo pipes. As the girls danced, two stepped in and out, around and between the long rods wielded by two others. The rods lifted and banged together in time to the music. Unlike sword dances, where the swords stay in place, these rods were in constant motion. One misuse and a girl could fall or get a badly bruised ankle. It would take some practise, but it looked like fun!

Calypso Carol was next presented by Grade 4 and Wilhelmina Patzer. There were some real cool dudes up there in their beach gear and shades. They represented Jamaica.

Entendez-vous le carillon was Perry Chochinav's Grade 5 class's number. This French piece asked, Have you heard the carillon bells?

Christmas around the world, the theme of the whole evening was also the theme of Grade 6 coordinated by Ian Thompson. Ethnic costumes and lots of hard work by parents and students paid off in a winning combination.

A Japanese Christmas Carol by Grades 4, 5 and 6 was very moving.

The grand finale with all the students from kindergarten to Grade 6 was *Joy to the World*. The stage was crowded with students still in costume. Parents rejoiced and students rejoiced. Everyone cleared out

into new fallen snow. Many children were probably too excited to sleep.

As a postscript, one little item happened before the concert which might be of interest. A young lad went home and told his mother that the teacher had said he didn't need to go that night. His trusting mother believed the boy, who had been struck with last minute stage fright. The only problem was he was a star performer and was

essential to his class' presentation. His teacher made a hurry-up call to his mother at the eleventh hour, and she bundled him off to the concert. He performed beautifully. But it will be a long time before his mother will believe him about verbal messages from school. No names were used to protect the poor child from teasing for years to come.

Joy to the World! What's Christmas without children?


JOY



A cheery hello to all our many friends, with warmest wishes for a very happy Christmas season.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the Management and staff at
The Powerview Hotel
Phone 367-4317

Blessings



Wishing you a white, bright, merry Christmas. It's been a pleasure serving you in the past year.

Restaurant Hours: 5:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.
Store Hours: 7:00 a.m. - midnight

— Movie Rentals —
PHONE Restaurant 367-4484
Store 367-8624

PEDDEN'S PLACE

Behold, The Savior Is Born



Race be with you.

Fran's Accounting



Have a happy Christmas holiday in the presence of family and friends. It's been a pleasure serving you.

CHRISTMAS BLESSINGS



In His words, our faith was born. May the light of His wisdom shine on you. Peace be with you.

Warren Buss
Dick Graham
Ilona Buss
Harvey Giesbrecht
RUSSELL FUNERAL HOME
Beausejour
and the new Lac du Bonnet Chapel
Phone 268-2263

The Beaches Connection

It was a dark and moonless night

by Jocelyn Stewart
It was dark and moonless driving home Sunday night. The car engine was cold after sitting all evening and the wholatory felt like an ice pack. Friends' voices echoed in my head: "Take care, take care." I switched up the high beam lights, driving cautiously. Blowing snow swirled in slow motion across the highway in front of me, rolling up behind the car, clouding the headlights of a vehicle some way behind. Then the following lights were gone and I was alone on the road.

I turned at my corner, without seeing the fisherman's familiar colored lights, and loneliness added itself to the foreboding I felt. The headlights pierced the darkness ahead as the car moved smoothly along the road and pulled confidently up the hill: "48 k.p.h." said the dashboard i.e.d. — the clock beside it recording 10:36 p.m. — "the age of logic

magic." I thought, and shook off the silly feelings. What possible danger, only minutes from home? The road was clear to the edge of the shoulders; I was pleased the plough had come along after the snowfall.

As I topped the hill and started down the west slope, I could see the closebridged headlights of small car coming toward me. Its lights were immediately dropped to low beam; I flicked mine down in return — the friendly exchange of law abiding drivers. But as we approached one another, the other headlights drew away and the car seemed to hug its own side of the road. I thought it must be awfully close to the shoulder. It passed, giving me huge berth.

I watched in the rear view mirror as a triangle of three red lights veered even more toward the ditch, wavered, and went over the edge! All that was left was the centre window brake light. Then it

went out! I stopped my car, I was already a quarter mile away. What should I do?

The ditch at the spot is very deep, and though it was no high speed leap, the car and its driver must have taken a rough drop, possibly wedged tight and far below the road. I made a swift decision — accelerated the car and hurried home. Immediately I phoned a pair of youthful neighbors and suggested the man might check out what I'd seen. I'd wakened them and the man wasn't too enthused. But, I learned later, he did get up and go to the scene. Then I called the RCMP, giving them the name, address and all the particulars, breathlessly urging them to be quick. The officer said they would come right away. I hung up the phone and waited.

After quite a while, I saw the RCMP van drive past the house, roof lights blazing. Then it turned around and drove off up the road again, out of sight! Why hadn't they come in? I needed to know! Reassured, nevertheless, that the police were looking after things, I got ready for bed. Then the phone rang. "This is Constable ... from the RCMP, Winnipeg. Wanted to thank you for calling to report the accident on Hillside Beach Road. There were no injuries and a tow truck is being dispatched to move the vehicle. Have a good evening and Merry

Christmas!" "Thank you," I managed to say, and he hung up.

He didn't tell me whose car had been driven off the road, how bad was the damage, if the driver was operating a vehicle under the influence of something, or even if there was more than one person in the car! But that's the rules — anonymity. Let sleeping dogs lie.

The seniors' Christmas dinner was held on Sunday, December 9, a gala affair, held at the new centre, Victoria Beach. Bare lite bulbs hanging on cords' from the ceiling, and plywood didn't interfere with the festivities in any way. David Bjornson, MP from Selkirk and his wife, and Darren Praznik, M.L.A. Lac du Bonnet, were guests. Both men spoke as befitted the occasion and Darren presented a Manitoba flag to founding club member Hugh Stewart, who had come to the dinner from Pine Falls Sun-nywood Manor where he has

lived since last spring. Guests numbered about one hundred, and Sonny's Chicken House, Pine Falls catered the dinner — turkey with all the trimmings — served buffet style. Ruben Batke and his quartet, Harmony 101, entertained and afterward the guests exchanged gifts.

The seniors have worked hard in 1990 to finish their new lakeshore drop-in centre. Many volunteers have given their time and resources, community businesses have donated prizes and helped out with services. Thanks and sincere appreciation go out to Powerview Insurance Agencies, Boyko's Pine Falls Hardware; The Hair Shoppe, D.M.D. Electric, the Corner Store, the Chokecherry Inn, and Avon Sales — Nellie Dan- wich, all of Traverse Bay, Len's Fine Fare, Albert Beach and Grand Beach Lumber.

Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New year!

We welcome the opportunity to say thanks and merry Christmas.

CHOCKECHERRY INN
756-3041 June, Roger and Family

HAPPY YULETIDE

Wishing you bright holidays as Christmas lights up the world!

Season's Greetings from
ZASTAWNY'S, Steve Zastawny, Shell Bulk Agent
and KUTCY GENERAL STORE, Steve and Edie
Beaconsfield, Man. 754-2753 or 754-2455

GOOD TIDINGS

We hope your home and heart are filled with laughter, joy and good will this glad holiday season. It's been a pleasure serving you.

Merry Christmas and all the best in 1991.

Wolfram Kraft

HILLSIDE POWER PRODUCTS LTD.
"Toys For all Seasons"

Traverse Bay
756-8655

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
From Management and Staff

GREETINGS

To the young and to the young at heart... a merry, merry Christmas!

Season's Greetings from
Ken and Carol at
TRAVERSE BAY CORNER
756-2366

It almost wasn't Christmas

by Teresa Wilcott
One day there was a girl, her name was Mary. Her dad was not going to be home for Christmas. After her dad called, he wrote a letter to Santa Claus. It was three days before Christmas when the letter arrived at the North Pole. Santa read the letter to his wife. It said:
Dear Santa:
All I want for Christmas is for my daddy to be home. That's all I want.

Love Mary
When Santa read it he said, "What shall I do?" Back where Mary lived she was going to bed. After a while Mary sneaked out to find her dad.
Meanwhile back at the workshop Santa said, "I'm going to go and help Mary find her dad."
Santa got ready, about an hour later Santa bought two tickets for Sask.
Mary sneaked on the bus without a ticket. Mary ended up sitting by Santa. The driver said, "Tickets please."
"I don't have one," Mary said.
Santa gave the driver his second ticket. Santa said, "What's your name?"
"Mary," she said.
"Where's your mom?"
Santa asked.
"She's at home and thinks I'm in bed," Mary answered.
Santa asked, "Where are you going?"
"I'm going to find my

dad," said Mary.
"I've come to help you," said Santa.
"Are you Santa?"
"Yes I am Santa, so we can find your dad together."
When they got to Sask they went to where her dad worked. But, Mary's dad had changed jobs.
Meanwhile Mary's mother found out that Mary was gone, and came after her.
A lady gave Santa and Mary a note with Mary's father's new address. So Mary and Santa went looking for Mary's dad. When they arrived they heard a piano playing. Mary said, "That's my song and nobody knows that song except my dad." Mary and Santa reached the piano at the same time as Mary's mother and another man.
The man said to Santa, "Give me my candy!"
Santa said, "What candy?"
The candy that I stole and put into your pocket on the bus."
As Santa took out the candy the man pushed him. Santa fell back and hit his head! Santa was dying. Mary said, "To help Santa we have to let him know we care."
All of them yelled, "I CARE!"
Santa began to come back to life. It was almost Christmas and Mary had gotten what she wanted, her dad. Santa went home to deliver his toys.

JOY

Wishing you a merry Christmas in every way. Thank you for your patronage.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
Management and Staff
PAPINEAU MOTORS
Your friendly Shell Service Station
Phone 367-2684, Powerview Closed Saturdays at 5:00 p.m.

What Christmas means to me

What Christmas means to me
by Amanda Lavole
The day before Christmas we go and visit all my relatives. It is special for me because I don't see them often. We go to see grande mere and she has goodies. I like being with my cousin Ashley. We go see my other grand mere across the river and she has lots of goodies too. Then on Christmas morning we open our gifts. It is a great time.

What Christmas is
by Carrie Donnelly
Christmas is a time for family gathering. Christmas presents are not what Christmas is all about.
Christmas is a time for sharing things, some people show their love by giving, some other people send cards. Money does not count, it's the thought. That's what Christmas is all about.

Perfect Christmas at my house
by Nicholas
A perfect Christmas at my house is like getting everything you want in one day. You get to eat a lot of candy. And you get to see aunts and uncles the live faraway. You get to go to Winnipeg to go shopping for presents. You get to unwrap presents from Santa and your mom and dad.

Christmas at my house
by Jean Fontaine
At Christmas time my family goes to Winnipeg to have an awesome Christmas. On Christmas eve we eat and drink wine and what we have to eat is chicken with stuffing, some ice-cream, some

french fries and some hamburgers and some mashed potatoes. In the morning on Christmas we open gifts and we get lots of things that I want. I wish the poor people have a good Christmas. I will give them some gifts for Christmas.

With BEST WISHES

FOR CHRISTMAS

Holiday prescription: lots of family happiness, warmth, fun. Our gratitude for your patronage.

Pine Pharmacy
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Welsh & Staff
PINE FALLS

GREETINGS

Christmas trees and candles aglow. Remembered friends and crisp white snow. It's Christmas warm and cheery touch. They make the season merry so much.

Sonnys CHICKEN HOUSE

8 Maple Street
Pine Falls
Phone 367-4448
367-2496

Dine in
Take out
Catering

My kind of Christmas
by Buddy

My kind of Christmas is like when I see my family, when I see my cousins, when I open gifts, when I give gifts, no school, new toys, new clothes. Santa Claus comes, you're excited, you're happy. Decorate Christmas tree, Christmas carol, Christmas food. I like Christmas.

Christmas is
by Brieanne

Christmas is going shopping, buying presents, opening presents, visiting relatives, eating candy, giving candy, having fun, giving presents, baking cookies, eating cookies, and the most wonderful thing of all, no school!

When you wish upon a Christmas star

by Alana Houston

It was Christmas Eve and a little girl named Star, who was a very special girl, was very unhappy. This was so because her mother told her that her grandfather couldn't be around for Christmas this year because he was in a wheel chair and could not walk. Then Star asked why but her mother wiping her eye's didn't answer and carried on with her baking. That night Star opened her window and remembered what her grandfather used to say...that if you wish upon a Christmas star, that...one something, that you want comes true...All of a sudden Star opened the window and saw the biggest and brightest star and she prayed for her grandfather so much that the star got bigger and more brighter than ever...Then it was morning and even though she could not remember what happened she found herself safe in her bed with her grandfather standing beside her.

Now you see why she's special!

by Shawn

I want a Ninja Turtle named Leonardo with some swords. He looks like he's green with two blue head bands and two knee bands that are blue and of course a base.

by Holly

I want a baby sister with brown hair and blue eyes and of course a good mom.

by Jason

I want a Ninja Turtle with a headband and with lots of weapons and with many turtles and with many shells and with lots of belts with a good turtle and of course Nunchuk.



Jullie Robertson (4 months) thought Santa Claus sounded like her grandpa, Ken Kahle.

by Melanie

I want a sled with a light and with skis attached to it and foot lockers on it and of course brakes so I can stop.

by Matthew

I want two teenage mutant ninja turtles with two nunchuks and with a couple of more weapons and I want the sewer base and of course a vehicle.

Joy to All

Best wishes to all Santa's helpers!
We've enjoyed serving you this Christmas!

Management & Staff

SHINDRUK'S FOOD TOWN

PAUL'S UPHOLSTERY

Wishes you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We now re-palm hockey gloves.

Give us a call at 367-8018

Tis the Season to Smile

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

from

DAIEN DENTURE CLINIC
to all of our patients

37 Third Street S., Beausejour
Phone 268-3488

Christmas is

by Melissa L.L. Nelson

A time for sharing, giving and receiving. A time for loving and caring. Christmas is a beautiful day with a Christmas dinner. The dinner is always good with cranberries, jello, buns, ham for my dad and lots of other things like Christmas turkey and that's the best. Well Christmas night when you go to bed you hang up your stocking and jump into bed. Then old St. Nick comes our way and eats his milk and cookies before he leaves and also leaves you presents. The end!!

Miracle Christmas

by Marcle Nelson

It was drawing closer and closer to Christmas. Mitch couldn't wait. I mean with a new babysitter he could do anything he wanted. "Mitch bed time," his mom would call. He hated going to bed, but he would go anyway dreaming of Christmas. In the morning he realized it was just a dream, he was still in the hospital. It just wasn't fair why wouldn't the men in the white jackets (doctors) tell him what was wrong with his legs and where were his parents? How come they didn't visit him? Well he said to himself I guess if I want to know something I'll have to ask. Just after lunch a couple of doctors said that nothing was wrong with his legs. He couldn't believe it. So he asked where his parents were. They wouldn't tell him. As the days rolled on he realized that he would never walk again. Just after New Year's he turned 10. The doctors decided that it would be fine to be sent to an orphanage of handicapped children. Many family visited but none wanted him. Soon he went into deep depression. He knew nobody wanted a paralyzed child, but he was wrong, a family of four had come to visit him in February, and had left him in the orphanage but now they wanted to take him home with them. But why should he care, he was just a useless boy.

Months passed and Mitch started to come out of his protective shell, but not totally. One year ago today was when his parents were killed and he was paralyzed.

Five days before Christmas. He wanted a family. His family.

As Christmas morning came he decided he could trust these people that he lived with, and would try and give them a wonderful surprise by calling them mom and dad, sis and brother.

Christmas eve he was left to keep a watch on the house. As he wheeled around he accidentally got stuck on the two steps going into the kitchen. There was no other alternative except to try walking.

He pushed himself up on his legs and forced himself to take a step. It worked. Could it be possible that the doctors were wrong about him never being able to walk again?

When his foster parents came home and saw him sitting on the steps they thought he must have fell. They started asking him if he was all right and he answered them with, "Of course not I didn't fall I walked. Look I'll show you." He got up and took two steps towards his new parents. They were overjoyed the doctors were wrong, he would walk again, and he was starting to trust them. It was a miracle Christmas.

Christmas is

by Tommy Abraham

Christmas. I like Christmas very much. I like to open presents Christmas! I love Christmas very much. Christmas means when Jesus had a birth. Christmas means peace to the world.

The night before Christmas

by Michael Hampshire

It was the night before Christmas, Santa was in his workshop with the elves where they were making things for the children of the world. Santa's suit was in the wash, and Mrs. Claus is making yummy, yummy Christmas cookies. Santa was getting his sleigh-ready warmed up for the long journey ahead of them. Santa was in his suit, in his sleigh, with his reindeer, Splance, Prancer, Flancer, Cance, Mance, Nance, Hanster. Later Santa left and the first place and maybe last place was my house. He went down the chimney and then got stuck. When he finally made it to the roof he threw snow down the chimney to turn off the fire. He went down the chimney with no problems and opened up the sack and took out some toys for Bart and his family. He went through the back door up the walk to his sleigh and tried to leave but Bart tied a rope to the sleigh which is tied to the T.V. antenna. Santa got mad. He took a pellet gun and tried to shoot Bart. He missed him completely so Bart grabbed and uzi from his room and tried to kill him (Santa). The war was on. Bart and Santa. Finally Santa gave up. He hopped up onto his sleigh and I shot his (Santa's) muffler. Santa made it home and ate cookies with a diet-coke.

Next year: Santa went to Bart's house and Bart (the little devil) had set up mines under the floor. Santa wore a metal plated jacket. Santa never saw me

spying on him. He didn't notice the mines he blew up the mines and flew through the roof into the sky. When he came back he was all black. He ran to his sleigh and took off, he never went back to Bart's house ever again.

Christmas is

by Robert Dean

I like Christmas because it is fun. I like it because of all the nice toys you get for Christmas. I like touching in the green needles. The end.

May your Christmas be filled with lasting memories to keep forever!

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the staff at

Sears Canada Inc.

JOY TO ALL

To wish you the special gifts of Christmas: Peace, Good Will and Abiding Happiness.

LUCY'S BEAUTY SHOP

Fort Alexander

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from your family hair care centre.

Joy

Let us rejoice for the Prince of Peace is come, bringing us a renewal of faith and hope.

Country Closet Giftware

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Season's Greetings from Judy and Kathy

Joyous Noel

Merry Christmas from all of us at

EINFELD BAKERY

Victoria Beach — Phone 754-2533
Powerview — Phone 367-9019

Merry Christmas

Frohe Weihnachten
Bozego Narodzenia
Christos Narodzenia
Jovoux Noel

SOBERING FUNERAL CHAPEL

Beausejour 268-3510

Doug and Marlene Sobering and Marg Auld

Career Preparation 105

by Jackie Petrus

On December 4, 1990, I had the pleasure of accompanying Linda Dalglish for a few hours to see what being a reporter is like. I was lucky to have chosen that day to job shadow her for my Career Preparation class because I got to see the printing office in Lac du Bonnet. I never realized that the printing of our newspaper included so many people and such a lengthy process.

After spending some time with Linda, I learnt that there are many things happening in this town; you just have to

look for them. Although her job is very time-limited and stressful, she seems to have a lot of fun getting to know our community and its people.

I would have to say that I benefitted a great deal from this experience. I even got to help Linda write comments for the pictures. Reporting is a hectic profession, but I sense that it's satisfying work for an individual who keeps up with current events and enjoys writing. I just want to say thanks to Linda for donating her time and energy because I know that she's a very busy lady.

Shuttle bus is designated driver

by Linda J. Dalglish

Papertown Motor Inn provides a unique service to area residents who don't want to drink and drive. An eleven seat van is available every evening to not only take customers home but also to pick them up.

Papertown does not charge anything for customers and covers roughly a ten-mile radius. Because of their semi-rural setting, customers cannot walk home. The designated driver program is not well-organized. They liked the idea which Winnipeg provides on New Year's Eve

of free bus service. The family-run business decided to purchase the van in December 1989, due to the lack of bus or taxi service locally.

Word has spread and now groups call up the shuttle to take them to the motel. After a curling bonspiel or office party, the shuttle takes people on to the motel and provides a safe trip home. "It's safer for them and us."

Normally, one of the two bartenders on duty will run the shuttle bus. Sometimes a couple of times an evening, and then again sometimes on-

ly every second night, the shuttle goes off and delivers people right to their door. When there is a special occasion, a driver works on the shuttle full-time for the evening.

The shuttle bus provides a much-needed service in this rural area. There are only a few other communities in rural Manitoba currently running such a program. If it can prevent just one drunk driving fatality locally, isn't it worth it? This Christmas, take the shuttle and leave the driving to Papertown.



Enjoy The Holiday!

Celebrate life. This season in the true Christmas spirit, please don't drink and drive.

LIQUOR CONTROL COMMISSION

From Management, Viv Berthelette and Staff

Golden Leisure Club Christmas Dinner

by Linda J. Dalglish

A festive holiday dinner was held at the Golden Leisure Club on Wednesday, December 12, 1990.

A scrumptious buffet dinner was presented by Jean Coulombe who may "only cook for a hobby", as she says, but she still produces professional results.

Mr. and Mrs. Fern Pitre, Mr. and Mrs. Mel Jaster and President and Mrs. Harvey Walker graced the head table. Afterwards, Mr. Pitre gave a short speech about Abitibi-Price's excellent prospects. Then Mr. Jaster presented the Golden Leisure Club with a cheque to cover their taxes.

Mr. Walker said, "Our biggest asset is our volunteers. You can't operate a place like this without volunteers. It won't get done."

Arlene McIntyre said that "retired people don't think they're old enough to come in."

The spry young people present keep up a busy schedule of cards, curling and bingo. They are planning new shuffleboard courts to fill up their spare time.



JOY TO ALL

To our friends and patrons... we wish you a season full of all the joys of Christmas.

WHITESHELL ELECTRONICS

Tel. 753-2223, Pinawa
Your Zenith Dealer

Papertown Motor Inn Echoes

wish you all
Peace, Joy and Friendship
Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

from the Raymond's and Staff




We hope this Yuletide brings all the joys of a beautiful holiday season.

Christmas Greetings to all the members of the

Regional Metis Federation

Vice-President Denise Thomas; Board of Directors — Felix Boileau, Ed Simard; Staff — Clem Bedard, Ruby Kocis, Joan Laforte

Noel

Have a warm and wonderful Christmas. We are delighted to have the opportunity to thank you for your patronage throughout the year.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE

Mel & Terri Zulak
367-8926



John and Lisa find out what Christmas really is

by Karalyn Cuthbert

John and Lisa were getting ready for Christmas. They were buying presents, decorating, and finding the best Christmas tree. John said, "I love Christmas because we get presents." Yeah, presents are great." Lisa said. Their mother overheard them talking and said, "Is that all Christmas means to you, just presents?" "Well what else is there?"

John and Lisa said puzzled. "I guess I have something to teach you two! Come on sit down." So John and Lisa sat down and their mother started talking. "Christmas is a time to share and love. Not just for presents. It all started over 2000 years ago when Jesus was born. Mary and Joseph were looking for a place to sleep, when finally someone said, 'I have no extra rooms but you can stay in the barn.' So they stayed in the barn. Well, that night Mary had her baby! Angels had come before and told her that her baby was to be the holy one and to name him Jesus. And that's just what Mary did. A star in the north proclaimed Jesus's birth. All the animals in the barn gathered around. The cow gave him his manger for his bed and hay to pillow his head. The sheep gave his wool for Jesus's blanket and the doves sang him to sleep. The three kings saw the star and it guided the kings to Jesus. They brought one gift each. Many more people came because the star lead them. Some angels told the shepherds about Jesus and they were there too! Now do you understand what Christmas really means?" said the mother. "Yes," said the kids. Then Lisa said, "Hey, let's put up our nativity scene!" "Yeah!" said John. They put up the nativity scene and had a great Christmas because they knew what Christmas really meant!



We wish you a Merry Christmas

delightful of thanks and good wishes to everyone at Christmas.

Power Falls Auto Body

PowerView
Phone 367-2677

THE JOY OF Christmas



May it be yours now and always!

Lac du Bonnet Regional Library



Best Wishes

Hope your Yuletide season is filled with joy, peace and happiness.

RIVERVIEW SELF-SERVE

Powerview, Man. Ph. 367-2473
• Gene • Susan • Staff

Season's Greetings



Season's Greetings from the Lagasses at

PINEVIEW SHELL SERVICE STATION

367-2393

MERRY CHRISTMAS




Best Wishes

May the joys of the festive season be yours. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Henry, Lil and Family
HENRY'S TOWING

Powerview, 367-2417

Season's Greetings



Christmas throughout the world, it's meant to be shared by all.

WINNIPEG RIVER REALTY INC.

George and Bella Harbottle
Bus. 367-4457
Res. 367-8725

Warm Wishes



We're thankful for your patronage and we hope you'll continue to rely on us!

DUFOUR Construction Co., Ltd.

D. Dufour's Trailer Court
Phone: 367-2792 Pine Falls

Christmas Day
by **Tanya Fontaine**
Christmas Day comes on a very sunny day. The pine trees were blowing gently in the wind. The whistling wind sang like Christmas carols but Christmas went on.

Blessings to All

Heartiest greetings of the season! It's always a pleasure to wish our friends the very best!

We wish you Happy Holidays. Best in '91

Trud & Loren at

CARLSON'S HONEY FARM



Christmas
by **Shaun James**
On Christmas Day I sing and dance and I stole my sister's toy from Santa Claus. She gave me heck and I decked her on the floor. My mom gave me heck and I went to check on my toys. But Santa took them back to the North Pole. I went to the North Pole and I met some elves. I told them Santa wants some toys for Shaun James. But Shaun lied he was dressed up as an elf. He got away from Santa Claus. Santa was chasing him at Shaun's house. Santa got stuck in the door. I helped him and he choked me on the floor. I ran away and took off with his car. I took all the toys. I met Hector, the chocolate bunny. He gives chocolates to the little toddlers. He is Santa's helper.

My Christmas poem
by **Trisha Sammons**
I like to play in the snow, I like to call my friend Joe, But I always get cold on my toe, So I go in and play with my dog dough.

Because, Christmas is my favorite!
by **Mackenzie Klein**
I do like Halloween, yes indeed I admit it is quite fun. But when I finish all that candy I weight about a ton!

Easter is OK I guess, but you might find this funny, I do get really tired waiting up for the Easter Bunny!

Thanksgiving Day now that's what I call yummy, Then again that also puts a plot on my tummy!

Now it comes to Christmas, gee nothing is bad about that And if there is just save it because Christmas is my favorite!!

Three whole days
by **Lauren Houghton**
You wrap alot of gifts You give them and you get them too That is so much fun to do. Our Christmas lasts for three whole days Till it all is through.

Presents
Presents, presents, presents are fun to unwrap. If you have alot you can have alot of scraps. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!!! Presents, presents, presents you get alot of presents for Christmas Heh! Presents, presents, presents, I like presents, When I get them I flip of them, alot of presents, hey!

The snowy Christmas
by **Tasha Chagnon**
There once was a house it was surrounded by trees. The snow was high. The road was slippery. There was not that much cars, but do you know what day this was. It was: Christmas Day.

Christmas Day
by **Chantelle Cowan**
On Christmas Day we spent time with our family and friends, We get presents and we give them too. It's so much fun to do! Christmas is too short, too bad its not longer, Not like in Mexico it lasts for NINE whole days till its there no longer.

Christmas is
by **Samantha Couth**
The season to be jolly. Christmas is...fun. Christmas is...the time when Santa comes to town. Christmas is...when we decorate the tree. Christmas is...when Jesus was born 1990 years ago. The end.

A Christmas story
by **Daniel Coss**
On Christmas eve I saw Santa Claus flying roof top to roof top. He came to my house. He got stuck in the chimney. I was laughing so hard my head popped off. I glued it back on. I climbed on the house. I took off with his sleigh. But I came back and pulled him out of the chimney. He said thank you Daniel. I said could I help you. He said yes he let me drive. Then he brought me to his house. I met Santa's wife. Then he brought me back to my house. Then I stole his sack. I looked through it and nothing was in it. He tricked me. But next Christmas I was smarter. He got stuck agin. So I left him there for a couple minutes. I pulled him out. I said you shouldn't mess with the best. He brought me back to the North Pole. I met Santa's wife again. And his helpers the elves. He brought me back to my house. The next day I got lots of presents from Santa Claus.

by **Eileen Burnett**
For some people the memories of Christmas past are triggered by a whiff of pine caught on a vagrant breeze soughing through the park. A chicken browning on a spit in the deli waits others back to the festive table with a steaming turkey in the place of honor before the head of the household and the rest of the snowy tablecloth punctuated with dishes laden with enough cholesterol to slide all of the joyous diners a step further down the road to an incipient heart attack. Not me. My strongest link with the warm glow of Christmas past is green cheesecloth.

Yes, I did say green cheesecloth. Now, some of the people of my vintage will connect that with summer and the droves, a million strong, of mosquitoes thirsting for blood. They used it as screens on the isolated windows scattered from one end of the township to the other. But, for me, it conjures up memories of the candy bag each child received at the conclusion of the annual Christmas concert.

What a treasure those contents were! For the sprinkling of children scattered on homesteads around the school it was the reward for living. First, there was the candy itself — a whole handful of long-lasting hard candies. It was so much prettier than the contents of the jars you clutched your penny in your hand and agonized over on the local store shelf. Not only were there brilliant red and green stripes up and down the sides, but, smack in the middle a perfect scarlet flower defied all efforts to lick it off. Nowadays, the question is, "How do they get the caramel into the chocolate?" Well, we asked loud and long and for the most part in vain. "Mummy, how do they get the flower all the way down the middle of the candy?" My brother had his all gobbled up before the sleigh pulled into our yard after the concert. My sister and I both had a couple of precious pieces left to nestle in our lunch buckets after the holidays.

Then there were the nuts! "Peanuts grow underground? Mummy, how could they?" "Potatoes do, don't they?" That made sense. There were fewer nigger toes. We had never heard of nigger, nevertheless our parents insisted that we call them Brazil nuts and search

Sweeter Far

out Brazil on the map in the tattered old dictionary on the shelf. Hazel nuts were the most exciting of all, for Mommy told us that in the olden days the hazel coppers were reputed to be the homes of the witches. Then she had to reassure us that the willows thriving outside the window were only red willows.

Deep under the candy and nuts was the fruit — the one apple and one orange that we dreamed about for the rest of the year. The apple was lovingly palped and polished, but the orange was the real treasure. When you finally decided to eat it, you could peel it yourself. Then it separated easily into sweet, juicy sections that could stretch the joy of another

land and climb over a whole winter afternoon.

I don't know how the community managed to supply those bags year after year, for my school years were also the Depression years. Proof that it was a financial triumph was the care the ladies took to count the children before the concert. When both Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown had their babies early, there was real consternation among the committee members. You could take a candy or a nut or two from each bag, but the orange!

Getting our candy bags was the culmination of an already exciting night. When the last notes of *Silent Night* had shivered into silence, the Brewer kids' dad, who had

announced everything else, jumped up on the stage, listened for a moment, then shouted, "Did you hear that?" I hadn't even heard a foot shuffle. The head shakes in the audience proved that I wasn't the only one. "You didn't! I hear sleigh bells." He must have been able to hear Santa urging the reindeer over the store a mile away, for it seemed ages before a jangle and a "Ho, ho, ho" burst through the yellow leaves. There was a gift exchange, Santa dispatched that with gusto. Then the big box with the candy bags was brought in. As each family name was called, even the toddlers awoke and scampered up. "Mum said I was to bring the babies 'cause she couldn't

come." "Jimmy has the chicken pox. Can I take this?" Children from outside the district? If it was a good year, extra bags were prepared and Santa called out, "Any other kiddies here?" and they, too, went home hugging a green cheesecloth bag of riches. My childhood aura of Christmas joy ended abruptly. Catastrophe struck like sudden summer lightning — and twice in the same year. These calamities may not have completely broken my heart, but they surely cracked it. One autumn afternoon as we crunched home through the yellow leaves, my brother told me that awful truth that there was no Santa Claus. The same year, after a rousing concert, that phony Santa distributed the goodies in brown paper bags. Even the candy with the perfect pimperl down the centre couldn't console me.

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