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# A Ted Bit Just a man with a truck— oh yeah, and a dad too

Every year, around this time, I become 'a man with a truck.'

Actually, to be more specific, I play a dual role, also being 'Dad with a truck,' as my daughters organize our annual group Christmas tree acquisition quest.

It's one of those family excursions where Daughters One, Two, Three and Four all converge on the Christmas tree lot, and select the coniferous masterpiece which will adorn our respective living rooms with suitable evergreen finery. Their mom usually joins us as well, making it a four-tree quest. This year, Daughter Four couldn't make it, so we were down one body.

Picking out the perfect tree can be a long, drawn-out event, especially when all my females are injected into the mix.

They walk around each tree, viewing it from every conceivable angle to imagine how it'd look in their living rooms.

This year, only three trees were needed. One of my daughters and her mom have crossed over to the dark side, putting up artificial trees, while the other two are still hard-core realists when it comes to a tree in the house.

As planned, we met at the tree lot. The Sidekick and I headed into the lot, looking for our tree.

Only 20 seconds into the quest, and there it was— 'our' tree hanging on a cord, its branches spread out, looking as close to perfect as could be. We gave it a visual once-over— it was THE one.

I was pleased (and secretly amazed) that we readily agreed on which tree we were taking home.

Honestly, I don't think I've ever chosen a Christmas tree so quickly. It's near-perfect in its shape and fullness.

It's a veritable work of art.

She went in search of one of the young sales guys to ask him to lift it down off the cord, then I stood in line with it, waiting for the guys to put it through the baler to hold its boughs in place for the ride home, as The Sidekick went inside to pay for it.

Meanwhile, my two daughters, who were on their own tree quests with boy-

friends in tow, checked out a number of possible candidates, as I dragged our tree to the truck.

I walked back to the store and The Sidekick and I browsed around the store, looking at shiny ornaments, while chatting with my other daughter and her mom.

My two daughters outside in the lot finally made their tree selections.

The Sidekick and I returned to the truck, fired it up and enjoyed the warmth while waiting for the other two trees to be baled and join ours in the box of the truck.

Part of being the 'Dad with a truck' involves delivering the said trees to the various homes. In some cases, it involves helping put the tree stand on it as well.

Daughter Number Three and her beloved lifted their tree out of the truck, said thanks, and we were on our way in minutes.

But Daughter Number One, and her partner were a little slower, since they were both sporting rotten head

colds. The Sidekick and I gave them a hand with the tree, mounting the tree stand on it while in the back of the truck, then stood it up in the house.

I also went outside to help my daughter fix a small problem with her outside Christmas lights before we all sat down in the

warmth of the house with a cup of coffee and warm conversation.

You know, we all live in the midst of sometimes very busy lives, and my kids are no exception.

We don't have the opportunity to see each other as often as we'd sometimes like, simply because there's so much to do in such little time.

But being 'a Dad with a truck,' if only once in a while, makes one realize how wonderful those special little moments are in the grand scheme of things.

'Tis the season to be with family and friends, so make the most of it.

And though it may be a relatively simple act, like drawing a Christmas tree home for the kids, it's still magical.

So savour it to the fullest.

—Ted Brown can be reached at [tbrown@theifp.ca](mailto:tbrown@theifp.ca)



**TED  
BROWN**

*'I don't think I've ever  
chosen a Christmas  
tree so quickly..'*

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