

St. George's Anglican Church
(since 1852)
60 Guelph St., Georgetown (next to high school)
Telephone: 877-8044

ADVENT IV	Sunday, Dec. 22, 1996
8:00 am	Holy Eucharist
10:00 am	Holy Eucharist
7:30 pm	Festival of Nine Lessons & Carols
CHRISTMAS EVE	Tuesday, Dec. 24, 1996
5:00 pm	Holy Eucharist
7:00 pm	Holy Eucharist with Procession
9:00 pm	Holy Eucharist with Procession
11:00 pm	Holy Eucharist with Procession
CHRISTMAS DAY	Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1996
11:00 am	Holy Eucharist

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Snow White

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THE GEMINI PRESENTS THE GEORGETOWN SENIOR'S CENTRE CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

A Christmas I will never forget

BY EILEEN LABEY
Special to The Gemini

It was 1912 and I was four-years-old. We were living in the port town of Fishguard, South Wales, at the time. My dad, as a profitable hobby, had bought a small cargo-and-passenger ship, and with a partner, sailed back and forth across the Irish Sea to Waterford, Cork County, Ireland, carrying small orders of merchandise and sometimes passengers.

Sometime before Christmas that year, my dad's sister Beta and her husband Donald, had gone to live in Waterford. Each time Dad crossed the sea he would pay them a visit, which led to the idea that we should spend an Irish Christmas with them - crossing on Dad's ship would make it easy to bring the children.

Early on Christmas morning, all was excitement as we watched gifts and goodies being packed, and added a few of our own. I have no memories of getting to the dock, boarding the ship, or seeing anything of the surroundings before we sailed - perhaps because, with the weather not looking too good, it was hurriedly decided that we should remain in the cabin for the duration of the voyage.

For us children, this was our first time on board a ship, so even being in a small cabin was an adventure in itself. We all settled down, Karl and I in a bunk on one side, Mother and baby David on the other. Toys had been brought for us to play with, and Mother had decided to fill the time with her sewing basket full of mending. As we sailed out to sea, the unfamiliar rolling and dipping movements of the ship became a cause of concern to me, especially when it got worse and I began to roll from side to side, and my brother Karl started to cry.

Seeing Mother holding tightly on to David as she took him upon her lap gave me a very strong feeling of wanting to be there myself. All of a sudden, the misery of sea-sickness was upon us, and I found myself competing with Karl for the potty, which luckily had been brought along just in case it should be needed for more normal use.

We had sailed into a very nasty freak storm. The next thing

I recall was the cabin door flying open as my father rushed in, looking quite wild and calling out urgently, "Connie, tie these ropes around the children and hold on! We should be out of this rough spot soon."

The deck was awash, and so was our cabin, now that the door had been opened. We watched in horror as the Christmas cake, in its cardboard box, swished back and forth in sea water, from one side of the cabin to the other. Along with it floated Mother's sewing basket, all the cotton reels bobbing out and disappearing beneath our bunks, where we were holding on to the rails for dear life so we wouldn't join them.

To see my mother with David on her lap, clutching the ends of two dirty, smelly ropes she had tied around our waists, looking so disheveled and also being sick, was just about the most dramatic experience I've ever had. Oh, how I longed for the sight of my Dad.

Soon, with the help of his partner down below in the engine room, Dad managed to turn the ship, and we were riding the waves with her nose pointed back to Fishguard. Finally, we were out of danger and sailed into the haven of our home port.

I don't remember landing from the ship, but I do recall Karl and myself being carried, each in one of Dad's arms, with mother beside us carrying David, as they climbed the hill to our home, and the comfort of our cozy, stationary beds. I felt no concern that I wouldn't be eating Christmas cake, or anything else pertaining to the special day of days - I was just glad to be home. With the help of God, Dad and his mate had managed to save us all from a terrible fate. It was now the luckiest day of our lives. Afterwards, Dad always referred to this episode as his most frightening experience ever, when he had conquered nearly impossible odds with the help of an Invisible Hand.

For the record, I have been told that our next door neighbours, hearing all about our terrible experience, took pity on us and later that day invited us all in for a lovely meal and many goodies, proving what Christmas is all about.

Hate mail in the Glen?

The Intelligence Unit of Halton Regional Police is investigating a complaint of hate mail in Glen Williams.

The complaint stems from a flyer which was distributed imploring residence not to forsake traditional Canadian holidays to placate those of differing religious traditions.

The flyer, attributed to Steve Edgar of Glen Williams, was distributed at Glen Williams School, and posted at various locations around the Glen.

It states: "It's fine to welcome others to Canada and celebrate their ways, but not at the expense of our own. Next year, let's hope the schools will put on a proper Christmas concert and not trivialize the holiday ..."

Impaired driver charged

Halton Regional Police have laid charges of driving while impaired against a Georgetown woman in connection with an incident early Friday morning.

Police report that the woman's vehicle was observed in the area of Guelph Street and Normandy Boulevard being operated in an erratic manner. Eyewitness reports say the vehicle struck a centre median and then sped up to about 150 km/h.

The driver was stopped and displayed signs of impairment. She was charged with driving while intoxicated and failing to supply a suitable breath sample.

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HOURS
Tues.-Fri. 10-6
Saturday 10-5