

The Spirit of Christmas lives on

Of all special days, Christmas evokes the most memories. These dreamlike excursions into a vanished past are made of many things—the merry blinking of lights garlanded about a fragrant evergreen; the savor of cinnamon and nutmeg, ginger and allspice adding their scent and flavor to cookies cut in festive shapes; the crackle of pine needles underneath as little feet grind them into the carpet while exploring the world of wonders under the tree.

Christmas memories, themselves evanescent, are bound to things material, which are yet more fragile than the memories are—ornaments of glistening crystal, thin as paper; boldly striped candy canes hung jauntily on a tree branch; garlands of garnet-red cranberries, draped gracefully around the tree, can evoke a rush of recollection with all its attendant joys, beautiful if somewhat bittersweet.

Images of Christmas past are composed as photographs by the mind—of a church steeple soaring white against the midnight sky as bells ring in the first moments of Christmas morning; of gaily wrapped presents artfully piled; of family members gathered around a long table, young and old coming together to share this most moving of holidays.

Christmas memories are made of sounds and scents, sights and tastes, bound together with good feelings. They reach back through the years and decades, to the earliest recalled moments of childhood, and beyond, to stories told of holiday seasons long before, memories passed on by parents and grandparents, to become part of the fabric of this most magical of seasons.

One woman, in love with everything that Christmas represents, remembers most fondly the ritual of the Christmas stocking, hung lovingly on her bedroom doorknob each Christmas Eve. Old enough to know that Santa Claus existed only in the realm of the heart and the imagination, she was yet too young to understand anything but the excitement of the occasion. Its moral reverberations, its deeper meanings, were yet to be discovered.

Then dazzled by the wrappings and the ribbons and the presents, today she takes her greatest pleasure in recreating that joy to share it with others: Among them, her 10-month-old daughter experiencing her very first Christmas, and her 78-year-old mother to whom the holiday is just as wondrous as it was in her own childhood.

She (the grandmother), in her turn, remembers stuffing stockings when she was young. All the children in the family got good things to eat—tangy oranges and apples too big for little hands, and colorful ribbon candy, handmade, sticky and sweet. However, in a not-quite-even exchange, humorously endearing, her father's stocking was stuffed only with coal, the traditional reward of bad boys.

The 10-month-old child, too young to walk or talk or understand what she is

experiencing, over the years will build her own store of memories, borrowing from her mother and grandmother, to create an image of Christmas which is yet uniquely hers. This treasure she will be in a position to pass on in turn, when the time is ripe, to her own children and grandchildren. For the sense of wonder and the memories are the greatest gifts of all, and for caring, thoughtful people they are so easy—and so enjoyable—to give.

Unquestionably, one of the chief joys

of Christmas is this sense of continuity, of being part of a great human chain which stretches through the centuries, sharing experiences, thoughts and desires, and turning the most beloved of these into cherished memories, themselves ornaments on the tree of time.

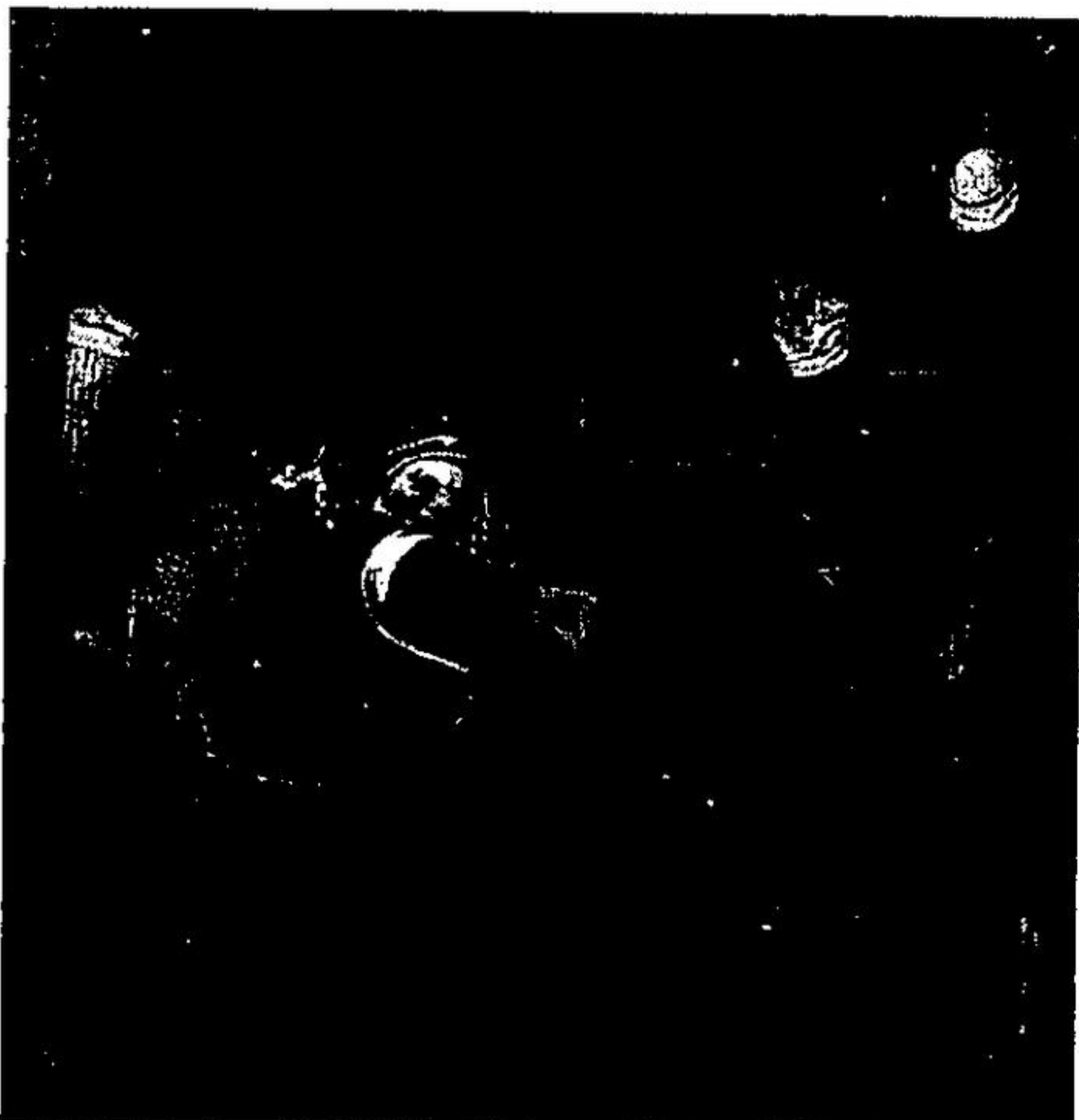
This reaching out, this joining of hands, this communion of thoughts, wishes and dreams is what gives unity to the diversity of Christmas, as it is celebrated around the globe.

Thus, people from all over come together at this magical time of year to rejoice and to celebrate, to recall and to make memories, and their sense of an occasion celebrated in common has the power to overcome differences.

This rebirth of the human community is the true wonder of Christmas, and infuses the season with the glow of childhood, as glorious as it is innocent. It is the stuff from which dreams—and memories—are made, and all the more precious for that.



A visit from St. Nick



POISED IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE, Santa Claus looks back over his shoulder in "A Visit From St. Nicholas," by Robert W. Weir, an oil painting on wood from the collections of the New York Historical Society. Painted circa 1837, it's the earliest known color painting of Santa. Weir, who taught drawing at West Point, was a friend of Clement Clarke Moore, author of the immortal Christmas poem, "A Visit From St. Nicholas."

26 Guelph St.
Georgetown, Ont.
877-9896
Division of Halton
Floor Fashions Ltd.

J. V. Clothing
Men's • Ladies • Children's
ALTERATIONS & REPAIRS
877 1598

Elizabeth's Fashions
and
Bridal Boutique
77 Main Street South
Downtown Georgetown
873-1470

WELCOME TO HALTON HILLS

To Advertise
In This Space
Call 877-2201

HOWELL
11 ARMSTRONG AVE.
GEORGETOWN
453-8917 877-2293
FOR ALL YOUR PLUMBING NEEDS

Read All The Local News In...
the HERALD
Home Newspaper of Halton Hills
Established 1866
877-2201

877-5281
POMPEI PIZZERIA
& SUBS
Mon. to Wed. \$1.00 off small or
medium pizzas and \$2.00 off
large and jumbo pizzas.
— PICK-UP ONLY —

Courtesy of these fine businesses
— and —

Welcome Wagon
SINCE 1938 LTD.
Hostesses: Cathy Dooley 877-8653
Debbie Butler 877-8391
Judy Shoo 833-2977

Wendy's
216 Guelph St.
Georgetown

Want the best things in the bar here?
CLUB

"A Part Of Your
Neighbourhood"
HOURS
Mon-Fri 8am-9pm
Saturday 8am-6pm
**GEORGETOWN
FOOD MARKET**
MOORE PARK PLAZA
GEORGETOWN
873-3963

**BRAMPTON MEMORIAL
GARDENS**
(Cemetery)
Chinguacousy Rd. & Hwy. 7 W.
• Serving Families • Complete Cremation •
• Traditional Burial • Pre-Arranged Services •
In-Home Consulting Services On Request •
TRARYI KAM I
INORICAKMI CANAM
848-3400

Believe in Santa Claus

Continued from Page 14
He said he remembered me because he saw me when I ran off down the beach last summer to play and you had to come look for me and you told me not to do that anymore. He said he knew you and he gave you a doll when you were little and her eyes opened and closed.
They slowly walked away happily. I stood there happily myself and said "Why can't more Santas be more like him?"

I realized that to be a good Santa you must have more than a round pot-bell or a resounding ho-ho-ho and truly listen to young children so they can say that they talked to Santa and not have to wonder if he's real or not.
Without Santa, Christmas wouldn't be the same and if little children don't believe in Santa it wouldn't be the same either.
by Lindsay Holmes
McKenzie-Smith Middle School
Grade 8

The Perfect Wedding from the Social Catering Experts
The Kentners

Let the Kentners experienced consultants assist you with selections for your entire reception. Choose one or all of our services, mix and match according to your needs.

KENTNERS WEDDING PACKAGE

- Reception Hall
- Pre-Dinner Punch
- Three Course Sit-Down Dinner
- Wine With Dinner
- 5 Hour Bar
- Uniformed Staff
- Glasses, China, Flatware, Linen
- 3 Tier Cake
- Disc Jockey
- Balloon Decorations

\$4450 PER PERSON
PLUS TAX & GRATUITY
(BASED ON 100 GUESTS)

25% OFF INVITATIONS
The Kentners will offer a 25% Discount on invitations to every bride who books her wedding with us.

The Kentners
Social Catering Ltd.
62 MILL STREET, GEORGETOWN L7G 3H5
873-0404 877-7095 846-6639
GEORGETOWN FAX TORONTO

*RECEPTION HALLS • DISC JOCKEY • WEDDING CAKES • DECORATIONS
*PARTY RENTALS • BARMEN • WAITRESSES • FLOWERS • INVITATIONS

SEAVING YOU SINCE 1974

THE NEW SACRE COEUR PARISH HALL — 873-0404

- Capacity 200
- New Chairs
- Washrooms Upstairs
- Drop Ceiling
- Indirect Lighting
- Newly Painted

FRIDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

- Hall
- Bartender
- Mix Package
- Sandwich Buffet

\$825 PER PERSON