



Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men

By BARBARA ANNSUCCO

The old man placed his chair in front of the window of his tiny one room flat and sat, as he did every day, to watch the cars and people come and go from the municipal parking lot below. He was hidden from view behind shabby, semi-transparent curtains, and while sipping from a mug of cold tea, he speculated on the lives of the people he observed.

The snow that had started earlier in the morning now blanketed the lot and the cars slid in and out of the parking spaces. A snow-capped parking meter stood like a rigid sentry before each parked vehicle. Men and women, most with small snow-suited children in tow, loaded the trunks and back seats of their cars with multi-colored Christmas boxes. "They don't look very happy," he mumbled, noting their expressions of frustration.

Many staggered beneath the weight of countless packages, some gestured angrily at the snow that had accumulated on their windshields during their absence, and yet others, dragging tired children behind them, trudged through the lot to the main street shopping area.

The snow flakes continued to fall

from the cloudy December sky and the old man sighed happily. He wanted a white Christmas for it was reminiscent of the holidays of his youth in northern Ontario. The snow arrived early there covering the landscape with a quilt of the whitest cotton.

On Christmas day he, along with his brothers and sisters, would proudly shoulder the sleds they'd found beneath the tree to the closest hill returning just before Christmas dinner with sodden mittens amid whoops of glee.

Taking a gulp of tea he continued to watch the area below. The day progressed and the darkness crept slowly in through his window. One by one the stores were closing for the evening and the traffic in the lot began to dissipate. "Enjoy your Christmas eve" he shouted to a woman with two children who, unaware of his blessing, drove cautiously through the snow and out of the parking lot.

He bent down to place the chipped mug on the floor at his feet before nestling into the overstuffed chair. The stage below was empty, the players having returned to their warm homes to prepare for Christmas eve. He closed his weary eyes and the

pale yellow light from the street lamp filtered into the dark room subtly highlighting his wrinkled road map of a face.

He remembered his children, their animated voices and their faces flushed with excitement, setting the wooden kitchen table with cookies and milk for Santa and his reindeer.

He could hear them debating the types of cookies to leave. Each an expert on what reindeer liked best.

He thought of Lily, her dark shoulder length hair falling loosely about her face, mediating the bedlam with her usual soft-spoken authority.

Later, Lily and he would exchange amused glances, knowing their offspring were lying awake in their beds listening eagerly for the sound of hoof beats on the roof and each child positive the following morning that he had heard the bearded man's arrival before succumbing to sleep.

He smiled, remembering the multi-colored lights they had strung across the branches of what he had assured them was the greatest tree anywhere, illuminating the cozy living room with a rainbow of festive colors. He strained to recapture the scent of the Yule log burning in the grate.

His fondest memory was sitting on the comfortable sofa with Lily, her dark head resting contentedly against his shoulder, reading the Christmas story aloud. "A King is born" she would read, smiling tenderly up into his face. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

The old man was startled by a clatter from the flat above. Did cloven hooves dance upon his rooftop? The sounds of anger penetrating the wall from the flat next door obliterated the echo of children's voices.

A tear flowed unbidden down his cheek as he tried to capture and retain his memories.

He wept further, recalling only the frustrated faces he had seen from his window, the people oblivious to their countless blessing, unaware of the message and promise given to them on the birth of the Christ child.

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men" he whispered into the darkness before drifting off to revisit those days so long ago.



GEORGETOWN CINEMAS

235 GUELPH STREET - 873-1999

CINEMA 1

"...THIS IS A CHRISTMAS MOVIE ONLY A GRINCH COULD HATE."

- Richard Corliss, TIME MAGAZINE

edward
SCISSORHANDS

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "BATMAN" & "BEETLEJUICE"

PG PARENTAL STRONG CAUTION
FRIGHTENING SCENES
Some Drug Content

Evenings 7:00 & 9:15 p.m.



WALT DISNEY PICTURES PRESENTS THE RESCUERS DOWN UNDER

PG PARENTAL

MATINEES

Wed., Thurs. & Fri. - Dec. 26th, 27th & 28th
2:00 & 4:00 p.m.

CINEMA 2

4th GREAT WEEK

"THE FUNNIEST MOVIE OF 1990!"

- Jim Whaley, PBS CINEMA SHOWCASE



"IT'S THE FUNNIEST HOLIDAY MOVIE IN YEARS... HAPPY AND HYSTERICALLY FUNNY... THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE 'HOME ALONE' FOR THE HOLIDAYS!"
- Pat Collins, WWOZ-TV
"HOME ALONE IS HILARIOUS, TOUCHING AND ENORMOUSLY ENTERTAINING. YOU AND YOUR KIDS WILL LOVE IT!"
- Jeffrey Lewis, WFLX-TV
"FIVE STARS OUT OF FIVE!"
- Avery Raskin, MTV VANCOUVER

HOME ALONE
A FAMILY COMEDY WITHOUT THE FAMILY.

PG PARENTAL STRONG CAUTION

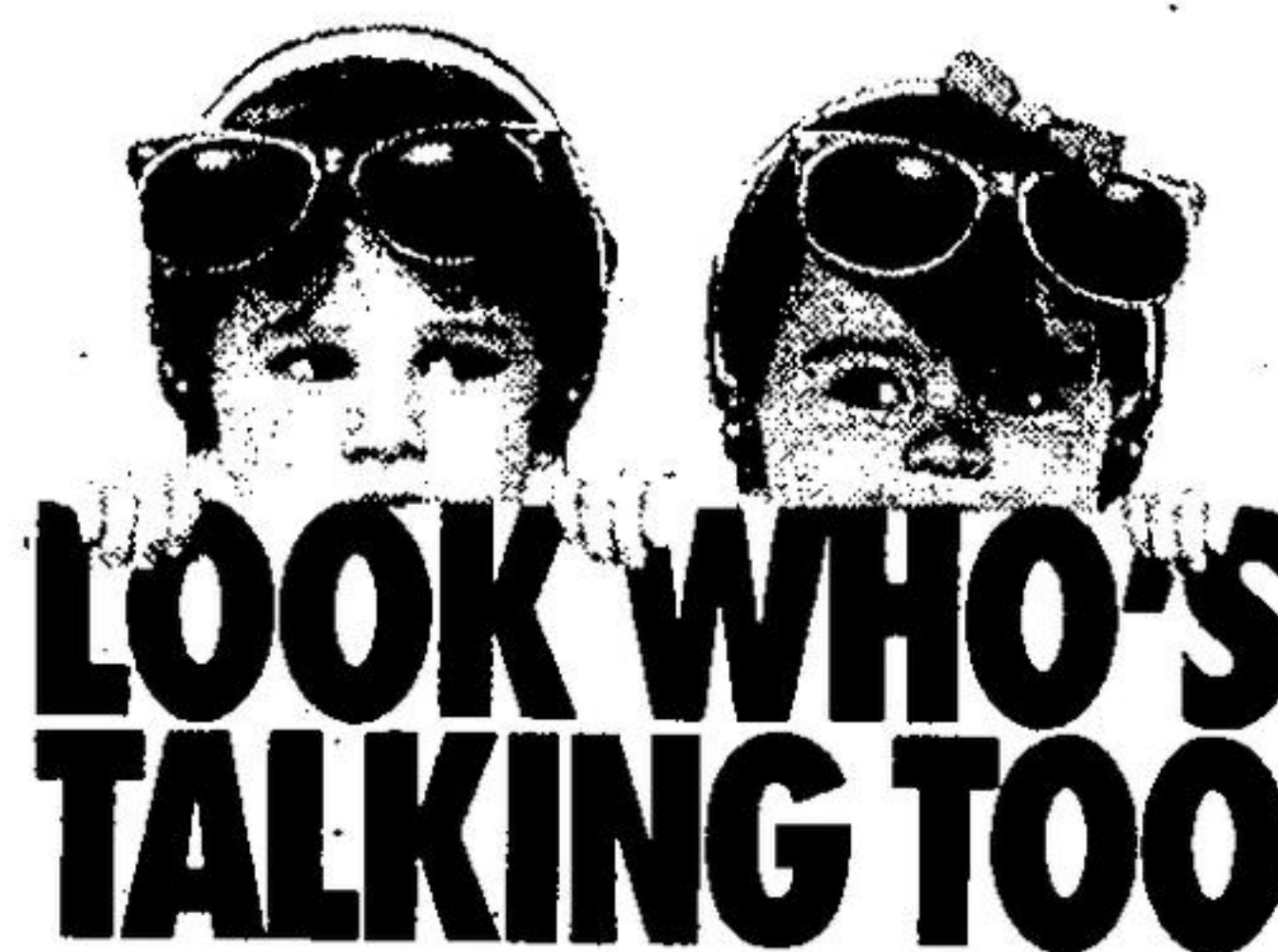
Evenings 7:00 & 9:15 p.m.

MATINEES

Wed., Thurs. & Fri. - Dec. 26th, 27th & 28th
2:00 & 4:00 p.m.

CINEMA 3

NOW PLAYING



LOOK WHO'S TALKING TOO

PG PARENTAL

WARNING
Mature Theme
Language May Offend

Evenings 7:00 & 9:15 p.m.

MATINEES

Wed., Thurs. & Fri. - Dec. 26th, 27th & 28th
2:00 & 4:00 p.m.

CLOSED CHRISTMAS DAY



Happy holly-days

HOLLY, one of the most beloved of Yuletide evergreens, was often sold from a cart in the 19th century. This allowed the vendor to travel from place to place with his wares, as seen above in a drawing from the 1848 Christmas supplement of the *Illustrated London News*. Illustration: New York Public Library Picture Collection.

CLUB 99

FRIDAY NIGHT LIVE
The Best Rockin' Night Around
For More Info Call

Hwy. 7 & Winston Churchill in Norval, Ontario 840-3251 873-0437

VIDEO PLUS
West of Georgetown Fruit Market
"BRING HOME A STAR"
Merry Christmas and a Happy & Safe New Year from The Staff & Management

134 Guelph St., Unit 8 Georgetown, Ontario 877-4260

KING PIZZA & SUBMARINE

TACO

- TACO
- SOFT TACO
- BEEF BURRITO
- BURRITO SUPREME
- DOUBLE BEEF SUPREME

A Taste That WILL TIE YOU UP!

10 MOUNTAINVIEW RD. GEORGETOWN 877-5177-8

Season's Greetings

Schipper fish & chips

Home Made Fries Never Frozen

We Serve: Halibut, Cod, Shrimp, Onion Rings, Mushrooms, Chicken Fingers, AND MORE!

Family Boxes
Children Size Orders
DINE IN OR TAKE-OUT

OPEN
Mon 11:30-7:00
Tues-Wed 10:30-7:00
Thursday 10:30-8:00
Friday 10:30-9:00
Saturday 10:30-6:30

CLOSED
Christmas Day, Boxing Day and New Year's Day

Reservations For Large Groups
FAST TAKE-OUT
CALL 877-0239
Georgetown Market Place Centre Alley