

## Letters to the editor

### Santa Claus isn't a holy figure

In response to the letter: Diversity makes us stronger, the writer believes two incredible prophets of God celebrate birthdays in December.

To concede that Jesus Christ is only a prophet (i.e. not the second person of the divine Trinity) is an anathema to Christianity.

Moreover, celebrating the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus in schools should never be equated with religious accommodations, it is merely a reflection of popular culture. Paying proper attention to these distinctions will make us united, strong and respectful.

*Ricardo Di Cecca*

### Focus on the curriculum, not religion

There are many parents and citizens, including myself, that do not think religion should be permitted in the public school system.

Some schools are making accommodations for over three different religions at various times in the day. This poses a huge problem as people of other religions may also request accommodations since there are well over a dozen religions represented by the student

population in Peel.

This is using up school resources (space and teacher supervision time), which are funded by our tax dollars. To benefit a few students only and leads to segregation based on religious affiliation.

School resources should be used for curriculum-based activities that benefit all students.

*Ritu Dhupar*

## The Way We Were



**A frozen Fairy Lake is the setting for this winter photo from Canada's Centennial year, 1967. This area is known locally as The Breezes, named for The Breezes Trailer Park on Dublin Line, across from the Blue Spring Golf Course, which has been operating as a third generation family business since 1960.**

*Photo courtesy of Esqueving Historical Society/Text courtesy of Heritage Halton Hills*

## Taking a moment NOT to think about global warming

I know everyone and their dog has been marveling at the mild weather we've been experiencing lately.

The general consensus is the mild weather is great, and most folks are basking in it.

I am too, but at the same time I am feeling a bit guilty, as this is a perfect example of global warming and we should be careful what we wish for.

Having said that, I've noticed that since the lambs started arriving a week ago, losing lambs to hyperthermia has been virtually non-existent, and I'm working in the barn with less layers of clothing on to keep warm.

Geez, I'm even looking at green grass as I walk to the barn in the morning.

Now these types of unseasonable temperatures tend to fool Mother Nature and her plants.

They think spring is here and start to grow. We have snowdrops growing in the shade of the house, and I expect some other plants will try to emerge, fooled by the warmth.

What happens to me when the weather gets unseasonably warm? I start to get itchy to do stuff in the garage or the shed.

Since the garage is attached to the house and the shed is some distance from the house, and getting there involves walking through squishy mud, the garage is a more practical place to putter.

I like to play out there but most times it's simply too cold.

I do open the garage door behind the Lil Red Rocket and start'er up every month to charge the battery and warm up the engine.

I start it, then return to the warmth of the house and set the stove timer for 20 minutes. When the timer goes off, I go back outside to shut'er down.

With this mild weather the siren call of the garage is luring me out for longer periods of time.

Like most garages, there's stuff mounted on the wall acting as decorations or mementoes.

The chrome air cleaner cover off my 1968 Beaumont hangs there, reminding me of the beautiful throaty sound of that 300 horsepower, 327 small block Chevy.



**TED BROWN**

A small chrome Mustang, complete with the corral encircling it, adorns another wall, once gracing the grill of my beloved 1968 Mustang, as I cruised around town in my Bullitt look-alike fastback.

The tachometer that I had on several cars hangs on a nail on a post, another reminder of the powerful engines I once drove.

There are countless other items, all part of my teenage love affair with muscle cars.

For Christmas this year, The Sidekick decided to give me a number of those tin garage signs, some advertising the Ford Mustang.

Another embraces the F150 model of the Ford truck (the model of truck which I drive daily) and some are simply Ford signs. I already had others for the Boss or Cobra Jet.

Since Christmas, they've been sitting in the living room waiting for the weather to become warm enough for me to get out to the garage and mount them on the wall.

And this week the mercury rose high enough that I had a chance to get'em up on the wall and make the garage look simply great.

It's certainly not a spiffy garage, and it's actually quite old—but dammit, it's mine and with those little splashes of colour from the tin signs on the wall they certainly pop.

So I'm going to take a moment and NOT think about global warming or greenhouse effects—and I'm gonna bask in the warmth of the sun, and admire my garage signs this week.

Because, as we all know—we'll all be back to frozen fingers within a week or so.

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