

GRAPE VINE

1400, ext. 0.

Learn about acupressure

The Acton Arthritis Bluebird Club's next meeting is Thursday, Jan. 9 from 7 to 9 pm at the ASSIC building on Willow Street. The subject of the meeting is "Acupressure for relief of pain."

New members are always welcomed. For more information, call Pauline at 853-4940.

Keep your resolutions!

So you decided this was the year to lose weight, exercise more, be more patient, etc. Why is this resolve to make changes in your life so short-lived? Plan now to attend this workshop, and learn how to stay focused on your goals. By understanding how you sabotage your own efforts for personal growth and change, you can learn to make lasting changes. Discover what is holding you back, and how to guide yourself through the change process.

This workshop, conducted by Patti Whetston Wilson, will be held on Sunday, Jan. 19 from 10 am to 3 pm at 341 Kerr St. in Oakville. The registration fee is \$55. For more information or to register, contact Susan Phair at the Canadian Mental Health Association at (905) 845-5044.

Judgement night

The Esqueuing Historical Society's next meeting is Wednesday, Jan. 8 at Knox Presbyterian Church in Georgetown, beginning at 7:30 pm. It's Judgement Night - a favourite theme returning! Bring your treasures from the past to the meeting and seasoned auctioneer Ward Brownridge will share his expertise with appraisal and remarks.

New Year's plans made?

Why not join Harvey Dewhurst at St. Alban's Church?

Harvey will be ringing the bell at the church to bid farewell to the old year and welcome in 1997 at the stroke of midnight tonight (Dec. 31).

Surprise party!

Shhh... it's a surprise 90th birthday party for Gordon Johnston this Sunday (Jan. 5) from 2 to 4 pm at Trinity United Church. Best wishes only.

YMCA winter fitness

Do you have the winter blahs? Keep fit and have fun doing it - why not join the YMCA fitness classes?

Classes begin the week of Jan. 6, with four different times offered. Daytime classes take place at St. Alban's Church on Tuesdays and Fridays, both days from 9-10 am. Evening classes take place at McKenzie-Smith Bennett school on Mondays and Wednesdays, both days from 7-8 pm.

Babysitting is available for \$1.25 per hour, but only for daytime classes. Fees are \$38 for one class per week, \$65 for two classes per week, or \$86 for three classes per week.

For more information, or to register over the phone, call the Brampton YMCA at (905) 451-



SANTA VISITS THE SMURFS: The Smurfs bowling league members were visited by Santa Claus the week before Christmas at Acton Lanes. Angie Herrington, 3, seems unsure of what to ask Santa to bring her - perhaps a few strikes in her next game? (Karen Wetmore photo)



HERE WE GO! Jennifer Morin, Kaitlin McDonald and Edyn Marshall, all 12, try to co-ordinate themselves to sled down the hill at St. Joseph's school last Friday. The trio may not have had the best luck, but looked to be having a lot of fun anyway! (Karen Wetmore photo)

Predictions? Not from this guy

At this time of year columnists are expected to either re-cap the current year or issue predictions for the year to come. If that's what you're looking for here, you're out of luck. I don't do that stuff. If I could accurately predict the future, I'd pick the next winning lottery number and retire. I don't know about you but I have no desire to re-live any part of 1996.

So, did you have a nice Christmas? Good! The O'Learys did also, thank you. The Ancient Kid came home for a week and the girls got along surprisingly well. Actually, since the six of us spent almost a week indoors together and no one was killed, the Bride and I consider the holidays were an outstanding success.

I really don't have a topic in mind (surprise!) as I'm writing this. Originally I thought I'd carry on with the bare boobs debate, which is still in the public eye. But I'm getting a strong message from my ladies that they're pretty well fed up with this topic. So I've now decided not to proceed. I don't want anyone to accuse me of trying to milk this subject to death. My death, that is.

I love the Christmas lights on the houses. The rain and dreary weather this year makes them seem even more merry. I noticed an article just before Christmas about a guy in St. John's, Nfld., who added a different twist to decking the old halls. He was standing in the front hall buck naked and flicking the porch light on and off.

Now, I've travelled extensively in the Maritimes. I love "The Rock" and especially the sense of humour of her people. So I tried to imagine how my Newfie friends would see this story.

The men, of course, would say that he was flicking the light off and on while waving to the

The Way I See It

With Mike O'Leary



passersby with both hands.

The women would say his wife had to be at the switch. They'd claim that the man who could turn the lights off and on more than twice has yet to be born.

With the kids getting older, we don't get into the toy stores anymore. In all the weeks before Christmas, I kept hearing about "Tickle Me Elmo." I thought it was a stuffed toy.

This Christmas story out of St. John's brought me back to reality. With all the time I spent "down home" I should have known - Tickle Me Elmo isn't a toy! It's just the way they talk down there.

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Santa was good to us this year and I got to thinking about what our politicians received for Christmas. At least, this is what I hope they found.

For P.M. Chretien: A dictionary with only two pages. On page 1 would be the definition of lie and liar. On page 2, the definition of truth. Why only two pages? Well, we wouldn't want to confuse the P.M. would we?

For Jean Charest: The name of a good barber. There is no way the people of this country are going to vote for a guy who looks like the Pillsbury Dough Boy having a bad hair day.

For Preston Manning: A life - preferably out of politics. Mr. Manning is a nice, decent, high principled man who cannot win the next election. Some day we should all

think about that.

For the Bloc Party: A pre-paid, decent funeral.

For Lucien Bouchard: A 50 gallon enema and a one-way plane ticket out of the country.

For Dalton McGinty: A job for his brother.

For whomever is in charge of the federal and provincial N.D.P. parties: A lottery ticket. I'm not vicious. I think everyone should have one chance in a million.

For Mike Harris: A sharper pencil and a hearing aid. The pencil because he's cut down to the muscle in many programs and he'd better be sharp when detailing further cuts. The hearing aid because I think he's tuned out the shrill cacophony coming from the Left. That's not a bad idea for someone in his position. At the same time however, he has to listen to the majority of folks who support him. You don't have all the answers sir, no matter what the polls say.

For the politically correct: I hope you had a good "festive" this year. When, exactly, was it? As for the X-mas bunch, I trust Santa left you a lump of coal.

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As I said earlier, I won't make predictions but I have made a major decision that I want to share with you. Regular readers will know that I've been 39 (metric) for several years now. It's time to 'fess up that age is catching up to me. So, on Jan. 14, I will officially turn 40 (metric). Just don't expect this every year.

It's hard to admit that the years are creeping up. But as my sainted mother used to say (and this part is best done with an Irish accent): "I'm farty and the Bride is farty-two!"

Happy new year to all!