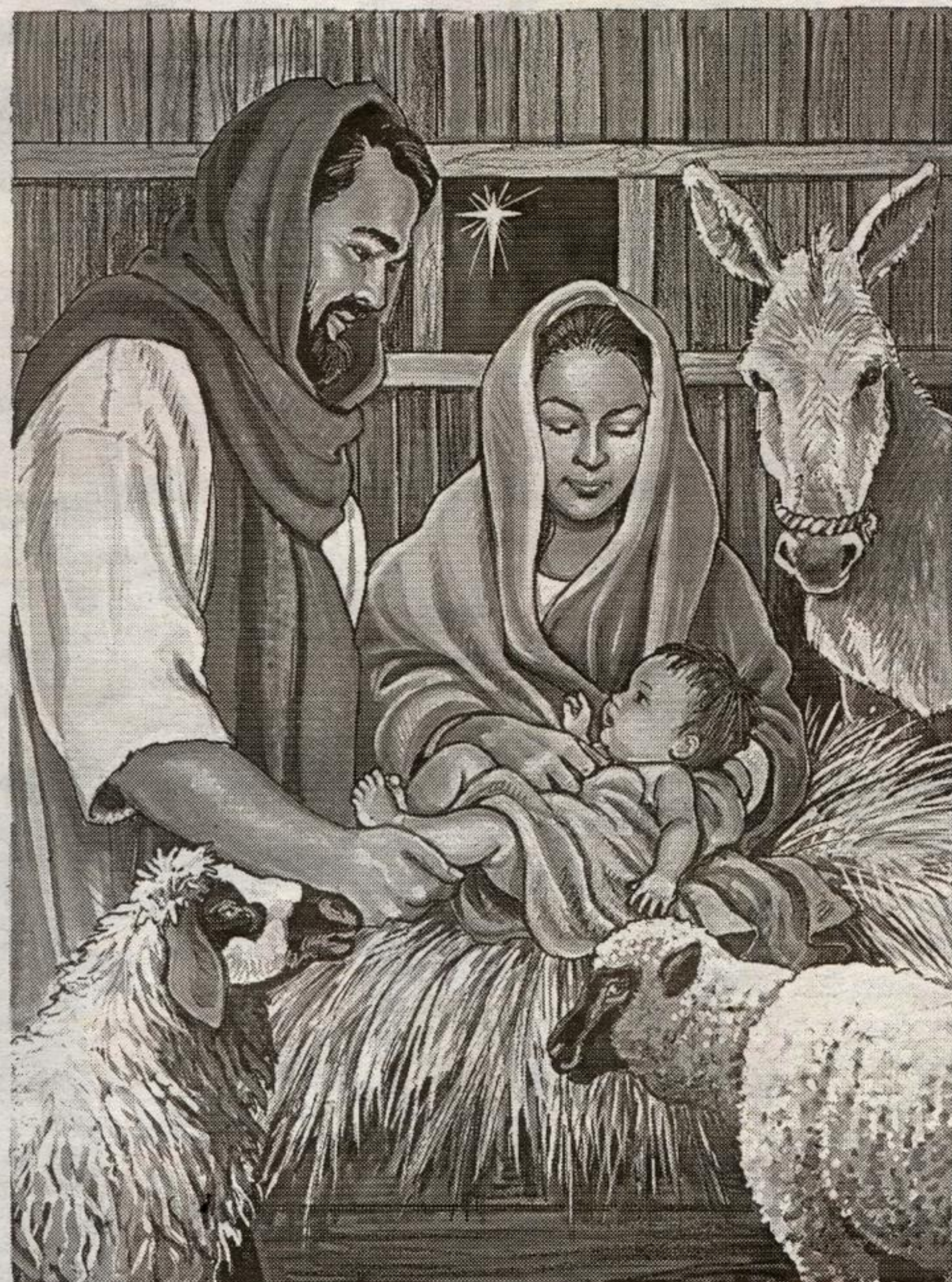


# EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles



## Birthday of Jesus

In a secular world where the pursuit of money seems to be paramount, the origins of Christmas are often obscured by a babble of voices drowning those who look to the season as a time of faith, peace and good will.

The fact Christmas is actually a celebration of the birthday of Jesus somehow gets lost in the shopping, parties and other activities we indulge in during the season, sometimes to the point where we wonder whether all the fuss is worthwhile.

It's then you might find an oasis of peace by reading an account of that first Christmas from the Gospel of Luke:

*In those days a decree went out from Emperor Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration and was taken while Quirinius was governor of Syria. All went to their own towns to be registered. Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child.*

*While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.*

*In that region there were shepherds living in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. Then an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid; for see - I am bringing you good news of great joy for all the people: to you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is the Messiah, the Lord. This will be a sign for you: you will find a child wrapped in bands of cloth and lying in a manger."*

*And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace among those whom he favours!"*

*When the angels had left them and gone to heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this thing that has taken place, which the Lord has made known to us". So they went with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the child lying in the manger.*

-Luke (2:1-16)



**CREDIT CASH:** Through raffles, barbecues and bake sales, staff at the Acton branch of Prosperity One Credit Union raised \$5,000 for ASAP - the Acton Sports Action Park committee that is working with the Town to build a skateboard park at the arena. ASAP members Mayor Rick Bonnette (left) Councillor Clark Somerville (second from left) gratefully received the cheque from Acton branch staff Sharon Arnold, Samantha D'Orazio, Harold Postma, Bella Wolfer and Nancy Thompson. - Frances Niblock photo

## Angela finds Christmas spirit

I had lost faith in mankind. I was a victim of Christmas shopping hell. It was brutal. I hadn't even planned on Christmas shopping, but I had somehow found myself in the midst of things.

It was awful. It was brutal. It was a Tylenol moment. It was an extra-strength aspirin moment. I was stuck in a check-out line at Canadian Tire in Brampton. There were at least a dozen check-out clerks but it didn't seem to help. The lines were endless.

It felt like I was waiting for ages amongst the masses. There seemed to be no escape from the teenaged sales staff. As I waited in line, I couldn't help but notice the guy across from me. He wasn't some super gorgeous guy. Nor was there anything amazingly special about him. Yet, I couldn't help but notice he had a foot bath massager in his grips. I am not normally a 'friendly' talk-to-the-person in a check-out line, so to speak to him was quite a task.

"Is that for your wife?" I asked him. He confirmed it was. With that, I informed him what would



By Angela Tyler

be a gift that would make it complete would be a gift certificate for a pedicure. "Trust me...it would make her feel like a princess." With that he said he would. For some unknown reason I knew somehow he would get the gift certificate. My job as gift conveyer was not over yet.

At the check-out, the teenage clerk was miserable. She was expressionless and looked tired. After I paid for my purchases, I offered her thanks and a "Merry Christmas." With that she responded with "yeah, you too...". What kind of a response was that? What happened to my "Merry Christmas" back? I can understand stores instructing their clerks not to offer Merry Christmas with so many different religions and beliefs, but why couldn't they respond with Merry Christmas after I said it first?

As I left the store, something

happened. Suddenly I wiped out and fell flat on my face. It was the worst. I felt like I was in grade eleven when I wiped out near the "bear pit" at the high school. It was the end of the day and I had somehow tripped. Suddenly, I found myself thrown across the floor with my head slammed against the railing of the ramp. It hurt bad. I was embarrassed and devastated. To this day, I still have friends who remind me of that day. It was awful and humiliating. I have never forgotten it.

I tried to stop my fall this time but before I knew it my sunglasses flew off my head, my boxes were flattened with the weight of my body, the contents of my purse were spun all over and the cement embraced my body. I was in pain. I not only had the pain of an aching body, but of reliving the grade eleven incident all over again.

As I tried to grab some form of composure, mankind made an appearance in humanitarian form. There was Christmas spirit. People did care. It was the guy

*Continued on page 7*



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