

SENIOR'S CORNER

A Time To Remember



CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

By Rebecca Bond

Many Christmas's have "passed", but one or two always come to mind as "special". In Scotland, Christmas was celebrated mostly with church festivities. Little plays, all of course based on Jesus's birth. We practiced during the year and of course the parts for the Nativity was everyone's ambition, which of us, would be chosen for the main characters. I was never in the limelight for main parts. I was the voice behind the scenes. I was the prompter. Always gifted with a "carrying voice", I filled in if anyone forgot a word or part. I knew everyone's role, but I always felt out of it, being behind the scenes. However, as my teacher told me I did play an important part even if I was in the sidelines. In Scotland, New Year's was a big celebration. However, we loved Christmas. My Grandmother always sent us a lovely Christmas box. One present I do remember she sent me was a pencil box, it was black with lovely flowers painted on it and the most important thing about it, I could lock it and had a little key which I could keep to myself. Having a younger sister and sharing the same room, a little privacy was a wonderful thing. I treasured that box for many many years.

The real highlight was the visit to the Pantomime. My parents always took us to Glasgow where all the Christmas shows were presented. Oh what a transformed world when we looked at that stage where we saw our favourite Fairy Tales being acted. The lovely Fairy Queen, the Wicked Witch, and either Cinderella or Sleeping Beauty would be presented in song and dance. Oh what a wonderful treat that was.

Then into a restaurant for a nice Christmas Tea. We really felt very grown-up. Also we would go to the Christmas show in Kelvin Hall which was decorated so beautifully and all kinds of exhibits, and also games we could play and win a souvenir to take home. These are just a few of my memories but how vivid they come back to me. Now I am still enjoying my Christmas with the wonderful folks I have met in Heritage House. Some day God-willing I will look back and these present times will be added to my Christmas memories.

DISCOVERY OF THE REAL SANTA CLAUS

By Eileen Lasby

I remember well the long narrow bedroom I and my brothers Karl, David and Ron shared, our little beds all in a row, with very little space between them. At one end was quite a large window and at the other the door. All was excitement on this particular night at bedtime, for it was the night before Christmas, 1916, and Santa was going to come and bring us toys.

Mother had taken us for a Christmas treat, by tram, into the city of Adelaide, Australia, that afternoon, to see and meet Santa for the very first time in our lives. We entered a very large shop and there he was, just like in the story books. I stood in awe at the sight of him, sitting in a very large chair handing out candy canes to the other children as they passed him by. I don't remember if it was shyness or fright that made me miss my turn. Having seen the real Santa added an extra thrill to bedtime on this night, and quite a bit of chit-chat before all my brothers were fast asleep. I lay there in my bed, fighting with all my might and main to stay awake; for I didn't quite like the thought of this big fat man, his face all covered with white whiskers, (feathers, as I always called them), coming right to the end of my bed. All sorts of thoughts began running through my head - how could he know who was to have boys toys or girls toys? How was he going to come down our small chimney? and oh how dirty and sooty he would be! I was fast coming to think that I would mind very much if he forgot our house, or couldn't find it in the dark. Beginning to shake a little, I suddenly heard noises at our bedroom door, and looking toward it, saw the door quietly being opened. There with the hall light at her back, I saw my dear mother, just about to tiptoe in, when she must have heard me calling my brother Karl, in a loud whisper, to wake up and see.

The door was hastily closed, with the sounds of Ho Ho Ho's coming from the other side. With a giggle and sigh of relief, I snuggled down and went to sleep. Poor mother, I wonder how long she sat into the night waiting to play Santa Claus, hoping she hadn't been seen, and that her Ho Ho Ho's had been convincing enough.

When we awoke at dawn, Santa had paid his visit, and there were the gifts at the ends of each of the four beds.

I have no recollection of what my brothers found, but mine! oh, mine! If only I could hold them in my hands today, those precious gifts. My mother had made the sweetest little cradle out of a baby's shoe box, gluing the lid to one end, bending it over a quarter of the way to make the shade. To this, little curtains were attached, draped to each side, and around the box a frilly frill was gathered. At the top where the curtains met, sat a pretty bow of blue ribbon, and another at the foot. In the cradle lay a dear, little four inch baby doll made of celluloid, with arms and legs held together by elastic running through the body, which enabled them to moveable. She was dressed in a dainty nightgown, and had on a wee diaper held together by a tiny gold safety-pin. The doll was lying all comfy on a soft pad under a sheet and blanket, topped with a blue silky coverlet, her head resting on a little pillow edged with lace. I feel quite sure any child today, receiving marvellous and expensive toys, couldn't be any more excited than I was.

Mummy Santa had also left a little box with a table and four matching wooden chairs, just the right size for my baby doll. Of course, we always found fruits, nuts, and a candy-cane as well. While munching away on these treats, and out of ear-shot from David and Ron, I whispered to Karl, "Did you see Mummy last night, and hear her doing Santa's Ho Ho Ho's?" Looking at me a little sheepishly, he said no, he hadn't. I did not believe him, and replied, "You can still think it was the real Santa, if you want to, Karl." But for me it was all over, and as the years passed by, that big fat man in red, with white features all over his face, has been replaced by a "spirit" I like to call Santa Claus.

Limehouse news

Village Carol Sing attended by 65

The Limehouse W.I. wrapped up their bi-monthly euchres with their annual potluck dinner Dec. 6. Following the bounteous meal, Jack Layman, Ralph Hollis and Glenda Benton entertained with old time music and accompanied the Carol Sing. The Institute is grateful to all who attended the euchres this year.

Sixty-five people braved the cold weather to attend the Limehouse Community Carol Sing at the Hall on Dec. 9. Young and old sang familiar carols accompanied on piano by Glenda Benton and Tom Cibic on keyboard. To end off an enjoyable evening all enjoyed hot or cold cider or coffee along with all the wonderful sweets, veggies and fruits which each family had brought for the snack time. This was the second carol sing put on by the W.I. and it will be an annual event.

Dec. 3 Communion service was held at the Limehouse Presbyterian Church. This was the first time for the six new elders who were ordained in October to preside. They are Judy Burt, Beryl Coles, Bill Karn, Keith Cairns, Ted Brown and Bert Benton.

A special treat at the December 10 service was a performance by the 40-voice choir of Limehouse School. A full church enjoyed their selections and the children and their conductors are to be commended for their work.

The Young People of the Church will be conducting the service on December 17 when they present The Living Christmas Card. Following the service the Sunday school children will be presenting their program and all will enjoy the annual Christmas Potluck.

Then the usual morning service takes place on the morning of December 24 at 9:45 a.m. and the Christmas Eve service is at 9 p.m. Everyone is welcome to attend these special services and any of the regular services throughout the year at 9:45 a.m.

Thanks to the families in and around the village for the beautiful decorations. With the lights, snow and cold weather of this past weekend it sure looks a lot like Christmas.

From Limehouse it is our wish that your Christmas will be filled with love, laughter and peace and may all be blessed in 1996.

LATE DEATH NOTICE

GORDON, William McLaren - On Thursday, December 14, 1995 at the Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital. Bill Gordon of Georgetown, in his 79th year, beloved husband of Kathleen Hall and loving father of Joanna and her husband Doug Darrah of Edmonton, Alberta, Ian Gordon of Georgetown and Andrew Gordon of Brampton. Dear brother of Angus Gordon of Niagara Falls and Maggie Judge of Scotland. Proud grandfather to Max, Mattie and Cody. A private family funeral and committal service was held at the J.S. Jones and Son Funeral Home, 11582 Trafalgar Rd. N. of Maple Ave., Georgetown, 877-3631. Cremation. In memory contributions to a charity of your choice would be appreciated.

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