

My most memorable Christmas

Each and every Christmas is unique in our family

by Tracey Gardner

When asked to write a story on my "Most Memorable" Christmas, I must admit I was at a loss. Besides the years my children were born, I can't say that there is any one Christmas that stands out as being the "most memorable". Of course, there are a few fond little memories that always spring to mind, like the year my mom set the table centerpiece on fire, or the year my brother put my uncle's car in the ditch, but there has not been a real miraculous event, or thankfully any tragedies that makes any one Christmas stand out above all others.



Tracey Gardner

Christmas in our family is not about any specific traditions, it's about making each Christmas special and unique.

Each year my children think up new things to do as a family on Christmas Day. We have spent the day tobogganing one year. Another year we decided to stay in doors and be lazy all day long, allowing the kids plenty of "playtime". One other year was spent playing board games and watching Christmas movies all day. This year we are thinking of suiting up and filling a thermos full of hot chocolate, and spending the day snowmobiling on the trails (if we find the lost key to the sled, which I suppose is a Christmas memory on it's own).

With each and every

Christmas being unique, each memory stands out in its own unique way. The one thread through them all is making the most out of the time together as a family.

It is those times that make Christmas memorable, not the food, or a special gift (like a new snowmobile if anyone is taking hints). So which Christmas is the most memorable to me, the one that hasn't happened yet, for I look forward to each and every one of them, and keep them close to my heart.

Traci is a member of The New Tanner Staff.



My memorable Christmas ignited into a passion

by Matthew Reid

The snowflakes flew early in the December of 2000. By mid December, my home, located just south of Acton had a healthy eight to 12 inches of snow blanketing the lawn and driveway. This was a sign.

In the years leading up to this eventful Christmas, my parents had talked about going on a weeklong snowmobiling trip up north with my uncle. We didn't own snowmobiles and my dad of all people hadn't ridden one in around 30 years. My young brain was filled with fantasies of caressing deep powder hill tops and racing along frozen lakes at over 150 kilometers an hour.

We were always told it was too expensive a trip to take a father, a wife and two kids up north in the dead of winter. But at last my father said it was true, we were going to rent some snowmobiles and equipment and head up north some time in the New Year.

The weeks before Christmas were exciting. My parents took us all over Milton, Georgetown, Guelph and Mississauga sizing up helmets and snowsuits so we would know what sizes to



Matthew Reid

rent when we went on the trip. On a frigid -15 degree Christmas morning, everything changed.

We woke up to a mound of presents under our newly sawed down Christmas tree. The wrapping paper was torn to shreds in a flurry of excitement like a squirrel trapped in a dryer. Among the presents were spanking new snowsuits, helmets, gloves and boots. My parents said they decided to buy them in case our snowmobile trip turned into a yearly event.

After all the shredded paper lay astray across the living

room floor, Dad comes up with two more envelopes, hidden behind the foliage of the thick spruce. My brother and I fondled the envelopes wondering why they were saved to last. Inside the envelopes were ignition keys to two brand new snowmobiles.

The two machines were perched on a shiny new trailer, which was purposely pushed very close to the house so we didn't see it in the driveway on Christmas morning. My brother and I stared out the living room window in disbelief. I believe the term, "Holy Crap!" was thrown around a few times as well.

Out we went into the crisp morning air; air so cold your nostrils froze together as you inhaled. We inserted the key and three sputtering pulls later, the engine roared to life in a monstrous cloud of blue-coloured smoke. It engulfed everything, swirling into the sky.

From that day my love of snowmobiling has grown into a passion, and that special Christmas morning I will never forget.

Matthew Reid is a member of The New Tanner editorial staff.



The Regional Municipality of Halton
www.halton.ca

More Blue and Green for a Better Planet

Halton Waste Management Calendar coming soon!

Your 2008 Halton Waste Management Calendar will be delivered to your mailbox in mid-January 2008.

This will be a shorter Calendar than usual. Starting on April 7, 2008, Halton Region will be providing you with more recycling opportunities. You'll receive a new Calendar in March outlining our new levels of waste management services.



Christmas & New Year's Waste Collection Notice

Please Note Collection Day Changes

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Dec 23	24	25	26	27	28	29
		Christmas	collection moves			
30	31	Jan 1	2	3	4	5
		New Year's Day	collection moves	collection moves	collection moves	collection moves

Due to Christmas and New Year's Day holidays, waste collection services the week of December 25 and January 1 will take place the day after your regular collection day. There is no change to Monday collection.

Due to high collection volumes, please place your waste at the curb by 7:00 a.m. on your scheduled collection day.

Please check your 2007 "Curb Appeal" Waste Management Calendar for details in your area or the Region's Waste Management website at www.halton.ca/waste.

Have you got a great Christmas story to share?

Send it to us for next years issue

www.thenewtanner.on.aibn.com

Attn: Hartely Coles