

EDITORIAL

with Hartley Coles

The real reason for Christmas

Believe it or not, by the time The New Tanner is distributed on Wednesday, there will just one day until the Eve of Christmas and a celebration we've been anticipating for weeks – Christmas Day.

Although some of the media, in all its forms, try to obscure the reason why Christmas is so widely celebrated around the world, the reason for the season, as the saying says, is the birth of Jesus Christ. We are fascinated, or should we say saddened, by the efforts of those who do their best to change the meaning of Christmas, or to denigrate it in any way they can.

Christmas is a time for joy, celebrating the birth of One whom Christians believe is the Son of God.

Long before political correctness, Christmas was also a celebration of peace on earth and goodwill to men. It spilled over from the churches into homes, the streets, the shops and schools. The joy, the sense of peace and goodwill was pervasive. It had no religious boundaries.

There were no "holiday" trees, "happy holiday" greetings and few attempts to play down its real meaning. As one editorialist wrote recently, "In one sense, this symbolic cleansing of Christmas is little more than an exercise in hypocrisy. Politically correct euphemisms and ribbons of turquoise and magenta instead of the traditional green and red don't really conceal the obvious rationale for closing schools, stores, banks and factories celebrating Dec. 25.

"And in another sense, taking Christ out of Christmas is a denial of the tolerance, diversity and inclusiveness in which Canadians take so much pride.

"In welcoming people from far-off lands to this country and encouraging them to preserve their traditions and cherish their beliefs, the Christian majority in Canada has shown a profound respect for others, a generosity of spirit and a measure of tolerance that's an example for the entire world. It's hard to imagine that anyone would work to deny Christians their Christmas traditions just because they are the majority." But...

Canadians have shown a remarkable tolerance and respect for other cultures and religions, and also joined in celebrating their festivities in a spirit of goodwill. In return we would expect a similar spirit for Christmas, not as others would like to transform it into a meaningless holiday and instead of a holy day, the original meaning of the word. After all, what's there to celebrate? – the arrival of snow, the winter solstice or some other name such as 'Festus'?

In our attempts not to offend anyone in our now most diverse society, we could lose the real spirit of Christmas which includes goodwill and much joy to everyone of all faiths and cultures and extends beyond that to those who have none. If we ever lose it as a nation then we'll be dispensing with the most joyous time of the year for a mess of meaningless trivia.

Fortunately, Canadians are starting to wake up and fight back at those who would destroy the foundation of our Christian culture and belief. The churches of Acton are actively promoting the "Keep Christ in Christmas" theme with signs and billboards to let the revisionists know that Christmas, as we know it, is still very much alive. It will take more than "holiday" trees, "happy holiday" greetings and other superficial swipes at the meaning of Christmas to replace the spirit of goodwill and peace that pervades the traditional Christmas.

In that spirit the publisher and staff at The New Tanner wish everyone A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!



GINGERBREAD FUN: While some kids ate the decorations, others built and decorated a gingerbread house on Saturday at the Town Hall Centre as part of the Olympic Torch Relay celebrations. Hard at work were, from left: Shannon King holding Deacon King, Curtis King, Audrey Cullen, Mom Jennifer Cullen and Brendan Cullen. – Frances Niblock photo

Life, love and early Christmas

This year was a big year for the Dude and me. Our summer move to the country was a big change for me and looking back my hesitation was just plain silly. It was probably one of the best things that had happened.

Another big thing for us happened last March. Two days after we came home from our vacation to Florida I called the Dude just as he was leaving to go to work. "I need you to meet me in Rockwood at Jim's Repair." I informed him. He was confused. He thought perhaps I had been in a car accident or something. He raced to Rockwood however, it wasn't anything bad. I had a plan.

Jim's Repair parking lot is almost sacred ground for us. It was where we watched the Rockwood Farmer's Christmas parade on our first date and it was at this location during a parade two years later as Santa rode past on his float that he proposed to me.

The Dude pulled into the parking lot to find me standing in "our spot". "What's wrong?"



By
Angela Tyler

he asked me while looking at my truck to see if he could see any damage. "Nothing is wrong." I started to explain. We stood there staring at each other and with tears starting to fill my eyes I told him what we had been waiting to hear for four years. "I'm pregnant... we're going to have a baby!" Before I knew it, we were both teary eyed and overjoyed all at the same time.

I've had quite a few people ask why I hadn't wrote about this before now as I seem to blabber on about almost anything and everything, sometimes to the Dude's dismay, but this was something at that point just for us. We had waited so long and were thrilled yet at the same time cautious until the big day arrived.

We were very fortunate. I had a great pregnancy with no complications with the excep-

tion of one. For some reason, I disagreed with the four due dates the doctors had given me. I always had this instinct that our little bundle would arrive on Friday, November 13.

On November 12 during what we had hoped would be my last prenatal check-up, the doctor informed me that I would have to have a c-section and as soon as possible, which translated to Friday, November 13 at 10 a.m. Call it 'mothers instinct' but I had said that would be the day all along. "Do you think we could get it changed to 1 p.m. then it would be 1300 hours on the 13th?" the Dude asked. "I don't really think we can ask them to wait three hours," I replied.

Sure enough they had a busy night and following numerous delays, we were finally taken in just after noon and just as the Dude wanted, our baby was delivered at 13:04 p.m. on the 13th. As the nurse told us we had a healthy daughter, my only question to her was, "What time is it?"

Continued on Page 9



THE NEW Tanner
PUBLISHING LTD.

373 Queen Street East, Unit 1
Acton, Ontario L7J 2N2
email: thenewtanner@on.aibn.com

(519) 853-0051 Fax: (519) 853-0052

Publisher
Ted Tyler

Editor Emeritus
Hartley Coles

Editor Frances Niblock

Editorial Contributors

Mike O'Leary Angela Tyler Rebecca Ring

Advertising and Circulation

Marie Shadbolt

Composing Ken Baker

Distributed to every home in Acton and area,
as well as adjoining communities.

Every effort will be made to see advertising copy, neatly presented, is correctly printed. The publisher assumes no financial responsibility for typographical errors or omissions in advertising, but will gladly reprint without charge that part of an advertisement in which an error may occur provided a claim is made within five days of publication.

All articles, advertisements and graphic artwork appearing in The New Tanner is copyrighted. Any usage, reproduction or publication of these items, in whole or in part, without the express written consent of the publisher of The New Tanner is a copyright infringement and subject to legal action.