

FABRIZIO GIANNUZZI, age 7, of First Line, a grade two student at Holy Rosary School, shows Santa flying away on his sled.

Her best Christmas

GUESTS FROM NOVA SCOTIA

By Marie Kriak, 12B Hugh St., Class 61, W.I. Dick School.

My best Christmas was when I was eleven years old. It was the day my grandparents from Nova Scotia came up. My dinner was very good. The presents I got was very nice. I was old enough to buy my family presents.

It was 8:00 a.m. on Christmas day when a knock came at the door. So I answer it. When I answered it there were my grandparents from Nova Scotia. I asked them in. This was my favaurite Christmas because I had not seen my grandparents in three straight years.

My dinner was good because mom knew they were coming but you know mom's they don't tell you anything. We had for dinner a turkey, potatoes, carrots and cherry pie.

When we were all finished dinner my sister and I opend all of our presents. The one present I got was a nice bridledoll I always wanted one.

HOPE SANTA
WON'T BURN HIS
PANTS
By Bill Hunt, 8, Gr. 3,

Robert Baldwin School).

Christmas means a lot to me. It is Jesus birthday and it is also a time for giving and sharing. I don't like the idea of people hating on Christmas (or any time)! We are very lucky to live in North America. The people in developing countries don't even have a single toy to play with! I've heard of lots of pro-

grams to help them but I

don't think they are

Why do most people celebrate Christmas on the next day? We should celebrate Christmas on Christmas Eve. I think we celebrate Christmas the next day so we won't see Santa Claus come down the chimney. And I hope everybody will remember to make sure

see Santa Claus come down the chimney. And I hope everybody will remember to make sure their fire isn't burning so Santa Claus won't burn his pants! I hope Santa is on a diet or he won't be able to fit down our

I hope I have a Merry Christmas. And I hope everybody in the world will have one too. Another thing I liked about Christmas that year, was because I was old enough to buy my owned presents for my family. I got my grandparents a clock for the kitchen, for my little

and dad I gave \$10.00 because I did not know what to get them.

It was time for bed. It was a nice Christmas that was my very best one I had. Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.



MICHELLE BLANCHARD, age 7, of 681 McColl Ct., a grade two student at Martin St. School, drew Santa by a Christmas tree with his reindeer on the roof.

May you and your family share a starbright Christmas full of joy and merriment, in the warmth of each other's love! Our thanks to you all. FROM MANAGEMENT AND EMPLOYEES OF MILTON LIMESTONE AGGREGATES CLOSED DECEMBER 21, 1979 THRU JANUARY 2, 1980

A time for happiness

REAL MEANING OF THE SEASON

By John Lwrence, 23 Lorne Scots Dr., Class 64, W.I. Dick School.

I was walking down the main street of Milton and a terrible snowstorm came up, very suddenly. To get out of it I sheltered in the entrance to Harris Stationary Store. I looked at the display window and saw toys, pens, binders and other things and in the middle of the display there was a sign that read What Does Christmas Mean To You.

I thought about it and thought what does Christmas really me? I thought about the needy people and the fact that I am very lucky to have what I do and about the toys in the attic and how they just are sitting there. Where I could send them to the kids?

I thought about it some more. I thought it is a time of joy, and happiness, for some of us. Getting gifts on Christmas Day when we celebrate the Birth of

Jesus Christ.

Then it hit me, that is what Christmas means to me. A time to celebrate of the Birth of Christ and a time to have fun, to have laughter, to have great singing and shout the good news and why we celebrate the birth of Christ.

GIFTS OF JOY AND HAPPINESS By Kerri Zanatta, 11, of 81 Miles St., Milton, Gr. 6, Holy Rosary School.

Christmas is a time for love, peace, and understanding. A time to get together with friends, reletives, and family. A time for giving and receiving gifts, cards, and happiness.

But it is also a time to realize the true meaning of Christmas. About Jesus Christ, the Saviour, who was born to Mary and Joseph in a stable, in Bethlehem. And about the Star. And about what Jesus said, "Peace on earth and good will towards men," And about heaven and God the Father. He, Jesus, came to give gifts of joy, happiness, and peace to everyone.

Jesus died for us and for our sins. And for the poor people and the unfortunate. For the wealthy that they may be kind and give to others. For the sick, dying and crippled that they may have joy this Christmas and more to come.

And thats was Christmas means to me.

THANK HIM FOR A PLACE TO STAY By Caroline Hobbs, age 10, 358 Broadway St., Grade 5. St. Peter's School

Some people think that Christmas is trees, decorations, food and presents. They don't think of others. All want I enjoy opening presents but the true meaning of Christmas is the birth of Christ, who came to earth to help all of us. We should help him by going to mass on Christmas day, or do something that you yourself think people will appreciate.

As you walk down town you can see real pretty decoration. I'm not trying to say you can't have decorations, but just try to have a little space in your heart for God, who gave you your life, and for Jesus who tried to make it better. All I am trying to say is God gave you life and a place to stay so thank

Merry Christmas!

Green Santa gives millions of pickles

By Aaron Gaulborn, 10, of 18 Court St. N., Gr. 5, Martin Street School.

Three days before Christmas the strangest thing happened. A U.F.O. landed in the forest near my house.

My brother and I went to look, it glowed a green colour and than stopped. It looked like a big pickle. A door opened and a smaller pickle rolled out, there was a green man sitting in it.

We ran into the big pickle. We hid behind some pickle jars. There wer 100,000,000 pickle people. We jumped some pickles and took thier clothes. None of the pickles recognized us.

The king of the pickles was a statue. A pickle yelled out "Intruders." I pushed the statue and it started a hustle.

"Do the hustle Bo Bo Bo ye ye ye do the hustle." We boogied all night.

We heard bells and a green man was dressed up as Santa, "ho ho" "ho no." He gave my brother and I a 102,888,800 year supply of pickles. We went home and went to bed.

Before we went to bed we looked up the chimney and saw a green man dressed up as Santa. I thought it was a nightmare but it wasn't because we had our 102,888,800 year supply of pickles.

