## There's just nothing left to write about Christmas

I've got nothing left.

It occurred to me that I've already written about all my Christmas stories of significance and many that weren't significant.

Short of making something up, I'm done.

I've told you twice over the years about the Christmas miracle. It was the time that I slowed down with a car full of people to look at some Christmas

Because of that, I just missed a huge deer running across the road that would have killed us all — or at least slightly injured some of us or dented the car a bit. Last year, I embellished a bit by adding a red nose to the deer, but I can't be sure that wasn't true.

I've written about Christmas songs, Christmas movies, Christmas dinner, Christmas presents, Christmas trees, Christmas shopping, Christmas giving, Christmas receiving, Christmas decorations, Christmas spirit, Christmas everything.

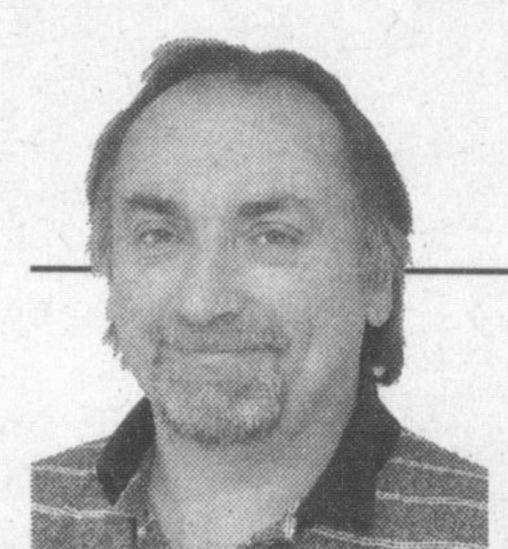
I was going to write about how my sister wants a TV Christmas this year. As she says: "On TV they all sit around with beautiful smiles and beautiful table settings while the head of the household carves the turkey so nicely. There's even room for people's elbows. Everything is perfect. None of this cheering for the best presents — they're all favourites and all so thoughtful."

"Everyone screams and yells at ours," she says, "and throws stuff all over and drapes themselves over couches."

She does all the work since my mother died 20 years ago and she should have that TV Christmas if she wants it.

Some of the family people I've talked to about this think it would be particularly funny to act as if it's a TV Christmas, and would do it for just that reason. So, it doesn't look as if she's going to get it.

Then I saw this movie and was particularly intrigued with the Jewish holiday traditions. Okay, it was Adam



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Sandler's cartoon movie, 'Eight Crazy Nights', not exactly a classic, although I laughed hysterically. I also learned about Hanukkah, which peaked my interest because they get presents for eight days in a row. I could go for that, but I'd have to find someone willing to hand them over and it's a little late this year to change religions.

Besides that, it's never a good idea to write about religion because people tend to take that pretty seriously and don't appreciate anything that may hint at poking fun.

Somebody always takes it wrong and finds a way to be offended, although just saying that people could be offended is kind of offensive in itself if you think about

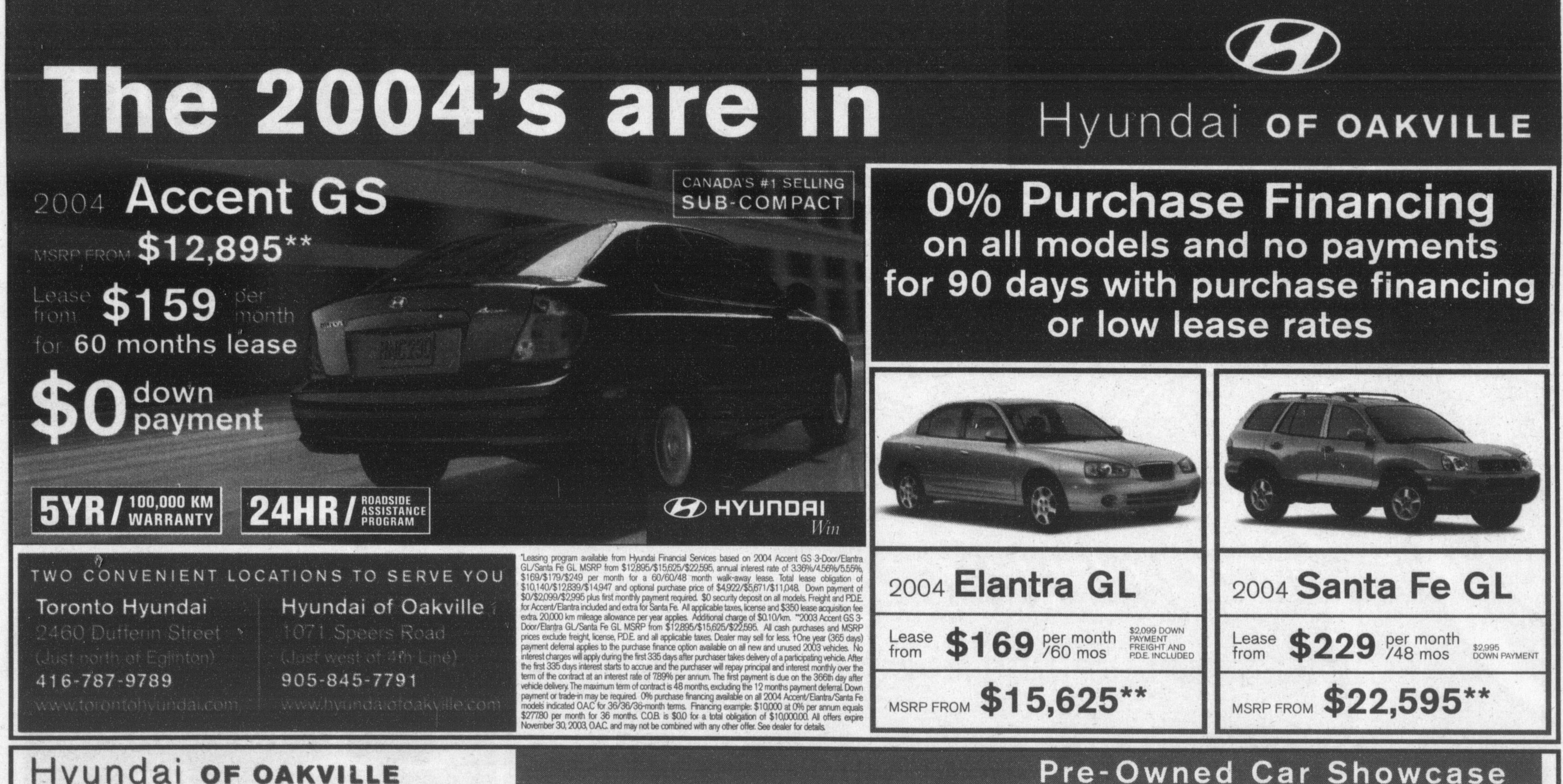
So, what else?

There are a couple things I wanted to do but didn't get around to. I wanted to dress up like a clown in the Santa Claus Parade in Milton; I wanted to roast chestnuts on an open fire, but couldn't find an open fire or chestnuts.

Then I thought maybe I'd make fun of all the things people don't like about Christmas, and the paradox of disliking and liking something so much. But, I ran out of time and space.

So, since this is my last column before Christmas I'll just say Merry Christmas and Happy Hanukkah.









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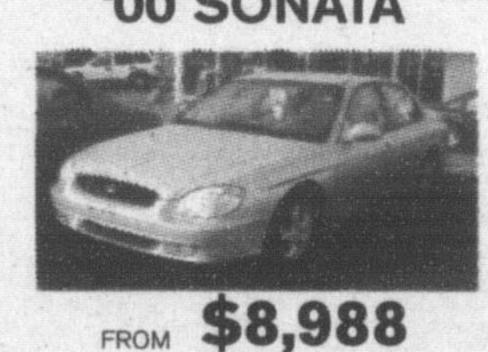


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