

Season's Greetings

Greetings from the Chief

I extend to the staff and readers of the Castor Review the best of good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

In retrospect, I think of many Christmases including 1916 when I was overseas, but those that stand out were during my boyhood on the Prairies.

Father was a teacher in the suburbs of Toronto and in 1903 we moved to the Fort Carleton area, Saskatchewan. He took a school some 17 miles from the nearest village. From 1906 to 1910 we lived on a homestead on the Prairies.

Each Christmas during those years, the pioneers in the area, Indians, English, French, Germans, and Ukrainians would

gather for Christmas Carols and mother would serve lunch.

On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, our humble home became a chapel for services and hymn-singing. My parents loved company and neighbors came from miles around to celebrate the birth of the Christ Child.

Canada's Prairie pioneers showed deep concern about one another's welfare, and as I look back over the years, it seems to me if that same spirit could be reborn in each of us, many of our problems would be solved.

With all good wishes to my fellow Canadians everywhere.

John G. Diefenbaker,
PC, CH, MP.

A Christmas Carol

Christmas Eve the snow came down softly on the village steeples, each, regardless of the church it adorned, pointing the way indiscriminately heavenward. The silver moon rode high on a sea of clouds and went down behind the trees, touching gently with long, tapering fingers the snowcrusted river. The streets echoed briefly to laughter and the sound of bells and were still in a stillness of anticipation, while behind many an upstairs window curtains were drawn briefly back for a last peek at the new fallen

snow, disappointing in its untouched whiteness.

Although no tiny reindeer counts marred the Christmas counterpane, childhood's faith remained unshaken in the coming arrival of the fat, jolly elf and his eight tiny reindeer. After all, it was Christmas Eve in a small town and anything was possible as the soft snow came down glossing over the pain and sorrow and frustrations of man's inhumanity and carrying a promise of eternal relief.

Once upon a midnight clear

As Charles Dickens once said, it was the best of times and the worst of times, a dictum which applies with almost equal force to any period of history.

It appears particularly applicable to our era, a period of change almost without parallel in man's long story.

What a world, this Christmas season of 1977! The Egyptians come to the Jews in a curious love-feast presaging a new relationship in a history of mutual animosity going back to Pharaoh's daughter. Women march and counter-march demanding the right to be everything but women, while hooting male groups look on and jeer. In Africa, a white society moves with fanatical determination to encompass its own destruction and make inevitable the triumph of black violence which it so greatly fears.

All over the world, terror, organized and subsidized, stalks the air lanes, infiltrates the back alleys and campanas of the tight South American dictatorships and makes a policy of assassination, robbery and sudden death in the finest and bloodiest traditions of Lenin and Stalin. All in the name of peace and brotherhood.

Brotherhood, what crimes, at this Christmas time, 1977, are committed in thy name.

Christmas messages

Rev. Horace Lamble: St. Mary's Anglican Church

In spite of the sophistication of man's technology, it is a troubled world in which we live. The Feast of the Nativity reminds us that the real owner of this world seeks a relationship with us. He is still in this world offering his peace to those who respond to him. May each of us know the joy of Christmas through fellowship with Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem.

Rev. Michael Minvielle: Russell-Metcalf Roman Catholic Church

May the blessings of the Christ child be with you this Christmas and all through the new year.

Rev. Robert Huneault: Embrun Roman Catholic Church

Un jour, chez Dieu, on discutait d'un grand rêve: rassembler dans l'amour tous les hommes de la terre.

Le Fils dit alors au Père: "J'irai, moi, leur faire part de ce projet. Je me ferai l'un d'eux et leur communiquerai nos intentions."

C'est ainsi que naquit Jésus à Bethléem et qu'il entreprit de manifester aux hommes le rêve de son Père.

Dupuis lors, ce projet est toujours en marche. Il ne va pas sans difficultés. Mais dans la mesure où chacun vit dans l'amour de ses frères, il permet au rêve de Dieu de se réaliser.

C'est ce que, chaque année, vient nous rappeler cette belle fête de l'amour qu'est Noël.

Joyeux Noël — Merry Christmas.

Rev. Leonard Woolfrey: Russell United Church

Christmas comes each year as man's spiritual corrective. The central problem for all is that of getting a perspective on values. The important thing in our lives should be caring, sharing, loving, giving and worship. A blessed Christmas to all.

Merry Christmas

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