

Terrace Bay
Schreiber

News

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Christmas message from Our Reeves

Terrace Bay

One of the many pleasures associated with being Reeve of this community is the opportunity to extend greetings to all the people of Terrace Bay during this holiday season.

Christmas is a time of coming together, a time when families and friends meet in an atmosphere of happiness and goodwill. It's a time when we should step back a little from the day-to-day pressures and problems which confront all of us during the year, and take time to enjoy the way other people can enrich our lives.

On behalf of my colleagues on Council, I wish you all peace and joy during this season, and for the New Year to come.

Reeve



Schreiber

May I take this opportunity to wish all the residents of Schreiber, a Very Merry Christmas, and a Prosperous and Successful New Year.

Reeve



Anchor

The Importance of Mary

by
REV. BILL LeGRAND
Every Christmas we remember the magnificent simplicity of the birth of Jesus Christ. In the second chapter of Luke's Gospel we recall how Joseph and Mary travel to Bethlehem, where Mary gives birth to Jesus in a stable...meanwhile, some shepherds hear of our Saviour's birth from an angel... there in the open country, the Heavenly Host sings out: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."
It's hard to understand God's actions. The greatest miracle in history occurs in the most

austere of settings. The "Prince of Peace" arrives in the warmth of human love, removed entirely from the luxurious palaces of earthly kings. An angel reveals himself to common shepherds... not the religious guardians of the Jewish nation, the Pharisees and Scribes. The message is wholly unexpected; this child brings not power as the world understands it; a mighty saviour and political liberator of God's people... on the contrary, this child is to become the essence of peace and good will toward humankind.
Sometimes Mary becomes an appendage to

scripture in our worship, a familiar person to bring out once or twice a year. Yet the simple Jewish maiden who was Mary the mother of Jesus, is chosen because of her virtue, her capacity to give birth to God's son in an atmosphere of earthy goodness. A favourite hymn of mine, Sing of Mary, reveals Mary's unique place in our experience of faith: "Sing of Mary, pure and lowly, Virgin-mother undefiled, Sing of God's own Son most holy, Who became her little Child. Fairest Child of fairest Mother

God the Lord who came to earth, Word made flesh, our very Brother, Takes our nature by His birth"
Mary reminds us of God's love for his people, the Church of Jesus Christ, which encompasses Christians of all denominations. And this love becomes known in a stable, with a devoted mother, aware of God's commission for her. It's little wonder that the Magnificat (Luke 1:46ff) reveals this humble, plain woman to declare, "my soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the lowliness of

his handmaiden. For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," (Anglican Book of Common Prayer, p. 21)
Joseph, the carpenter from Nazareth, is little known in scripture. However, we recognize his basic role as Jesus' earthly father. As a man Joseph had to accept Mary's pregnancy on faith. From him, Jesus would experience the completion of family life, the unity of man and woman. As members of various Christian communities, we cannot forget that our one church emerges from simplicity, from family love. from plain wit-

ness. Jesus grows into manhood with a burning love for the underdog, the prostitutes, the poor, the blind, the maimed, the tax collectors, the adulterers, the alienated. Our witness, in spite of our hierarchical orders, doctrines and traditions must never lose sight of God's transcendence of time and space to redeem us where we are in our lives.
Unlike any other period of the year, Christmas calls on us specifically to share with others. Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" allows us to look deep within our own spiritual journeys, to discern the

Scrooge that resides within us, for our world is a composite picture of millions of Tiny Tims, the forgotten sufferers within our shared planet of Earth.
Above all else, this story of a Babe in a Manger reminds us that Christian faith is active in Mission and Evangelism...not just at Christmas but throughout the year. Christianity is basic and simple in its purest sense...the message beginning in a manger. May we all have a Merry Christmas in the love of Jesus Christ.

Arthur Black

Aunt Belle of the Black family tree

Ahhh me. I just finished talking with my Aunt Belle on the phone. There are a lot of characters hanging off the branches of the Black Family Tree, but Aunt Belle is more memorable than most. Aunt Belle spent better than half her life as a farm wife. She bore eleven children on a hundred-acre farm near Fergus, Ontario - a farm that had no electricity and no hired help. Aunt Belle raised the eleven kids, kept house, baked fresh bread daily that I can still smell. She also collected eggs, chopped wood, milked cows, delivered calves, tended gardens, fought fires and jockeyed the tractor when necessary.
The remarkable thing is that when the kids were grown and her husband had passed on and Aunt Belle was of an age where people usually retire to the sofa to spend their declining years knitting and watching The Edge of

Night ... Aunt Belle made an announcement, instead. "Now" she told the rest of us, "I'm going to do some of the things I always wanted to do."
She sold the farm, went down to the travel agent and proceeded to do her level best to see the world.
Her first trip, as I recall, was to the Yukon where she tried white water rafting, among other things. Since then, she's been all over this continent and she's poked around a good deal of Europe, South and Central America to boot.
And Aunt Belle doesn't just travel. She also reads. A lot. Everything from best sellers to seed catalogues. "That's the only way I could travel back when I was on the farm" she explains.
As a matter of fact, that's why I called her up in the first place. I wanted to know if she'd read about

the latest toy craze: "minicars" for kids. These are real, scaled-down automobiles. They have lights and shocks and an 11-horsepower motor that will push them up to speeds of almost 30 miles per hour. They are on sale at a rather exclusive shop called F.A.O. Schwarz, in New York. These small-scale replicas are suitable for children between the ages of seven and 14.
Suitable for ... very rich kids between the ages of seven and 14 that is. The replica model Ferrari 308 GTS, for example, sells for \$10,000. That's ten thou U.S. and yes, we are talking about a child's toy here.
There are other, less pricey models available at F.A.O. Schwarz -- for example, a pint-size Jeep Laredo with chrome trim and plastic headlights that you could put under the tree for a mere \$2,400. And for real cheap-skates, an Indy 500-style Pennzoil

racing car which retails for a paltry eleven hundred bucks.
It is somewhat depressing to realize that this Christmas, some spoiled kids are going to get to rip the wrapping off toys that cost more than the tab for feeding a large Ethiopian village for a year.
I wondered what Aunt Belle would think of it all, so I phoned her up. "Aunt Belle" I yelled -- she doesn't hear so well -- "I want to talk about toys."
Before I could explain, she was off and rambling. She talked about the toys she'd had as a girl and about the toys her kids had enjoyed. She spoke of cornhusk dolls and hand-knit sweaters for the girls; of handcarved slingshots and homemade wagons for the boys. She reminisced about how scraps of cloth were hoarded all year round and how in early winter the kerosene lamps burned long after the



kids were asleep as Mom and Dad worked into the night, sewing and knitting, whittling, hammering, gluing and painting.
On Christmas morning, Aunt Belle recalled, each child could expect to find a woollen stocking filled with apples, some peanuts and a square of maple fudge ... and in good years -- a store-bought candy cane.
And also, under the tree, one present apiece.
"Just ... one present each?" I asked.
"Yep" said Aunt Belle, "And we cherished it."
We chatted for a while longer, then I said goodbye and hung up.
I didn't have the heart to bring up the \$10,000 toy Ferrari.