Local Internet Provider 537-1950

Tuesday, December 25, 2001

Salt Spring Island, B.C.

Vol. 4, Issue 52

Inside

Santa visits
Salt Spring
.....Page 2

Children's stories and artworkPage 3

Christmas Among the CathedralsPage 16

nd it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed.

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

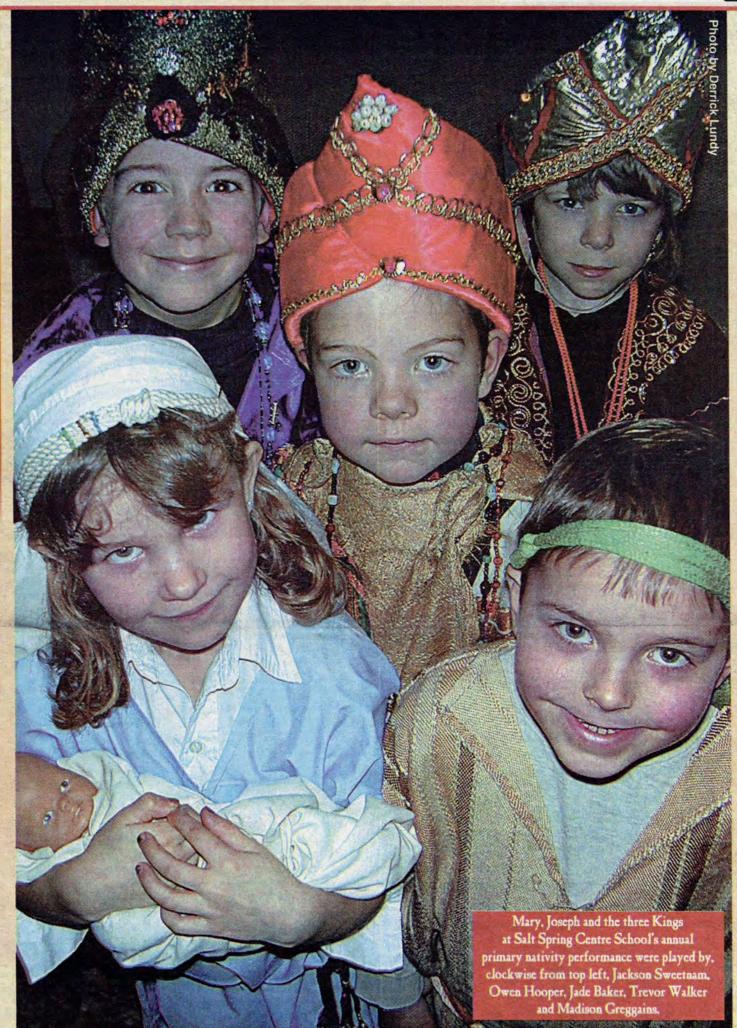
And so it was that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."



Two Pages of New Year's Specials

Ganges Village Market
PAGES 10 & 11



"Concepts burden the memory.

An artistic and imaginative presentation builds up the memory.

Active involvement anchors the memory."

Rudolf Steiner

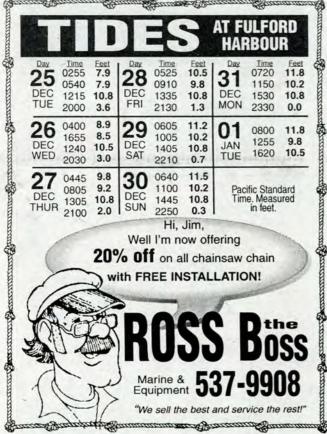
Waldorf on Salt Spring K-6 (250) 538-0246

Grant E. Croswell B.A., B.TH., M.C.ED. Professional Clinical Counsellor in private practise

- · Marriage and Relationship
- Addictions
- Guilt and Forgiveness
- Anxiety and Stress
- · Grief and Loss
- · Sexuality and Intimacy
- · Self Esteem Issues · Abuse Issue

653-9343





PLEASE NOTE OUR

SCHEDULE CHANGE

For the Issue of Monday, December 31st, 2001

> Display Ad Deadline: Noon, Monday, Dec 24th

> Classified Deadline: 5pm, Thursday, Dec 27th

Too Late Too Classify Deadline: Noon, Friday, Dec 28th

Parnacle

St. Nick does Salt Spring and gets the heck outta there

By SUSAN LUNDY Staff Writer

St. Nick pulled back on the reins as his sleigh caught a light ripple of wind and drifted toward Fulford Harbour. An uneasy shiver gripped his body and he tried to huddle deeper into the furry, redand-white warmth of his

"Ah, Salt Spring," he murmured, warily. Yes, he could feel it: the very name forced a flicker of headache to blink across his bushy white brows.

Here, Christmas Eve could go well, or it could take a nose dive.

Last December, for examole, he'd arrived on the island full of energy and enthusiasm, and dashed into the forest to cut down a Christmas tree for a needy south-end family. Returning to his sleigh, tree in tow, he found an angry young man chained to the chassis, surrounded by a circle of chanting, drumming, candle-holding people dressed in woolly hats and gumboots.

Then there was the year he'd stopped by the Berlin place up on Mount Bruce and just whisked the reindeer away in time before some bonehead in a 4X4 took aim with a shotgun at Rudolph's

Salt Spring often proved difficult for St. Nick and he was happy to arrive early this year - still under the guise of darkness — but in time to deal with any tricky situations that might arise.

Hopefully, he'd have time to take in The Very Last Chance Or Wait Till Next Year Buddy Christmas Craft Fair at Mahon Hall. (He'd love to pick up some of Arnie's candied salmon for the reindeer, maybe an aromatherapy pillow for the wife ... and, should time permit, sit down for a well-deserved massage Waterfall.)

Extra time for his island stops was mandatory. Building code regulations prevented him from landing on the roofs of unfinished houses, and this island featured more temporary occu-

pancy permits than Blitzen

And who knew from year to year what illegal suite or trailer or yurt or dome he might find little Joey or Riversong or Stardust living in? Or what woman might Tom, Dick or Harry be shacked up with this month? And are the kids with mom, dad, the ex-step-grandmother or the boyfriend's sister's uncle? Then there was the problem of which dad belonged to which kid Oh Ho, oh Ho.

He passed a gloved hand across his forehead. He could definitely feel the edge of a headache building behind his eyes as he scanned the countryside, looking for a place to touch down.

"Here, **Christmas Eve** could go well, or it could take a nose dive."

St. Nick had another reason to hit the island early. Loaded awkwardly into his sleigh was a special - albeit bulky - gift for the island. It was a great hulk of wooden planks and nails that, turned on its side, looked a little like a tiny cabin or a large doll house or a bus shelter. Actually, it was the "missing link" - the Cudmore Stopgap. St. Nick had brought Salt Spring a completed portion of the boardwalk.

Just ahead now, he could make out a winding road cushioned on either side by evergreens. Before getting down to business, he'd land and unhitch the reindeer for a few minutes. Maybe then he could sneak into Ganges for that craft fair.

He yanked on the reins, leaned into the curve and brought down the sleigh, missing by inches a jagged crevice - do they actually make potholes that big? - in the middle of the road. The sleigh skidded to a halt and he hopped down, shaking out

the stiffness in his shoulders and stretching his fingers.

If this were Victoria, he might dig through his sports bag and pull out a rain slicker to disguise his red cloak. But here on Salt Spring, he'd just melt into the crowd, especially with the curly grey dreadlocks he now sported in his hair and beard, and the crust of mud that edged up and over the soles of his gum-

He was ready. He'd just give the reindeer a minute in the forest . . .

"Hey you!" An angry voice cut through the trees. "This here island is full of sheep and - didn't ya see the signs - all visitors gotta keep their pets under control. We can't have marauding animals loose in the woods."

"Ah . . . er." St. Nick cleared his throat.

"And by the way, see that sign with the plastic bags attached? Use 'em."

Before St. Nick could reply, the voice disappeared with a crunch of heavy foot-

Hastily, he began gathering up the reindeer, the uneasy feeling returning to his stomach and the pain in his forehead taking form just under his hairline. Perhaps he would forget the craft fair. Best to unload the Cudmore Stop-gap and get on with the night.

But, oh ho, things weren't going to be that easy, St. Nick realized as he spotted a man wearing a tie stalking toward him. The man stood before St. Nick, arms crossed, a clipboard clutched between his fingers. He glared at the Cudmore Stop-gap in the

"Bus shelters are not permitted on Highways' road allowances," he said coldly. "Sneaking about with one in the dark of night is certainly not the solution. What if you twisted an ankle in a pothole, or slipped on loose gravel? Highways won't be liable, you know; we'll fight you all the way to the Supreme Court."

"It's not a-" "If you insist on erecting a shelter for children - in my day we just got wet - you need to put it on private property and apply to Highways for the right to access it, the right to look at it and the right to inhale and

exhale air around it." St. Nick started to reply and then instead thanked the man for the information. He quickened his pace, speedily hitching the reindeer and now envisoning a fast exit.

He hopped up, snapped the reins and leaned back in his seat as sled, deer, man and bulky gift lifted into the air and headed to Ganges Harbour.

Soaring above the town, St. Nick felt a little of the tension slip away. Such a picturesque, quaint little village. Why, look at that. There was a man dressed in flowing red cleaning up the streets. St. Nick was almost ready to hum a little Christmas ditty as the sleigh circled the harbour and dipped low for a landing.

Then it happened.

Ho No! A great black beast came rising out of the harbour, directly toward him. He turned the sleigh sharply to the left, over-corrected and swayed dangerously to the right. The reindeer tried to compensate, but the sleigh bounced and dipped. The Cudmore Stop-gap bopped up and down and to the side. It tilted over the edge of the sleigh, hung there for a moment and then, as if in slow motion, somersaulted forward and disappeared with a great splash into the blueblack water.

Heart banging in his chest, St. Nick dared peek behind

Huh? Not a beast? Not a great monster rising from the sea?

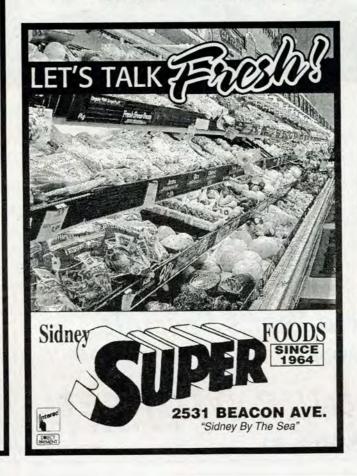
A barge? A black tanker in the middle of the harbour?

He shut his eyes and attempted to slow his breathing. His head pounded. It was time to dump the gifts and get out of here.

Then a horrible thought clutched his brain and squeezed. Ho Ho.

His next stop was Galiano.

HORA

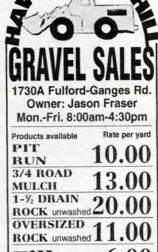




Call Marlie Kelsey to receive welcoming gifts & greetings for you and your baby, along with helpful information

about services available in your community.

537-5261 VELCOME WAGON Since 1920



Prices in effect 'til Jan. 31, 2002 Other products also available •12 yard trucks can be arranged Minimum \$10 charge

 PST & GST extra 537-7797

Honorable mention stories, art in Barnacle

This week's Barnacle readers will get a view of Christmas through the eyes of children.

Included over the next several pages are stories written by island school children and submitted to the Driftwood's annual Christmas Story Contest.

First and second place contest winners ran in the December 20 issue of the Driftwood, but contest judges selected several more from each category to run in the Barnacle's Christmas Eve edition.

(Judges, headed up by island humour writer Alex Mitchell, included a number of retired teachers and others with a love of reading. They were: Victoria Olchowecki, Jill Wheaton, Betty Poole, Dan Davies, Audrey Isaacs and Don Boyes.) This edition of the Barnacle also includes honorable mentions awarded to Gulf Islands Secondary School artists who submitted artwork to the Driftwood's annual Christmas Cover Art Contest. Again, the winning three entries were published in the December 20 Driftwood. The stories and artwork are run in no particular order.

THE INTERNET
GATEWAY TO THE
GULF ISLANDS

www.gulfislands.net

The Christmas Elf

By KATRINA LESLIE Age 9

Once upon a time there lived an elf who did not like to work at all.

He thought it was boring, no fun at all, unlike making snow angels or making snow elves.

Whenever he was supposed to be working he was outside playing, but Santa never found out because the elf had built a robot exactly like him.

But one day another elf saw him outside her window. She was so surprised she ran all the way to Santa's house and then they ran back to the workshop.

Santa marched right up to him but because Santa never gets mad the elf did not get in trouble.

Santa asked why he did not want to work.

"Because work is no fun" said the elf.

"Oh," said Santa, "Well that's what I thought too before my dad taught me how fun it can be."

"What do you mean?" asked the elf.

"Come with me and I'll show you."

So the elf went with Santa to see how fun work can be. Santa went to the kitchen to see what they could see and guess what

— there was so much laughing that the elf could not even hear himself think.

The next stop was the workshop. It was not any better.

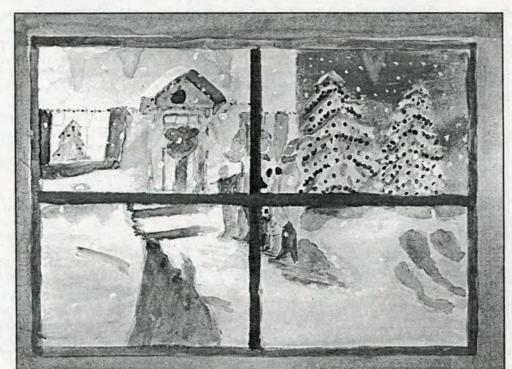
After they went to all the stations the elf wanted to know why they were having so much fun.

Santa said, "Why don't you ask them."

"OK, I will," said the elf and he did.

They told him why they liked to work and before he knew it was having fun working too.

The moral of this story is: if you work hard you can have fun too.



Artwork by Wil Brobbel

A Christmas Memory

By ANDY JAMIESON Age 17

Christmas Eve seems like the longest day each year. It's the day before the greatest day.

This year Christmas was going to be the best ever. My family was coming from all over the country and bringing lots of presents for me, of course.

This was going to be my seventh Christmas. It was also the first time I was going to pick out and purchase presents for everyone.

When buying gifts for people, I would first make a list of what I wanted to give each person. I would try and have at least two ideas for each one.

Secondly, I would go to the stores and buy all of the presents, coming home with my arms laden with gifts. Then I would wrap my presents carefully and put a bow or ribbon on each one. Then came the task of hiding them all in my room.

I couldn't sleep a wink that night. I really did have visions of reindeer and sugar plums dancing in my head. But I am sure that was because of all the presents I was going to receive and give

I finally fell asleep and when I woke up, it was Christmas morning. I was the first one up and my brothers got up shortly after I did. We were allowed to look in our stockings, but we couldn't even touch anything else until everyone was out of hed.

My brothers and I emptied our stockings out on the floor and we searched through our goodies. There were yo-yos and strings, candies and chocolates, combs and toothbrushes as well as a few puzzles and games.

When everyone was awake, we started to open our presents. I got lots of new toys and games. I watched everyone open their presents. Grandma got a new hat, Grandpa got a pair of slippers, Mom got some candles and Dad got

I was thrilled that everyone liked what I had given

them. To my surprise I got as much enjoyment from giving the gifts as I did from receiving them.

After present opening it was time for breakfast. We had waffles, bacon and hash browns. Christmas breakfast was the best!

We played with our new toys all afternoon and showed everyone what we had been given and how it worked.

We went to Granny and Grandpa's house for dinner. We had the usual turkey with all the trimmings. As usual we all ate too much, but that didn't stop us from having trifle

for dessert.

We sat around for the evening chatting with our relatives, letting dinner digest and reflected on the wonderful day we had.

That night as I lay in bed thinking about the day, I realized what a great gift I had been given. It did not come in a box wrapped in bright paper. It was the gift of pleasure and excitement from giving rather than receiving that would truly change my life forever.

Tree House Cafe HOMEMADE BUY SOUP GET OPEN LUNCH & BREAKFAST BAM-3PM Indoor seating—Open all winter—537-5379 Coupon valid until 31/03/02



Care Bears, Angels and the North Pole

By TALA SMALL-WOLF Age 6

It was a good night when I woke up to go to my nana's home and the care bears came for a party and angels came to my home. My nana said, "Let's go to the North Pole." We saw Santaurant who said come in and we came in

We saw lots and lots of elephants and Santa Claus gave us some presents.



Your Community Food Store



CHRISTMAS STORE HOURS:

Open every day 8am 'til 9pm
except December 24th, Christmas Eve 8am - 6pm
December 25th, Christmas Day CLOSED
December 26th, Boxing Day CLOSED

NEW YEAR'S HOURS:

New Year's Eve, December 31st 8am - 6pm January 1st- CLOSED



The Magical Christmas

By HEATHER MACDONALD Age 10

Once there were two kids who lived in a house on top of a hill with their parents and grandparents. The girl's name was Katey and the boy's name was Mason.

Katey smelled something good in the kitchen. "What are you making, Mom?"

"They're cookies dear, and you can have one after I bake them. Then the rest will be for Christmas morning.'

A week before Christmas Eve, when the parents and grandparents were asleep, the children snuck one cookie each and then they went to bed. They dreamed about a magical Christmas. The dream went like this:

Katey and Mason were walking through the woods when they saw a lost kitten following behind. When they turned around again to look, the kitten was gone and in its place was a large piece of wood that was carved like a

"That wooden kitten looks the same as the kitten we just saw," Mason replied.

"A magic person must be hiding and doing all this magic," replied Katey. They walked on until they

got to their house. "Hey, look who's behind us. It's the same kitten that we saw on the path," said Katey.

"It's so cute," answered

The children settled down

in their beds with the kitten and went to sleep.

During the night they saw something in the shadows of the room. It was a fairy god-

"Was that you doing all the magic?" asked Katey. The fairy godmother answered, "Yes, it was me. So now both of you should go back to sleep."

End of dream.

The children woke up from their dream.

"That was a magical dream, wasn't it, Katey?" Mason

"Yes it was," Katey said.

One week later it was Christmas morning. The children woke up and ran to wake up Mom and Dad and their grandparents.

"Wake up, wake up," said the children. "It's Christmas! Can we open presents now?" Mason asked. "OK," said their

Katey turned to Mason and asked, "Mason, do you remember our magical dream? Remember the kitten and how it turned into a carving and then how it turned back into a kitten again?"

"Yes, I remember. I wish we were still in that land. It was magical," Mason said.

"Remember the fairy godmother?" Katey asked Mason.

"Of course I do. How could I forget," Mason replied.

The children went to the Christmas tree and started to open up presents.

When they finished, their grandparents brought in a big box and said, "This is for both

Katey and Mason were very excited. They opened the box and there was the same little kitten that they had seen in their dream!

"This is a magical Christmas," they said.



Artwork by Brooke Shergold

A Christmas Puppy with A Nick in its Ear

By LULU GILSON-FULFORD Age 9

Maxine and her family were having a peaceful evening. Her mother was going to tell her a story.

And so, she began, "Once upon a time, there was a little girl, just like you.

Her mother and father gave her a puppy for Christmas, but she was a snobby girl.

She didn't want the puppy because it had a small nick in

A year passed and next Christmas, the puppy came back. The parents, before the puppy came back, checked to see if it still had the small nick in its ear.

It did, but they let it in anyways to see if their daughter would like it now. But, of course, she didn't because of the small nick in its ear.

Next Easter, the puppy came back again. The little girl was the one who found it first.

She looked at the puppy and then hugged it, and said, "I'm sorry about all this, but I can be friends with you

She took the puppy inside and gave it a big food dish with some food and water and then they went out to play. And everybody in that story lived happily ever after."

"Thank you momma for telling me a story. I think I'll go to bed. I'll never throw away a puppy I get."

And they too lived happily ever after.

How Santa Lost his Beard

By CAROLINE SANDL Age 9

Santa has travelled all over the world except for the middle east.

He didn't expect somebody living there in such a remote hot and dry

But the other day he read about the people called the nomads, who lived in tents made out of goats and sheep skin.

He decided to go there first because he had never visited them. He packed his sled with all kinds of presents and goodies like little bells for the goats, carving knives for the boys, and beads for the

It took him a week to get there. Across Russia and finally between Africa and Asia he found a country called Israel.

There he was looking for the desert called Zin.

There he saw a herd of goats and sheep. Not very far away he

recognized the tents.

By that time he got so thirsty. When he arrived they first greeted him and invited him for a cup of tea with a piece of sour goat's butter in it. But despite the strange combination it was the best cup of tea that he had had in his life.

He was so tired he laid down in

the shade and fell asleep.

Along came a camel and bit his beard off and that is why Santa lost his beard.



Ministry of Transportation

Advance Public Notice Load Restrictions

Pursuant to Section 23 of the Highway Act, notice is hereby given that load restrictions may be placed, on short notice in the near future, on all highways in the following Highway Districts: South, Central and North Island. Restrictions will be imposed in each district individually, as conditions warrant.

The restrictions will limit vehicles to 100%, 70% or 50% of legal axle weight, as allowed under the regulations pursuant to the Commercial Transportation Act. All term Overload Permits will be invalid for the duration of the restrictions. The public, and trucking and transportation companies, should govern themselves accordingly.

Your cooperation in adhering to the above regulations will be appreciated.

Brian Barker Manager, Regional Operations & Maintenance Vancouver Island Region

December 2001



"Twas Right Before Christmas...

And we always make it our policy to thank everyone for making our year such a good one.

We hope all your dreams come true, this holiday season!

Thanks again to all the wonderful people of Salt Spring Island!



1784 Island Hwy DL5932 474-2211

www.Victoriacar.com For More Details

The Unicken Comes Home for Christmas

By CHLOE SJUBERG Age 8

September 24th: Craaack craack The last egg in Rhody the hen's nest was hatching.

Craack crack craaack. All of a sudden, pop — out came a wet little body with a tiny beak. Rhody let out a victorious cluck.

"It has finally happened!" she cried. "My first clutch of eggs has hatched!"

The rooster, Rusty, came over, his beautiful black and green tail held high.

"Hi, Rhody dear. How are the eggs com -" He noticed the chicks.

"Oh, Rhody, that's wonderful! What will we name them?"

"I think this one should be named after you - Rusty Junior."

They named the rest Bright Eyes, Kiki, Scoots, Chickpea and Little Foot. Little Foot proved to be the most curious.

She investigated Rusty's comb when he bent down to preen himself, and almost fell off the nestbox watching a spi-der scuttle across the chicken coop floor.

Just then the farmer, Al Jackson, came to give the chickens their daily meal of chicken scratch.

He peeked into the coop.

"Why Rhody, you've had chicks! I'm sure they'll be simply smashing."

Through October and November, the chicks grew their feathers and got bigger by the day.

They were taught how to dig for bugs and how to make dustbaths. They learned about the dangers of raccoons and

The chicks were, as Al had said, 'simply smashing'.

Now it was mid December. Kiki, Rusty Junior, Chickpea, Bright Eyes, Scoots and Little Foot were outside in the barnyard.

It was raining lightly, but none of the chickens minded, because tasty worms would

Little Foot, being the most curious, wandered away from her family.

She walked farther and farther away, stopping every now and then to snatch a tasty bug. By and by the rain turned to sleet. Little Foot realized she had better get back to her parents. She was just about to turn back, when a raccoon took her in his teeth and hurried away to his hideout.

He put Little Foot in a tiny cave and drew his right forepaw across the entrance, sealing it with a laser beam. She was trapped.

Every day the raccoons came and gave Little Foot

They were fattening her up for Christmas dinner.

On the day before Christmas, after the raccoons had dropped off Little Foot's dinner of cornhusks and water, she got curious.

She walked up to the laser

beam. It looked higher than usual. It was higher than usual! Little Foot clucked joy-

fully. There was a way of escape. She would be free!
She made sure no one was looking, then carefully ducked under the laser beam. Once outside, she wrapped her wings around herself to keep

She walked a while, then sat down to rest.

Just then an owl swooped down on her. She was frightened. What if owls liked to eat chickens?

The owl must have seen the terrified look on Little Foot's face, because he said, "Don't worry. I won't hurt you."

"Who are y-you?" stuttered Little Foot.

"My name is Mr. Owl. I will help you . . . on one condi-

'What's that?" asked Little

"You must give me your necklace."

Little Foot gazed down at the necklace her mother had given her. It was her most prized possesion.

Finally she took a deep breath and said, "All right."

She took it off and gave it to Mr. Owl.

"Now," said he, tucking the necklace away somewhere secret, "What would you like me to do for you?"

"If you please, will you take me home?" She told him where she lived.

"Of course. But now, you should get some sleep."

So the little chicken cud-dled up near Mr. Owl's right wing and soon fell asleep.

In the morning, Little Foot awoke. It was Christmas.

"How far is it, Mr. Owl?" she asked excitedly.

"Shan't be much longer now," said the owl.

After a few minutes they came in sight of the farm.

"There it is!" said Little Foot When they landed, Mr. Owl

helped her off. Then he handed her a little bag. "My Christmas present," he said. She opened it. Inside was a

sapphire.
"Now hurry and see your family," he said.

"Good-bye, Mr. Owl, and thank you!" Little Foot called. She entered the chicken house to an avalanche of hugs.

"Oh, Little Foot, you're back!" exclaimed Rhody.

Then she smiled and said, "You're the best Christmas present we've ever had."



Artwork by Charlotte Jones

The Girl Who Found Rudolph

By HAILEY RASMUSSEN Age 7

Once there was a little girl. It was Christmas Eve. The little girl was sound asleep.

When she was sound asleep Santa was coming down the chimney. Santa left his reindeer outside.

When Santa left, he accidentally left Rudolph behind.

The little girl woke up and headed downstairs. Under the tree there was a big present. It was for the little girl. Can you guess what it was?

It was a sled. She really wanted a sled.

The little girl asked her mother if she could drive her sled outside. So the girl went outside and she saw a deer. It had a red nose. It was Rudolph!

She went up close and he didn't run away.

She realized that the reindeer liked her. The girl tied the sleigh to the reindeer. The reindeer ran to a hill. The reindeer stopped.

The girl got off her sleigh

nd got on the reindeer.

The reindeer flew over the mountain.

Doug and Diana and Staff

Closed Dec. 25 & Dec. 26

Once they got to the hill, Rudolph stopped, the girl got off the reindeer and the reindeer flew away.

The end.

Home for the Holidays

By KELSEY ANTONIK Age 17

At Christmas, all the roads lead home.

The full planes, crowded trains and crammed full buses, all speak of a single destination: home.

Among the crowds, the delays and the confusion, we grasp our packages and beam with Christmas cheer.

One memory that is particularly dear to me — Christmas about 10 years ago. On Christmas Eve we were waiting for our company to come. It had been snowing through most of the

My family and I were snug by our fireside awaiting our grandparents' entry. My brothers were curled into quivering balls of excitement listening to the rustle of tissue paper and the tinkle of surprise as our parents performed their magic on

Not even the worry of our grandparents' whereabouts could put a damper on our spirits.

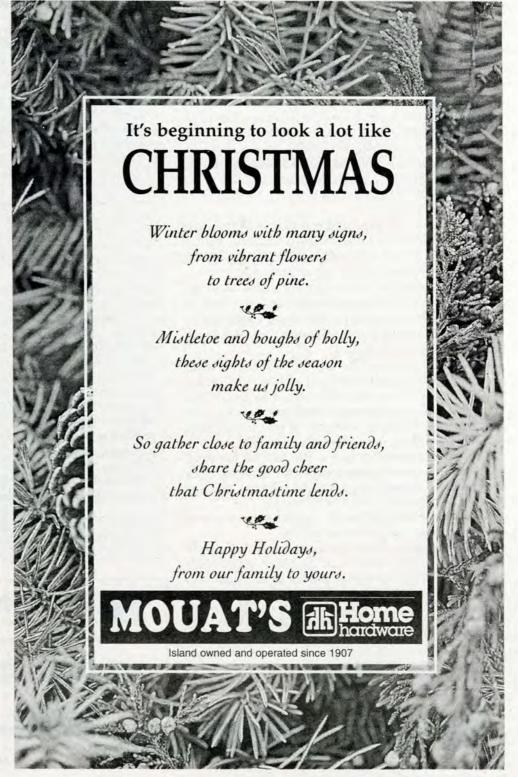
Then the phone rang. It was Grandma saying that their flight had been cancelled due to the poor weather conditions and they were going to have to stay at the airport until the weather improved. It was awful to think one must spend Christmas in the airport; it made the situation of breaking tradition so much worse. It had become a family tradition to have us all together on Christmas Eve.

Finally there was a knock on the door. I remember running to answer it with my brothers side by side. We were shocked to see Grandma and Grandpa. Apparently their phone call was just a trick so we'd be much more surprised when they

The snow on the cars was piling up and our grandparents' hair was full of white powder. In their hands they carried bags and boxes. After they came in and put their gifts down, we received the biggest hugs. I still remember those hugs to this day: my Grandpa would pick me off the ground with his arms around me so soft and warm after being in the bitter cold. It was late so my mother put us to bed.

We awoke in the morning to gifts galore and seeing my entire family safely together for Christmas dinner was the best

I realize now that the best Christmas present we could ever give each other is just being here in the household where we'd shared so many Christmases together. No gift on our extravagant lists, if they could materialize, could equal that.



A Christmas long ago and far away



Isle Say! ...
with John Pottinger

In the past week, a lot of people have said that my last column (about James Wilkinson) was a great example of what a "Christmas" column should be, because it was about the importance of spending more time with friends and loved ones.

Although I didn't intend it as a Christmas column, I realized I couldn't do any better than that, so, rather than attempt to write something new, I decided to repeat a Christmas column from a couple of years ago. Merry Christmas and Peace to everyone of you.

Yokohama Japan has a climate very similar to our own: the days leading up to Christmas are often dreary, cold and wet.

Thirty-some years ago, late on such a night, a seventeen-year-old Canadian kid was wandering around the waterfront wharves of this huge seaport.

Like all the world's seaports, the docks — where freighters load and unload their cargo - are cold hard places.

He'd run away to sea. Maybe to live a new life, or leave an old one behind.

He really wasn't sure why: after all, he was young. But he was growing up quickly. He had left home with a romantic notion — straight out of "The Hardy Boys" of life on a tramp freighter.

That image had faded within the first hours on the North Pacific Ocean, and had vanished completely in the dark alleys of Far East ports.

So, on this desolate winter night, he finds himself walking the streets.

Bright neon bar-signs gesture to him from overhead. All over the world, dingy waterfront bars offer comfort and joy to sailors far from home.

Though the comfort is fleeting and the joy is brief, these seamen who sail from port to port, and drift from bar to bar, have no home on land.

Many have forgotten where their real home was. Or are trying to. For most, home is now a puny bunk in a closet-sized shared cabin on a rusty old ship.

The kid picks a place that looks cozy and warm, opens the door and steps inside. Like most, it's tiny just big enough for a couple of tables and five or six stools along the front of the bar.

He's the only customer.

He settles onto a stool and orders a beer from the bartender. She seems to be the most beautiful woman he's ever seen, and he wonders why, lately, almost every woman he sees makes him feel that way.

They say nothing to each other as he sips his drink. She sits down at the end of the bar and goes back to reading a book. He begins to think about Christmas.

Visions of friends and family sneak into his head, and he tries to banish them.

After a few minutes, she gets up slowly and walks over until she's directly in front of him, just inches away. In a soft clear voice she begins to sing White Christmas. She sings the words with more feeling than he's ever heard before; memories of past Christmases cascade through his mind, down into his heart.

Tears stream down his face as she finishes her song. She reaches out and gently touches his shoulder. They smile timidly at each other and he tells her that she has the most beautiful voice in the world.

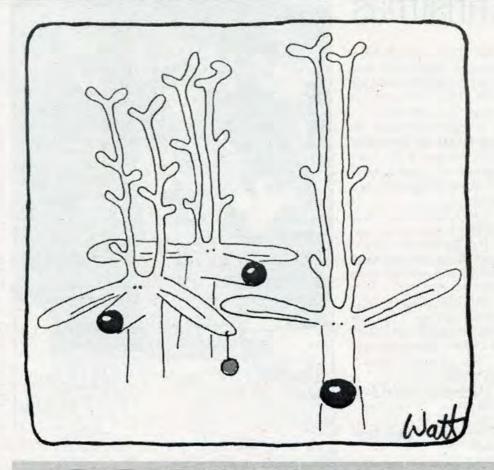
He tells her that the words carried more meaning for him than any song he's ever known.

She thanks him in her own language with a simple soft "Arigato." He asks her if she knows any other Christmas songs. She just smiles again, and says "Arigato."

She neither spoke nor understood a single word of English. Sure she knew what the song was about, otherwise she would never have taken the trouble to memorize the words — which to her were simply sounds - so that she could sing it.

But she didn't just sing it, she felt it. She immersed herself in it

And she delivered it as a gift to a young stranger. In doing that, she created an everlasting Christmas memory; for a lonely kid, a long way from home.



Standing by, Blunder, Cuspid and Nixon await the call that never comes

Merry Christmas from the Mechs

By MICHELLE MECH Special to the Barnacle

I am writing this as we - Michelle, Karl and Kelsey Mech — sit on our boat Arclyd, tied to our temporarily permanent slip at Shelter Island in San Diego.

We found ourselves enjoying California so much that a month or so ago we decided to spend the month of December in San Diego, allowing ourselves the time to slow down for a bit and to "really do" southern California instead of rushing through to Mexico.

In our almost three months away so far, we have visited so many places and seen so many things, this newsletter would go on much too long if we included everything, so here are just some of the highlights.

One of the biggest treats of our trip has been the bird and mammal sea life, which is so prolific along the U.S. west coast. At Gray's Harbour we already began to see pelicans and a line of brown pelicans became a common greeting when entering a port. In Newport we were treated to lots of stellar sea lions basking in the sun and swimming nearby, some of them in the water right beside our boat. Stellars changed to California sea lions and sea lions often dot the breakwater entrances to ports. Along this stretch of coast, many were the nights that we fell asleep to the sound of them barking to each other. If not sea lions, a cacophony of birds: sea gulls, pelicans, cormorants, etc., lines the top of the breakwaters, creating a picturesque silhouette along the rocky walls.

While at picturesque Battery Point, we rented a car for a day to get to the California Redwoods.

Among the spectacular trees we saw was a 1,500-year-old tree that is 304-

feet tall and 68 feet in circumference.

A new experience for us, entering and leaving many of these ports, was crossing the bars. In many west coast ports, the breakwater-sided entrances are actually dredged out stretches of beach that originally fronted the bay or river of the harbour. As the surf can really build over these bars, one must enter and leave with the tide, or preferably when the tide is slack. Sometimes when wind conditions are not favourable, a bar will be closed to vessels. This happened to us when we were in Winchester Bay on the Umpqua River, with the wind blowing directly onto the bar and the rollers over the bar building to 20 feet. We couldn't get out so had to stay four days longer than we had planned!

In Bodega Bay, we saw our friends the Winns, who live in nearby Sebastapol, having moved there from Salt Spring a little over a year before. They visited with us on our boat and Kelsey stayed at their house for two days, really enjoying her time with her good friend Hayley. Bodega Bay is also a bird sanctuary, and white pelicans and a variety of "sand-piper like" birds abound along the shoreline, many of them migrating there from Alberta. It is also where the Alfred Hitchcock movie The Birds was filmed.

After these smaller coastal town stops it was time for our first city, and did the monumental sail under the Golden Gate bridge into San Fransisco Bay to spend a week in "the Bay" area.

Our stops between San Francisco and the Los Angeles area were Halfmoon Bay, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Morro Bay, Santa Barbara and

In Santa Cruz, we did the famous COMMENTARY cont'd on p7

Boardwalk amusement park, including its 70-year-old Big Dipper wooden roller coaster and many other great rides, and made a trip to Natural Bridges state park to see the Monarch Butterflies that had begun arriving from Canada (at that time about 3,000 of the 60,000 that migrate there).

The charming city of Monterey, with its adobe-style architecture, treated us to its museums and heritage house tours (most of them free).

Another nice aspect of our trip has been the generosity we have encountered here and there. In Morro Bay, famous for the large volcanic rock at its entrance, a local shopkeeper took us to Hearst Castle on her day off, as it is inaccessible by bus from Morro Bay, and she really thought that "Kelsey should have the experience of seeing

Next we put in at several Los Angeles area harbours - namely Marina Del Rey, Redondo Beach, Long Beach, and Newport Beach. They are great places to visit, and we did not at all feel like we were actually very close to L.A., except for the amount of garbage in the water that we started to see as we neared Marina Del Rey.

We had a final treat there when Kelsey's Christmas greeting (to her Grandpa, alias Poppi) — drawn earlier in the day — was one of the 20 or so that were randomly picked to be displayed on large screens as part of the evening Luminaria fireworks show.

We've also had some pretty spectacular, natural, end-of-day shows here in southern California, with the awesome sunsets that are apparently pretty common at this time of year. And all

COMMENTARY: This space is reserved for you, our readers. It is a spot for informed opinion, an outlet for the voices of the community. Everyone is invited to submit opinion articles with a maximum of 800 words.

A division of Driftwood Publishing Ltd.

328 Lower Ganges Road, Salt Spring Island, B.C. V8K 2V3 Canada Tel. 250-537-9933 Fax 250-537-2613 e-mail: driftwood@gulfislands.net President Publisher **Managing Editor Advertising Manager** Advertising

Reporters

Photographer Accounting/Circulation Production

Frank Richards Tony Richards Susan Lundy Peter McCully Rick MacKinnon, Andrea Mitchell, Alice Richards, Lorraine Sullivan, Fiona Walls, Debbie Wrate Pirjo Raits, Mitchell Sherrin, Gail Sjuberg Derrick Lundy Claudia French Robin Richards, Kelly Waters

We encourage your submissions on any subject, but please include your name, address and phone number. We reserve the right to edit submissions for accuracy, brevity, clarity, taste and legal obligations. Please keep submissions to 300 words or less. The publisher cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. All letters become the property of The Bamacle. Anonymous letters or those under a pen name will not be published. The views and opinions expressed in articles are those of the authors. Health-related articles are for general information only, and are not to be regarded as medical advice. Copyright 2001 by Driftwood Publishing Ltd. All rights reserved. Reproduction or use without permission is strictly prohibited. Printed by Island Publishers Ltd. International Standard Serial Number: 1496-3043. Publishers Mail Agreement #40032045. Publications Mail Agreement #400330482.

B.C. & Yukon Community Newspapers Association Canadian Community Newspapers Association

Donate now

With so many of us living on this island, the exact number does not matter.

What does matter is this: If every one of us who is able would like to make a donation to our Lady Minto Hospital within the next little while, I wonder what type of total we could raise.

There are those who have been "meaning" to donate and just haven't gotten around to it yet.

Well, this is a good time. Whatever one could afford would truly be appreciated for the expansion and equipment drive that is now under-

Just "think" about a donation and then please "send" a donation!

Our Lady Minto Hospital serves each and every one of us 24 hours a day. We should realize how fortunate we are to have such kind, caring and most dedicated people working here for all of

Let's all feel we have helped in some small way in aiding our new equipment drive and you will feel great that you did contribute.

This is so important to our communty. Let's see how well we can do for our Lady Minto Hospital.

Many many thanks. **DEANNA** and GERRY MARLEAU, Salt Spring

Go for radio

One certainly cannot fault your courage and impartiality when you print a Commentary like the one expressed by Anastacia Wilde in the December 18 issue of the Barnacle.

After reviewing her statements it would seem appropriate for both papers to issue a plea to people in the community not to commit crimes or die in the latter part of the week so that the readers of your publications won't have to wait too long to learn of the event.

One solution would be to keep the presses rolling and hire unemployed folks to run through the streets selling "Extras."

But if our islanders are really concerned about getting the news as it happens then I suggest they join the Gulf Islands Radio Broadcasting Society and help us to get an early start on the construction of an island radio station!

GORDON ENGLISH, President, Gulf Islands Broadcasting

Hitch a ride

On a sovereign Salt Spring, please avoid mandatory military service, but I believe that everyone should be required to hitchhike on Salt Spring once per year.

This would be a great learning experience for all and it would greatly help those who hitch frequently.

Merry Christmas. HARRY BURTON, **Heidi Place**

Worth it?

So George and his vigilantes haven't brought in Osama "dead or alive" yet, but they have managed to oust the Taliban (at least for the moment).

The Taliban are bad guys, so maybe all the destruction in Afghanistan was worth it. But we know for sure that at least 3,767 Afghani civilians have died so far in the American bombing ("A Dossier on Civilian Victims of United States' Aerial Bombing of Afghanistan:

Comprehensive Accounting," professor Marc W. Herold, Ph.D, University of New Hampshire, www.zmag.org/herold.htm).

I wonder if their families think it was worth it?

BRIAN SMALLSHAW, **Bay Ridge Place**

Consult Trust on ferries

On behalf of Islands Trust Council, I wish to express our preliminary views about the report pre-pared by Fred R. Wright, entitled Review of B.C. Ferry Corporation and Alternative Uses for the Fast Ferries.

The position of the Islands Trust . . . "is that no island in the Trust Area should be connected to Vancouver, the mainland or another island by bridge or tunnel except for the existing bridge between North and South Pender Islands.

This policy is contained in the Islands Trust Policy Statement (5.3.2), which is a legislative requirement under the Islands Trust Act (Section 15).

The policy statement is based on extensive public consultation and input from other agencies.

It articulates the overarching policies that guide land use planning and government activities throughout the island communities of the Trust Area: further, the legislation requires that the policy statement be approved by the minister of commu-

We understand and appreciate the need of the province to reconcile provincial finances and to address issues of equity and efficiency with respect to ferry services.

We believe that, in the Trust Area, these issues must be assessed in the context of complex sets of jurisdictional mandates, social values, economic interests and environmental concerns.

My colleagues and I wish to ensure that the transportation ministry will include the Islands Trust and our island communities in any process to address changes to B.C. Ferries service and/or alternative forms of transportation in the Trust Area.

DAVID ESSIG, Chairman, **Islands Trust Council**

Dénouement

There is no shortcut to experience. —Richard Cruickshanks



A journal as literary as the Barnacle can be found in the most unusual places. Take, for example, the Prambanan Temple near Jogyakarta, Java in Indonesia, where local United Church minister Rohana Laing stands. The temple was built in the eighth to 10th-century A.D. and is considered the best remaining example of Hindu culture in Indonesia. The city of Jogyakarta has a population of 425,000 and is the cultural heart of Java.

Commentary cont'd from p6

along the U.S. coast we have enjoyed watching the waves wash in along the beaches.

After staying at Lido Isle Yacht Club - located in a very unique and exclusive residential area in Newport Beach, we sailed the 26 miles across the sea, to Santa Catalina on a lovely weather day, to tie to a mooring buoy at Isthmus Cove - and ended up spending our most uncomfortable night yet on the boat when an unpredicted Santa Ana (NE storm) wind came up early in the evening.

A few days later the Santa Ana winds passed and we motored around the other end of the island to tie to a mooring buoy in Avalon — the famous Mediterraneanstyle holiday town, with its now-a-museum casino that movie stars of bygone years used to frequent.

At this point we have travelled over 1,500 miles, with many day hops, and nine overnight trips when distances between ports required a longer jaunt. We have motored way more than we have sailed — not a surprise, but in most cases indicating settled weather. Along the way we have had only four rainy days, but lots of fog (with several trips made entirely in the fog).

On rolly trips, Kelsey and Karl have to spend much of the time (except for sleeping) out in the cockpit, but my steady stomach allows her to be inside when needed. Tessa is proving to be a good sea dog, staying in the cockpit and getting very snuggly when we are rolling around a lot, though the horizontal positioning of her ears sometimes indicates that she would rather be somewhere else. Overall she has adapted very well to the boat and to continually changing locations. As well, she likes to "mush" Kelsey on her scooter, which, by the way, really gets utilized a lot, even by the adults at

In early January we hope to begin our trip down the Baha Peninsula, then across to the mainland of Mexico to places like Tenacatita, Puerto Vallarta and Mazatlan. It is quite likely we will see the migrating grey whales that start travelling up the coast in December as well as whales birthing in Magdelena Bay on the Baja Peninsula in January — lots to look forward to!

Hope you have a happy Christmas season and a wonderful year 2002.

Now why didn't I think of that?

Wit & Whimsy ...

with Arthur Black was simple. If you agreed to put up There's

(albeit ungrammatical) saying that goes: there is nothing so powerful as an idea who's time has come.

impact. Only once in an excruciatingly long while does a tiny fleck of gold trickle through the moraine of overburden that is life and crystallize into an idea. An idea that, once recognized, we can't believe we ever lived without.

I don't mean grandiose propositions like the Pythagorean Theorem, polio vaccine or the microchip. I'm talking about the teensyweensy, non-explosive but pivotal ideas that change our lives forever. Ideas like the barbed fishhook. Beer. The bicycle. Call Display.

I'll tell you one other great idea - the one that came one day to Ramon Stoppelenburg.

Ramon is a guy in his 20s lives in The

Netherlands. Like a lot of adventurous 20-somethings, Ramon had a fierce, unsatiated desire to travel, to see the world.

Unfortunately, like a lot of Too true. Great notions 20-somethings in this are exceedingly rare, but MacDonaldized world, overpowering in their Ramon didn't have the wherewithal to get out of town, much less cruise around the planet.

> Which is where Ramon's great idea kicks in.

> One day, while cruising the 'net, Ramon came across a website called sendmeadollar.com.

> (Another great idea some nerdy layabout puts his name and address on the website and asks everyone to send him a buck. Even if only one out of a hundred browsers respond positively, said layabout is not going to be washing dishes for a living.)

> But I digress. The point is, Ramon wasn't looking for a free ride — just a cheap one. So he set up his own web-

> site entitled: www.letmestayforaday.com

Ramon for a day wherever in

the world you lived Ramon would show up, be gracious, not ask for extra bath towels, and more important — he would post the details of his stay with you on the aforementioned website. And not just bare bones, been-here, did suchand-such stuff.

Ramon maintains a log on his website where he writes extensively about all the places he fetches up at. He writes about the castle in northern Ireland where he had to trudge 15 minutes just to find the 'loo. He also chronicles the tiny, one-room bachelor flat in Paris where a virtually impoverished woman welcomed him in and insisted that he share her meal of beef stew. Even though she owned but one shallow bowl.

So. . . is his idea a success? Well, Ramon's website, at last check, was registering 30,000 hits per day. All from people practically begging Ramon to come and stay with them. It's

become so intense that now you have to compose a really, really excellent e-mail to convince Ramon it's worth his while to stay with you.

At your expense. Ramon went on line with LETMESTAYFORADAY.C OM just last year. So far, Ramon has visited England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Austria, Hungary and South Africa.

His travel bill for this romp?

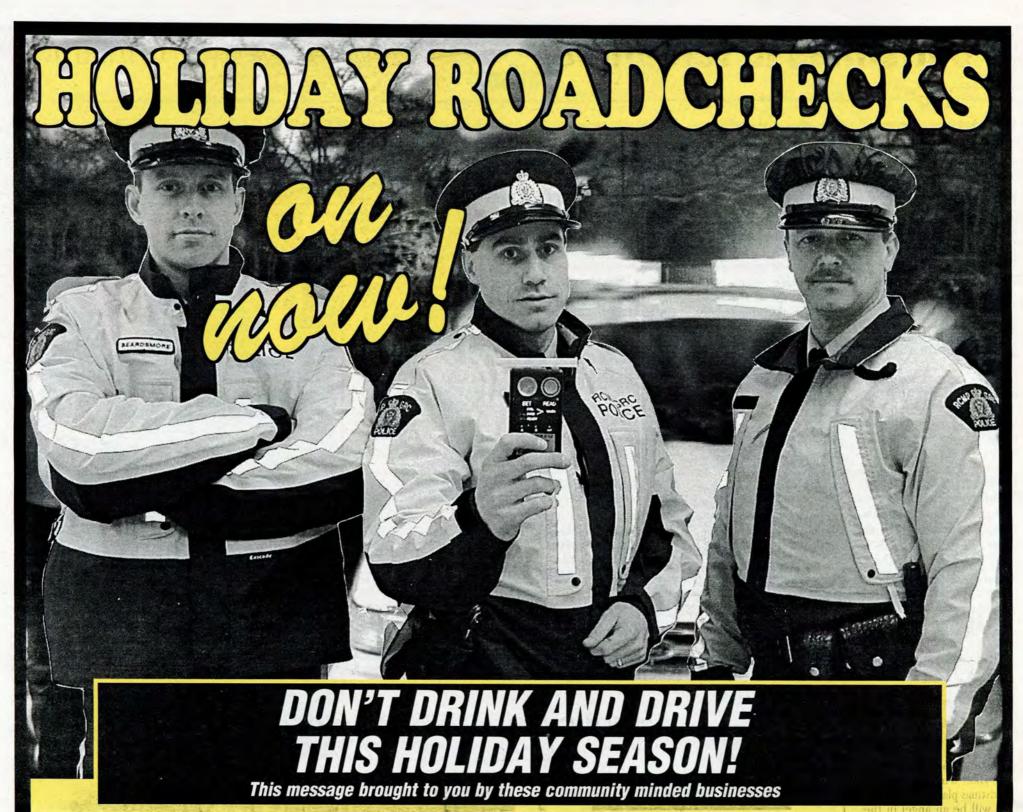
Zero. That's the other thing about Ramon. He travels without cash or credit card, depending utterly, a la Tennessee Williams, "on the kindness of strangers."

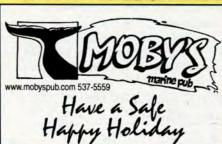
His story has inspired admirers to sponsor his travel between continents. No staterooms or first-class lounges - just economy ticket transportation.

And guess what -Ramon's got his sights set on a trip across Canada in the near future.

Tell you what - if Ramon Stoppelenburg makes it to my neck of the woods, I'd be willing to put him up for a

How about you?





Happy Holidays From Dennis & staff?

537-4554 537-9300 **PAYLESS**

Season's Greetings & THRIFTY FOODS.

537-1522 Locally owned and operated

HARBOUR HOUSE Best Wishes FOR A Holiday Season

WE'LL KEEP YOU SMILIN' DOWN THE ROAD! GANGES 537-9333

Dec. 24 open til 6pm Dec. 25 closed Dec. 26 10-6 Dec. 31 open til 6pm / Jan. 1 closed Mistletow? 537-9383 LOWEST **RATES**

& RON'S TOWING **Fully Insured**

Have a safe and "Colour"ful Holiday



All the best for a safe holiday from everyone at



537-9699

New convenient location 133 McPhillips Ave.

SILVER SHADOW

24-HOURS SERVICE 537-3030

Air conditioned, smoke free



THORN end up in the gravel.. bring your designated driver! GRAVEL SALES JASON FRASER

If you gotta travel, don't

1730A Fulford Ganges Road Mon-Fri 8:00-4:30

From all of us at the

Vesuvius Pub:

Jonathan L. Oldroyd BARRISTER & SOLICITOR **NOTARY PUBLIC**

107 Drake Road (250) 537-2752

Enjoy the Holidays we we we we



SALT SPRING ISLAND GLASS

126 Quarry Drive Dennis Marshall Journeyman Glazier

320 Upper

Ganges Road



Sales & Service 1-888-898-9911

537-1990 Happy Holidays



& please celebrate responsibly! DON'T DRINK & DRIVE! 537-2312

Your Community Food Store

GANGES



24 hour service 537-1022

Serving the Gulf Islands since 1867



Here's To Friendship... Yours...We value it!

Don't Drink and Drive Remember...we want you to be with us for a lifetime!

GULF ISLAND BREWERY 653-2383

www.saltspring.com/brewer

A Christmas to remember

LAURIN KELSEY Age 16

My back was against the muddy trench wall as I recalled the last words I had heard spoken from Anne's lips.

"Do not worry, my love," she had whispered into my ear as I boarded the train, "you will be home in time for Christmas, and in time to see your child born."

Her smile flickered through my head like a candle in a gentle breeze. Mud trickled into my soiled uniform, down the back of my neck and across my broad shoulders, causing me to shudder at the murky reminder of the day.

Tonight was Christmas Eve and in the deep trenches surrounding me, I found little hope in the celebration of Christ's birth. Carefully I repositioned my Ross rifle beside my leg so that in a moment's notice, I could lift it and run.

But there was no need to run now, the only threatening sounds that floated around my ears were those of Jack winning another hand of Poker, and Sam telling Joey of his girl back home. Home was a place I feared I might never see again.

Here, the only lights were those of lit cigarettes and flickering lighters. Dusk had long since fallen, and the losses of today's relentless battle had been strewn across No Man's Land.

Lighting my cigarette, I took a deep breath and exhaled. A collective halo of smoke gently looped around my head, misting my eyes from the horror of the past day, the day where we lost so much.

Rain had fallen, and rifles had jammed; yet the orders of the generals who were so far away commanded us onwards. Wave after wave we sprinted over dead corpses and mud puddles that dared to swallow us whole, not bold enough to face the punishment of not running. Through the mud we scrambled towards bullets and fencing knowing even if we reached the enemy lines, we'd surely die trying to get over their barbed wire.

Out of the breast pocket of my now dirty brown uniform I pulled a small piece of partially damp paper and an envelope. Lying in the hand of a nearby resting soldier lay a short, partially destroyed pencil. Scrawling quickly, I began to write the words that silently crossed my lips as they fleeted through my mind.

Dearest Anne,

Please know that as I sit here, alone in a mob of soldiers, that I think only of you and how this Great War is affecting your Christmas. I miss you terribly, and wish that I could hold you in my arms for just one moment; just one. I love you with all of my heart and although I have no material gift for you, I wish you the best this Christmas.

Merry Christmas, All my love in this world, Robert

Sealing the envelope slowly with care, and addressing it with reluctant, but satisfied strokes, I placed it in the nearby mailbag and secured the consequences of my fate.



Artwork by Jessica Maltby

Christmas

By MIA CALDER Age 7

A long time ago there were little houses and elves lived in them.

The wise one had only three friends and they were the winds.

And farther away from them there was a man who loved children. He made toys for them every November 25th. He would walk into their town and give out presents to the kids and sometimes to parents and that's how Christmas began.



Angel play

By SARAH KYLE Age 7

One Christmas I think I am going to have a Christmas play.

I like when I have a Christmas play.

I will be an angel in the

I think I will have a white dress and sparkles that

Helping old people

By JAKE BELLAVANCE Age 7

On a cold, snowy night I went out looking for someone to help getting across the street because I love old people because I like helping people.

Christmas is about helping old people.

Christmas

By RAE RITSON Age 6

I like Christmas when my mom bakes me a cake and my dad put a Christmas tree up and my brothers make the toys and wrap them up.

I help my brothers.

Are YOU in the book?
To advertise in the next
SSI Directory,
call
537-2000

Leave your business name, mailing address and phone number, and ask us to mail you an Advertiser Information Package.

Package will be mailed in January

Joint Review Panel GSX Canada Pipeline Project

Public Consultation Sessions January 11 to 18, 2002

BACKGROUND

The National Energy Board has re ed an application from Georgia Strait Crussing Pipeline Limited to construct and operate the GSX Canada Pipeline. A three-member independent Joint Review Panel has been established by the federal Minister of the Environment and the National Energy Board to consider this pipeline proposal. The Panel will make recommendations to the Minister regarding environmental assessment matters and make decisions concerning the public convenience and necessity for this pipeline proposal.

PUBLIC CONSULTATION SESSIONS

The Joint Review Panel will be holding public consultation sessions to hear comments from the public on which issues the Panel should consider during the hearing process and what further information should be obtained from the applicant. To allow the Panel to hear from as many people as possible, you will have 10 minutes to complete your oral presentation. The Panel will also receive your comments in writing.

If you wish to present comments to the Panel or participate in the January 12 workshop, you should register with the Panel Secretary by January 7, 2002. To register, please call the Panel at 1-800-899-1265, send a fax to (403) 292-5503 or an e-mail to secretary@neb-one.gc.ca. Panel staff will be on hand one hour before each session to explain the procedures, to answer questions and to accept last minute registration requests.

TIME AND LOCATION

1. Vancouver

Friday, January 11, 2002, 9:30 a.m.
Renaissance Vancouver Hotel, 1133 West Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C.

2. Sidney

Saturday, January 12, 2002, 1:00 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. (Workshop) Mary Winspear Community Cultural Centre @SANCHA 2243 Beacon Avenue, Sidney, B.C.

Cobble Hill - Monday, January 14, 2002
 9:30 a.m., 2:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. (three sessions)
 Arbutus Ridge Golf and Country Club
 3515 Telegraph Road, Cobble Hill, B.C.

4. Salt Spring Island

Wednesday, January 16, 2002, 7:00 p.m. Harbour House Hotel, 121 Upper Ganges Road, Salt Spring Island, B.C.

5 Victoria

Thursday, January 17, 2002, 2:00 p.m.
Delta Victoria Ocean Pointe, 45 Songhees Road, Victoria, B.C.

6. Saturna Island

Friday, January 18, 2002, 7:00 p.m. Saturna Community Hall, Saturna Island, B.C.

FIRST NATIONS SESSIONS

The Panel will also hold sessions regarding First Nations issues on Saturday, 12 January 2002, 9:00 a.m. at the Mary Winspear Community Cultural Centre @SANCHA, 2243 Beacon Avenue, Sidney, B.C. and on Tuesday, 15 January 2002, 2:00 p.m. at the Comiaken Room, Quw' utsun' Cultural Centre, 200 Cowichan Way, Duncan, B.C. All interested persons are welcome to attend.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

For further information, please contact Mr. Guy C. Hamel, Regulatory Officer, at 1-800-899-1265 or secretary@neb-one.gc.ca (e-mail). Details on all consultation sessions, including the January 12 workshop, will be available on-line at www.neb-one.gc.ca (click on "Regulatory Update" and then on "GSX Canada Pipeline Project") and at www.ceaa-acee.gc.ca.

Canadä^{*}

100% SALT SPRING ISLAND **OWNED & OPERATED**

HOLIDAY STORE HOURS:

Open 8am until 9pm Every Day EXCEPT NEW YEARS EVE DAY 8am - 6pm NEW YEARS DAY CLOSED



CLASSIC RINGS 500g

PEPPERONI 500g

GRIMMS GARLIC

RING Thaw & Serve, Frozen 255ml

HAND PEELED SHRIMP

Vancouver Island, Ready to Serve

FRESH COOKED

GRIMMS

Assorted Varieties

GRIMMS

COIL 375g

PRAWN

Thawed or Frozen

ICELANTIC

SCALLOPS

BLACK TIGER

PRAWN TAILS

GOLDEN DIPT

Assorted Varieties **DUTCH BOY**

COCKTAIL SAUCE 375ml

PICKLED HERRING 250g Jar



Cut From Canada Grade A PRIME RIB

STRIP LOIN

GRILLING

STEAK

16.49kg

PREMIUM OVEN ROAST



Cut From Canada Grade A **BEEF RIB**

Cut From Canada Grade A, All Size Packa

GRILLING STEAK



2litre BTL

	等。但是是我们的一种,这是是不是这种。	TOWN TO SE
ges	Nuggets, Strips or Burgers SCHNEIDERS BREADED CHICKEN Frozen 1.36kg	
O	Assorted Varieties SCHNEIDERS POPULAR BOXED MEAT Frozen 900 - 908g	
	Regular or All Beef SCHNEIDERS SAUSAGE ROLLS Frozen 450g	
8	Regular or Mushroom SCHNEIDERS HORS 'D OEUVRES SAUSAGE ROLLS Frozen 325g	
lb	Lo Salt or Regular MITCHELLS GOURMET SLICED SIDE BACON 500g	520
8	Assorted Varieties MITCHELLS GOURMET FRESH SAUSAGES 500g	
lb	Olympic GARLIC RINGS 1kg Bonus Pack	
8	Assorted Varieties OLYMPIC PARTY STICKS 500g	
	Assorted Varieties	

HELLS GOURMET H SAUSAGES 500g IC S 1kg Bonus Pack Varieties **IPIC** Y STICKS 500g Varieties **MAPLE LEAF** CHICKEN WINGS Frozen 700g Dairyland Fresh EGG Dairyland. NOG

•ORIGINAL



450 to 500 gr PKG

SPECIALS INSTORE

General Mills CEREAL •APPLE CINNAMON ORIGINAL HONEY NUT •MULTIGRAIN •CHEX



Orchard Hill

1.36

1 litre for

100g

100g

100g



OYSTERS

SALSA

CLOVER

CIENT

SMOKED

170 gr TIN

CHE

•MOZZAREL

Clioverle

•MEDIUM

TORTILLA CHIPS

PEANUTS

PEANUTS

·HONEY ROAST

•BLANCHED

.HONEY ROAST

320 to 360 gr BAGS for

300 gr TIN

COKE

•SPRITE

CLASSIC

•CANADA DRY

700 gr JAR

Unico Stuffed
MANZANILA **OLIVES**

CHIP DIPS

Unico Medium

OLIVES

225 gr TUBS for

375 ml JARS for

ASSORTED CREAMS

DIGESTIVE

BISCUITS

300 gr PKG

SOUR SOUR **CREAM** YOUR CHOICE

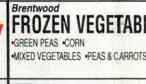
Lakeland

MARGARINE

EXTRA VIRGIN

OLIVE OIL

500 mi



CHUNKY MEDIU



Lays **POTATO** CHIPS





Motts **CLAMATO** JUICE •REGULAR





·BABY DILLS .PLAIN DILLS •GARLIC DILLS •POLSKIE

400 mi PKGS for





Tropic Isle •SEGMENTS





341 ml TIN



We Are Salt Spring A weekly feature of the Barnacle Island Journal December 25, 2001

Photos by Derrick Lundy



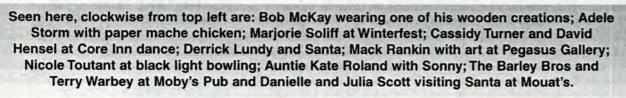


























Artwork by Michaela Mutch

My Stupid Christmas

By ROY BANKS BYWATER Age 10

Bang Bang crack went the ax on the wood. It's five days till Christmas and here I am cutting wood for our Christmas party because Aunt Patty likes a real fire instead of presto logs.

I looked over behind me, I didn't mean to, I just looked and saw the chainsaw.

I thought about it - a quick round with the chainsaw wouldn't hurt and no one would know. So I picked it up and pulled the string over and over again till finally it started with a roar. I slowly lowered it to log. It was cutting my time in half till I hit a knot and I guess wasn't holding it very well because it shot through the thin wall of the wood

Oh no, now I was going to have explain why there was a shape of a chainsaw in the wall. In the meantime there was still a chainsaw in the snow. I picked it up and turned it off.

Then I heard the snow crunching behind me and then all of a sudden a snowball came whizzing past my ear. Then another hit me right in the face and knocked me over.

"Hi, John," I said. "Hi," he said.

"OK," he said, "I've got the greatest plan to get that old neighbour of yours.

You mean Mr. C? Mr. C is

the cranky old guy that lives beside us?

"What is it I asked?"

"Come with me, I'll show

We walked to John's house and went inside. We walked down the hallway to his closet and he opened the door. There was a big Santa suit.

"If I could come over to your place on the day before Christmas I could dress up and get up on his roof and drop this balloon thing down his chim-

He pushed the door a little farther and on the floor was what looked like a deflated balloon. "I'll drop this balloon down his chimney."

He pushed the door a little farther and on the floor was what looked like a deflated balloon. "I'll drop this balloon down his chimney."

'See you tomorrow, bye."

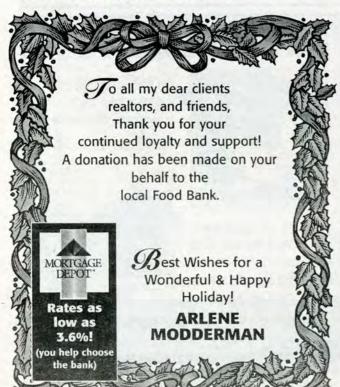
And before I knew it, it was the day before Christmas. I ripped down the stairs and ran into the kitchen.

"Mark," my mom said, "were you the one who was playing with the chainsaw?"

"Ya mom," I said, ripping back out of the kitchen.

Whoops I just told her." "YOU'RE GROUNDED!"

And all I can remember is getting socks and underwear for Christmas.



Vegetarian

By DANICA LUNDY Age 10

Waddle, waddle, quack . . . no that's not it.

What sounds do turkeys make? Oh no! I am so dumb I just bathed in the mud after I preened.

Let me introduce myself. My name is Wilbur, and I am a turkey, fearfully awaiting the Christmas oven. If you ever had luck's chance to meet me, I have one black feather on my grayish-white body in a place I don't want to mention.

Anyway, about the oven. It's a deadly duty that one unfortunate turkey a year has to fulfill. My grandmother once told me all about it. The chosen turkey gets grabbed out of its dwellings and thrust into this place where a big, silver, glinting, shining and very sharp thing comes down on the throat.

The reason I told you this is because I've noticed the master looking at me thoughtfully and meaningfully. I'm almost positive that I, Wilbur the Turkey, will be this year's Christmas dinner.

Okay, Wilbur. Breathe deep. It's time to get my thinking cap on. Ummmm. Light bulb! My name, Wilbur! It rings a bell. I saw the owners the other day eating well - something that looked like my leg - and watching a movie.

I kinda broke a rule by watching TV, but nevertheless, I learned something from it. There was a pig named Wilbur in a similar situation, and he had a spider spin a web for him. I know! I am so brilliant! I could get a spider to spin a web for me.

Waddle, waddle, squeak. There it is! The charming spider that I need.

"Oh . . . you are so beautiful. Will you please help me?"

The spider just laughed when I told her about the Christmas oven, and about the master's glazing, blazing

"What do you want me to do? Spin a web that says, 'some turkey' on it?"

"Absolutely correct. Will

The spider stared at me. "I never thought in all of my years a turkey would ask me to do something for him. Would you come for tea?" (She said that last part with a plastered smile on her face.)

"Um . . . do you mind if we take a rain-check for this . . . er . . . date?"

The spider's eyes hardened, but the plastered smile was still there. "Okay, come back in a week's time.

I did thank the spider, but no thanks to her. Sigh. That tangent didn't work like I was a genius. More like a dumb turkey. Oh my gosh! That's what I am. Thinking cap activated. I've got it! Wilbur the pig also ran around the barn acting so sure of himself everyone came and saved him. Oh boy! I'm going to be

One day later

Waddle, waddle, quack, sigh. Another fantastic idea down the garbage dump. The only other idea left is to make the master a vegetarian before Christmas. But this is almost impossible noting the fact Christmas is three days measly away. HELLO??? I'VE GOT IT! I don't know why my little baked brain didn't figure out . . a CHRISTMAS CAROL!!!

Christmas night . . .

"Oh come all ye faithful . . . "Yessss. I have my sound. It's not: waddle, waddle, quack. It's music."

"Come all ye turkeys," I sang triumphantly, "Let's do some singing!"

So, like in the fairytales (ours anyway), the master, wife and children ate a meatless Christmas dinner, having peas and asparagus, and thinking — in a daze — about the beautiful sound conducted by: Wilbur, the vegetarian turkey.

Welcomes you to

Christmas

New Year

Masses

UR LADY OF GRACE

Roman Catholic Church

135 Drake Road, Salt Spring Island, V8K 2K8 PARISH PRIEST: Father Jules Goulet O.M.I. Phone: 250-537-2150

CHRISTMAS EVE:

Monday December 24th: Mass at 7:00 pm

CHRISTMAS DAY Tuesday December 25th: Mass at 10:00 am

NO MASS AT ST. PAUL'S

NEW YEAR'S EVE:

Monday December 31st Candlelight Midnight Mass

NEW YEAR'S DAY:

Tuesday January 1st 2002 Mass at 10:00 am NO MASS AT ST. PAUL'S

Everyone Welcome!

Series 7 disturbing view of 'reality T.V.'



Flick Pick ... with Jason Tudor

Unless you live under a rock, you are pretty familiar with the TV show Survivor.

Maybe, like me, you've imagined an alternate version that foregoes the voting-off process in favour of a pistol or knife. In the recent Sundance Film Festival hit called Series 7: the Contender, the future is now.

It's a fictional "reality show," where contestants are picked at random by government identification number. Then they are given a pistol and the names of the other contestants. From there it's kill or be killed.

The last person alive wins.

We watch Series 7 just like it would be shown on the television, shot in handheld video by bulletproof vest-wearing cameramen. Like all "reality" shows, it is also highly edited after the fact into a cohesive story. Of course, there is a particular story the producers want you to see.

Despite all this artificiality, the violence is shown intact: contestants shoot, choke and stab each other in full view of the

camera. There is a lot of screaming.

This is one of the most disturbing films I've seen in a long while. Imagine an 18-year-old girl chasing an old man across a park with rifle fire, while the girl's parents give cheers of encouragement. Imagine that old man later beating said girl with his cane, with her parents now relegated to staring in helpless shock.

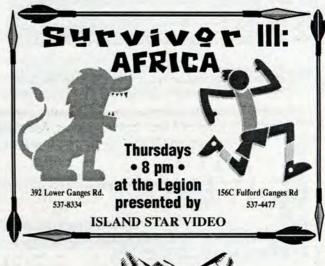
Yes, Series 7 is a slap in the face of reality TV, but it is also about how competition has been given an almost religious power in our society.

The contestants, rather than protesting the ridiculously arbitrary system that rules them, end up fighting among themselves. No one thinks to challenge a system that relies on some people getting rich through the poverty of others.

Oops, sorry. I meant, relies on one person killing another. My mistake.

Rating: 14a

Running Time: 1 hour, 26 minutes





THE VESUVIUS PUB

will once again remain open during the months of Jan. & Feb. with reg. hours of operation 11:00am - 11:00pm 7 days/week.

However, the pub will shut down at 5pm on Christmas Eve & close Christmas Day. Boxing Day, the pub opens at 4pm for the annual Boxing Day Bash featuring the music

For all your festival needs, the Vesuvius Pub offers a great selection of COLD BEER and WINE TO GO.

of Salt Spring's own 3 CHORD SLOTH



From all of us at the Vesuvius Pub, Happy Holidays and please celebrate responsibly! DON'T DRINK & DRIVE



Quit

Phone:

250-746-5591

Fax:

250-746-0798



Artwork by Kevin Parr



Duncan

#4-2985

Green Road

Duncan, B.C.

V9L 6C7

Have we got YOUR number

in the Lions Club SSI Directory?

To add your new listing...or To change your current listing...

in the Salt Spring Island Directory, complete a yellow form located in the current phone book and drop it in the mail, or drop it in one of the black boxes located at GVM, Thrifty Foods, Bank of Montreal or the Post Office.

We'll take it from there!

The Perfect Christmas Tree

By SIERRA LUNDY Age 8

Once upon a time there were two sisters. Their names were Alison and Erika. It was three days before Christmas. Erika and Alison were picking out a Christmas tree.

"It's too late. Everyone has picked all the best Christmas trees and we are left with the worst ones," said Erika.

'No, no, Erika, these are beautiful," said Alison. "How about this one?"

"Oh, okay," said Erika. "Now let's go home and dry off."

As they trudged and crunched through the forest, Erika said, "Alison, I think we are lost. What will we

"There's a castle up ahead," Alison said.

"I don't see it . . . oh, there I see it," Erika said. "Do you think anybody lives there?"

'No, of course not. Come on let's go. "Since you saw the house,

maybe you should knock," said Erika.

"Okay then." Knock, knock, knock. "It seems no one is there,"

said Erika.

"Let's open the door," said

It was spooky inside. They went in and looked around. The castle was really big, and they saw tons of secret tun-

"Hey, Erika, there's a little hole here and I think there's a little girl in it!"cried Alison.

Erika walked over to the hole, "Hey, little girl, are you stuck?"

"Yes, can you help me?" she whimpered.

"Of, course we will." They helped the little girl out.

"What happened?" asked

"I was looking for a Christmas tree and these

giants came and chased me into the castle. They said they needed a Christmas tree, but I didn't have one! I fell into this hole and then you came and helped me," said the little girl.

"What's your name?" asked Erika.

"I'm Sofia"

"Well Sofia, we are lost, do you know where 570 Cusheon Lake Road is?"

"Yes, I think I know a short-cut.

"Where?" asked Erika.

"Through these tunnels, but I don't know which one - this one or that one. Hey, I don't even know what your names are," said Sofia

"I'm Alison."

"And I'm Erika."

"Alison, you go in that tunnel and me and Erika will go in this tunnel."

The two tunnels were like zig-zags and very soon they met up and led to an attic. As soon they got into the attic, they saw with a fright . . . the giants!

"Those are the same giants I saw!" said Sofia, horrified.

"Let's go!" said Erika. "Have a happy, happy Christmas!" she said to the giants as she started to run.

Then the giants stopped them and said, "Why are you in such a hurry to go? We want to have a Christmas party. But we don't have a tree.

"We have a tree that you could have!" said Erika and Alison.

"That's what we were getting when we got lost."

So they showed the giants the tree. And it was perfect! And they had a Christmas party. And one giant gave another giant a sled as a present and then they all rode home in it together.

And they had a happy, happy Christmas.



Sales hours:

Mon.-Thurs. 8:30am-7:00pm;

Fri.-Sat. 8:30am-6:00pm

Supplies

For all your Indoor & Outdoor Growing Supplies.

Mon.-Fri.

9:30-5:30

Sat.

9:30-4:00

on Great Pre-owned Vehicles at Honda City

Pre-owned vehicles web page updated daily with full colour pictures & all particulars!

90-day, 6,000 km warranty on selected pre-owned cars. Trade-ins welcome.

www-hondacity-com Or stop by in person and experience the Honda City difference.

TOLL FREE 1-877-388-6921

HONDA CITY 506 Finlayson Street, Victoria

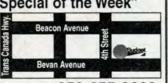
rectory

Looking for New or Used Check them out here!

Come and see our great selection of

Ask about our "Special of the Week"





CAR SALES 2440 Bevan Avenue, Sidney, B.C. • 250-655-2600



The True Christmas

By PHOENIX McNAUGHTON Age 8

One night my Dad, my Mom, my baby sister and I came home from WalMart and suddenly I spotted Santa Claus in the night sky. I saw Rudolph's sleigh, so I told my Mom, Dad and my baby sister. We all ran inside. I put out two carrots, five cookies and milk and then I went straight to bed.

The next morning I got presents. This is a true story. I have seen Santa in the sky.

Cats of the Week



I'm Minnie just like the mouse. I have been spayed and I'm a quiet little lady.



We are Miss Mew & Spooky. We have long fur & are almost identical except Spooky has some brown fur.

Please call the SPCA at 537-2123 or come to the open house every Saturday from 2:00pm to 4:00pm

The adoption fee of \$60 for a male and \$70 for a female covers the cost of spaying or neutering and a vaccination.





CHOIR CLUSTER — The entire student body at Salt Spring Elementary School took to Ganges last Wednesday, singing in the sunshine for the many Christmas shoppers.

Photos by Derrick Lundy



THE INTERNET **GATEWAY TO THE GULF ISLANDS**

www.gulfislands.net

Wine hounds: a Fernwood students snoop through vineyards



Wine Files ... with Steve Coopman

We all have our passions. Some of us haunt garage sales or antique markets, some go into every bookstore in sight, some of us just keep an eye out for the best bargain no matter what it is.

And then there are the wine hounds, who sniff out the best, the newest, the bargain. If you are wine inclined then now is a great time of year for vineyard snooping.

Yes, the grapes have all been harvested (except perhaps for icewine) but the tourists have disappeared and the wine makers and vineyard owners are more apt to take time to give you a per-

I recommend a day trip to the Cowichan wine region. On a recent outing we started with a marvelous lunch at Vinoteca, the restaurant attached to Vigneti Zanatta Vineyard. The lively, citric, Glenora Fantasia sparkling wine and the Pinot Noir both matched well with the Portabello mushrooms stuffed with gorgonzola cheese. I found the Pinot to have a classic "barnyard nose" and although very light, the taste had good fruit, and lots of cedar and spice. The restaurant, carved out of an older farmhouse, has plenty of character, is wonderfully decorated, informal and relaxed — a great place for a romantic mid-day rendezvous.

After leaving Vinoteca, three of us had a fascinating tour of Godfrey-Brownell Vineyards just down the road. Dave Godfrey, a former English professor, and his wife Ellen, bought the land in 1999 and are just starting to get fruit from their own vines, so the wines they currently have available are made from grapes from other locations.

Nevertheless the Godfreys and their wine maker Eric Von Krosigk (consultant for Saturna Vineyards, among others) have done wonders with their wines. If you catch Dave at a good time (covered in mud and sitting astride his tractor) he may take you on a tour of the Winery (converted garage and kennel).

Wandering through the barrels with glass in hand while the vineyard owner talks about his passion is an experience not to be missed. With a receptive audience, no wine maker can resist stopping at a barrel, popping the stopper and drawing out some new wine with his wine thief (like a big turkey baster) and giving you a taste. The Pinot Grigio, Chardonnay and French Oak Chardonnay were all remarkable wines, as was a Merlot biding its time in the barrel.

The problem with such personal service is that you just can't resist buying a few bottles or even a case. When you serve that bottle of Godfrey-Brownell French Oak Chardonnay and your guests ask you where they can get some you'll just have to say, "I'm sorry, I think I bought the last few bottles of this vintage.

For more information about Godfrey-Brownell Vineyards, call 250-715-0504.

For reservations at Vinoteca call (250) 709-2279.

Wine of the Week

If you're looking for a wine to go with a special dessert over the holidays, then pick up a bottle of Muscat de Saint Jean de Minervois.

At \$12.95 this half bottle of Petit Grain Muscat is a good example of the famous dessert wine with intense grape flavour and hints of orange-flower and spice. Although very sweet, this is not an ice wine. Be careful to make sure the dessert is less sweet than the wine.

Cheers!

perform for season

By MITCHELL SHERRIN Staff Writer

While job action between teachers and employers may cancelled have Fernwood School Christmas concert, an afternoon "assembly" Thursday filled the bill to celebrate the holiday season with children's song and theatrical performances.

The change of time and date didn't seem to affect the number of beaming parents in attendance at the packed gymnasium.

After a group sing-along of Oh Canada, the primary and intermediate choirs joined together under Mary Rockliffe to start off the performance with a cheerful rendering of the Disney classic Be Our Guest.

Accompanied by Shirley Bunyan on piano, the choir then split into a two-part harmony to sing the gentle lullaby called Snow is Falling, followed by a bouncy warm-up tune titled, A Turkey Knocked at my Back

Charming primary students pointed to a number of missing teeth to introduce the Looth Tooth song and the choir wrapped up its performance with an intermingled medley of Music in the Air and Jingle Bells.

A number of classes performed for the assembly.

Marjorie Jones' kindergarten class wore paper antlers and noses to perform Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and Rockliffe's Grade 1 students cradled imaginary babies while singing When Joseph Went to Bethlehem.

Grade 1 and 2 students guided by Holly Ziwicki recited poems corresponding to the holiday alphabet and Grade 2 students in Barry Bartlett's class sang a number of "catmas carols."

Students in Christa Campsall's Grade 2-3 class read stories about Christmas from around the world, accompanied by lovely illustrations.

And students in the Grade 3 class shared by Robin Andison and Linda Lee chanted Dr. Seuss' tale about how the small-hearted Grinch tried to steal Christmas from Whoville.

Wendy Vine's Grade 5 students then wrapped-up the "assembly" with a French lesson of Les Couleurs de Noël, complete with visual teaching aids.

The Grade 5 students also manned a table to raise funds for the Canadian Red Cross relief for Afghanistan.

Donated funds at the assembly will be added to the \$131 Vine's class raised with a bake sale in November.

ANY COMPUTER ... repair ... consult ...teach ...sell Ask for Tim 537-9297 **CollinsWorks**

Once we turn children on to reading, it's hard to turn them off.

At Sylvan, we address reading difficulties with a personalized program. Help your child experience the joy of reading.
Call us now.

#213-80 Station St. Duncan, B.C. V9L 1M4 Tel/Fax: (250) 746-0222

Limited spaces available on Salt Spring

SYLVAN LEARNING CENTER' www.educate.com







Are YOU in the book? To advertise in the next SSI Directory, call 537-2000

Leave your business name, mailing address and phone number, and ask us to mail you an Advertiser Information Package. Package will be mailed in January

CLASSIFIED HOTLINE: 537-9933

SWEET SOUNDS:

Clockwise from top left, Heather MacDonald, Arlo Bryn-Thorn, Fishleigh, Chloe Sjuberg, Madison Greggains, Jenna McRobb and Jade Baker sing their hearts out at a recent Christmas concert on Salt Spring.

Psychotherapist Rona Robbins, M.Ed., MFT

Individual • Couple • Family

By Appointment

Clinical Member: CRMFT **AAMFT** The Lancer Building, Suite #105 323 Lower Ganges Rd. (250) 538-0301









Christmas Among The Cathedrals

By DOUGLAS COWELL Special to the Barnacle

When I was 26 I realized I had never spent Christmas anywhere but with my family, so I decided to look around for something different.

And then along came Dave Denning, a friend from the U.S. who had left that country over a disagreement about the war in Vietnam. Christmas with his mother in California would cost him two years in prison, so he too was looking for an alterna-

We decided on a winter ski-mountaineering adventure, and settled on Cathedral Lakes Provincial Park, a location we hoped would be within range of our meagre transportation a bald-tired, heater-less Volkswagen squareback with question-

Fortunately, the road from Vancouver to the trail head was navigated. By judicious use of a pocket lighter, we were able to keep the windshield from freezing solid with ice like all the other windows. We camped that night in the back of the wagon, leaving the door up so our feet could hang out, and hoping also to melt out some of the thick ice.

The summer jeep trail to Cathedral Lakes Lodge climbs 13 miles and 5,000 vertical feet to the lakes, but with the lodge closed for winter, we'd be alone on a snow-covered road without any motorized assistance. After seven exhausting hours of uphill skiing, we struggled into a winter-bound campsite with our 50-pound packs. In the fading light we pitched our tent and set camp; alone in a snow-bound wonderland.

For the next four days we explored this wilderness in a silence I had never known. Each morning we would fire up the stove, melt water for the day, have breakfast, pack lunch and ski out through the winter landscape. We crossed snow-covered lakes, wandered over vast sloping meadows, explored forested side valleys and marvelled joyously at it all.

We attempted to frighten trees by skiing madly down toward them, and then, at the last second, falling down right in front of them. Perhaps some were frightened — they would quiver and shake, dumping even more snow on our whitened bodies.

On the fourth day we skied up as high as we could and then left our skis and climbed to the mountain ridge. As we crested, a howling wind from the southwest knocked us back. Leaning against the blast, we scrambled to a sheltered outcrop where we could gaze out for a hundred miles in every direction over an unmarked and perfect world of white.

Back in camp at dusk, we stripped our ice-crusted outer garments and crawled into our sleeping bags - reaching out to start up the stove. We had food for only one more meal. Obviously, we were leaving the next day.

Half-dozing as supper cooked, I noticed Dave messing with his mittens and mumbling, "Twentieth, twenty-first, twenty . . . What day did we ski in?" Then suddenly he announced, "Tomorrow's Christmas." Long seconds . . . and then: "Tonight's Christmas Eve."



Right then and right there, we were the only family each other had, and we were about to share our Christmas Eve meal, noodles and soup, off the only platter we owned, a battered aluminum pot.

After supper, we crawled out of the tent, put on every bit of clothing we had and headed for the lake. I skied, while Dave walked across the hard snow under the forest. As we moved out of the forest and onto the edge of frozen Cathedral Lake we were suddenly illuminated by a billion stars shining down from the blackest sky imaginable.

The cold cut through our clothing; but the night, the stars and the middle of the lake called to us. We moved forward, but Dave floundered in the soft snow. There was only one thing to do — Dave balanced on my skis with his feet just behind mine. We shuffle-skied tandem to the middle. We stood there in awesome silence. It was a perfect, eternal moment.

Yet I was surprised to discover an aching in my chest . . . a loneliness. Not the pain of wanting to be with others or to be somewhere else. It was the loneliness of contemplation. Of awareness. Of knowing exactly and without question just how small we are in the endless black reaches of space and time.

I was overwhelmed, and so was Dave. And suddenly, at the same instant, as if cued by some cosmic conductor, we both broke into song. Silent night, holy night

All is calm, all is bright.

There, in the middle of the lake, song after song welled up and floated out into the frozen night, including songs neither one of us could remember learning. We turned toward the cliffs and belted out. "Hark! The herald angels sing."

We turned toward our camp where we had just polished off a gob of soupy noodles and sang "Good King Wenceslas."

We sang up to the heavens — "Angels we have heard on

We turned to the lodge, silent and black on the edge of lake, and sang "How still we see thee lie."

Finally, we shuffled back toward the forest, stopping at the edge to sing one last salute to the sky: "O Holy night, the stars are brightly shining

And then we were gone.

For Christmas breakfast we ate our remaining food — two packages of instant chocolate pudding. While Dave was stirring, I pulled out a surprise Christmas present — a little plastic flask of Kahlua that I had forgotten the night before.

With a glint in his eye he accepted the Kahlua and unscrewed its cap above the pudding-filled aluminum pot.

It was the best chocolate breakfast pudding I have ever tasted.

In my memory, there are two Christmas gifts I've received that stand clearly above all others. The first was a plastic cowboy rifle when I was seven. I craved it intensely, but barely dared hope I might actually get it. On Christmas morning, when it was there in the living room, I danced and laughed with tears in my eyes.

The other present of equal value was the ski out that day from Cathedral Lakes. Thirteen miles, 5,000 vertical feet. We skied with wild-eyes and total abandon and with that fantastic pudding in our bellies. One uninterrupted run must have stretched for eight or nine miles.

Miraculously, the car started without having to build a fire under it, and then, even more miraculously, it glided straight over the snow-covered roads like a skier across a frozen lake. The roads were empty.

It was dark when we pulled into Manning Park Lodge, the first open restaurant we'd seen. Dave got out of the sleeping bag he'd been forced to enter in the frigid car. In the lodge, there were no other customers and only one waitress. Turkey was on the menu. We used our lighter to light the candle, and then the waitress sat down and ate dinner with us. For a couple of hours we shared stories and laughter and Christmas pudding with lots of hard sauce.

And there was definitely no loneliness.

Even today, almost 30 years later, I never fail to remember that Christmas Day and that perfect, silent night.

537-9933

SALT SPRING ISLAND'S MARKETPLACE

How To Place An Ad

•IN PERSON

At 328 Lower Ganges Rd. Monday to Friday 8:00 - 5:00

CHARGE IT

All ads can be prepaid over the phone with your Mastercard or Visa



BY PHONE

8:00 am - 5:00 pm, Monday to Friday • 537-9933

•BY DEBIT

8:00 am - 5:00 pm, Monday to Friday

BY FAX Fax your ad anytime to 537-8829. Please

include your name, phone number and payment

•BY MAIL

•EMAIL

328 Lower Ganges Rd, classified@gulfislands.net Salt Spring Island, B.C.

VISIT US ON-LINE gulfislands.net

COST PER AD

CLASSIFIED WORD AD

20 words or less \$8.50 + GST, additional words 25¢ each

 CLASSIFIED DISPLAY AD Call for sizes and prices

•TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

20 words or less \$10.50 + gst

NEW YEAR'S DEADLINE

Classified - THURSDAY 5 pm Too late to Classify - FRIDAY noon

INDEX **ANNOUNCEMENTS**

005 Births

006 Deaths 007 In Memorian 008 Card of Thanks

010 Celebrations

011 Engagements 017 Marriages 020 Coming Events 025 Education

029 Lost & Found

026 Legals

034 Notices 040 Personals

EMPLOYMENT

055 Help Wanted

140 Music Lessons

148 Pets/Livestock

150 Photography 152 Printers

154 Recycling 156 Rentals

160 Sewing 162 Shoe Repair

168 Signs

172 Towing

173 Travel

174 Trucking

176 Veterinarians 178 Welding

142 Musical Services 146 Office Services

158 Secretarial Services

170 Small Engine Services

050 Business Opportunities

060 Work Wanted

SERVICES 132 Lawyers 134 Marine Services 136 Mechanical Repair 138 Misc. Services

100 Accounting 102 Airlines

106 Business Equipment 108 Cameras

109 Caregivers 110 Catering 112 Charters

114 Child Care

115 Chiropractors 116 Cleaning Services

117 Community Services 118 Computers

120 Courier Services

122 Day Care

123 Dental 124 Diving

125 E-commerce

126 Eueglasses 127 Financial Services

128 Gardening

129 Graphic Designers 130 Health

131 Internet

300 Antiques 302 Appliances 305 Art Work 308 Auctions

310 Building Supplies

320 Clothing 322 Computers 325 Crafts 327 Equipment

328 Exchanges

335 Furniture

MERCHANDISE 329 Farm Items

386 Water Sales

370 Pets/Livestock 377 Toys 379 Free/Recyclables

330 Food Products

331 Farm Gate 333 Firewood

340 Garage Sales 342 Garden Supplies 343 Health Supplies 345 Hot Tubs & Spas

351 Misc. Wanted 360 Musical Instruments 365 Office Equipment 376 Sporting Goods

390 Websites

350 Misc. For Sale **REAL ESTATE**

400 Appraisals 410 Real Estate For Sale 420 Financing 430 Land Surveyors

440 Misc. Real Estate 450 Wanted to Buy 490 Websites

535 Situations Wanted

500 Apts/Suites For Rent 510 Commercial Space 520 Houses for Rent 525 Rentals, Misc

RENTALS 530 Shared Accommodation

540 Wanted/Rentals

ACCOMMODATION

600 Bed & Breakfast 615 Holiday Accommodations 620 Hotels

622 House Exchange 625 Resorts 690 Websites

TRANSPORTATION

800 Automotive, Bodywork & Painting 831 Limousine Service 805 Automotive, Repairs 835 Motorcycles, Sales 810 Bicycles, Sales & Service

835 Motorcycles, Sales 840 Recreational Vehicles, Rentals 845 Recreational Vehicles, Sales 850 Tires

815 Boats & Marine, Service 820 Boats & Marine, Sales 855 Trucks/4x4s 822 Campers & Trailers

900 TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY - NOON MONDAY

20 COMING EVENTS

POLAR BEAR Swim! Vesuvius Beach, January 1. Registration between 12:00 & 12:30 p.m. The plunge at 1 pm. Hot chocolate & donuts for sale. Prizes! Theme is Disney in honour of Walt's 100th birthday. Sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce.



Alfresco's New Year's **Eve Dinner** MONDAY

DEC 31ST ~ 5 PM **Barrington Perry** on the piano

ENTREE SPECIALS: Live Atlantic Lobster with Papaya and Champagne Sauce

Filet of Beef Tenderloin Medallions with Tawny Port demi-glace

Full menu also available

Reservations please 537-5979

ISLAND **ESCAPADES** "Unlimited"

BOXING DAY SALE 10-25% OFF SELECTED ITEMS

537-2553 DEC. 26 NOON -5 DEC. 27 11-5 PM 161 Fulford-Ganges Rd.

We're open

Wednesday December 26 10am-4pm

BOXING DAY **BARGAINS**

up to **0**% OFF

MOUAT'S CLOTHING CO.

VISA, MASTERCARD, HOMECARD 537-5551

5 PM. THURS. DEC. 27TH NEXT DEADLINE CLASSIFIED HOTLINE 537-9933

20 COMING EVENTS

OLD SALTY BOXING DAY

> open 10am~4pm 106 Fulford Ganges Rd.

BARGAINS

537-5551 25 EDUCATION

TRAINING PROGRAMS. Take control of your future! Call us for information on training programs, financial assistance, B.C. student grants, loans and other funding that may be available. Canadian Tourism College. 1-800-668-9301.

A NEW CAREER? Train to be an Apartment/ Condominium Manager. Many jobs! Job placement assistance. All-Government Areas. Registered Program. Information/ brochure (604) 681-5456, 1-800-665-8339 www.rmti.ca.

41 PERSONALS/BUSINESS

PAYDAY LOANS! Bad Credit? No Credit? No Problem. Borrow up to \$1000 until payday. Have a job? Get a loan Guaranteed! 1 hour Approval 1-866-3-PAYDAY 24 hrs/7 days. www.prldirect.com.

EXPERT PSYCHICS...Try Us First! Your Future Revealed by Your Personal Psychic. Sincere & Genuine Readings. Call 24 hours. 1-900-561-2100 \$2.95/min. 18+

50 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ACCESS TO A COMPUTER? Work on-line at home \$500 -\$1500 /month P/T, \$5000 + 1-866-200-0561 www.yourdreamliveshere.com

ATTENTION: Moms, New Canadians & Others. Work at home. \$ Unlimited Income Potential. Call now toll-free 1-800-585-0451 www.uwin2.net

ATTENTION INVENTORS -We have all the solutions you need! Freeinformation. Call toll-free 1-866-877-2836 - 24

GREAT CANADIAN Dollar Store franchise opportunities. With more than 100 stores across Canada, we offer one of the most thrilling and affordable franchises to own. To learn more, visit our website: www.dollarstores.com or call toll free 1-877-388-0123.

55 HELP WANTED

YOU DECIDE your income. Work from home on computer. \$1000 - \$5000+ P.T. F.T. 1 800 349-5749. www.afutureonline.com.

NANNY NEEDED. hours/month. Must be flexible, easy-going and love preschoolers. Free room and board in lieu of salary. Call 537-5420.

COMPLETE MECHANICAL is a rapidly expanding repair shop based in Lloydminster, Alberta. We are currently looking for a journeyman heavy equipment technician with a strong background in Cat. Cummins and Detroit engines. The successful candidate will receive an excellent wage, RRSP and benefit package. Apply with resume to Steve Parkinson, fax 780-875-4039. Phone 780-875-7712.

CONTRACTOR WITH mechanical equipment required to harvest 23,000 cubic metres of softwood. Will consider stump-to-dump. Ph: 204-689-2261, Wabowden,

55 HELP WANTED

SSI Employment Services

Are you unemployed and need help with your job search? Are you thinking about re-training? If you are receiving Employment

Insurance Benefits (or have received these benefits within the last 3 years) we have a variety of programs available to assist you. Counsellor comes to SSI once a week and services are free.

Please call Marta at 1-888-993-2299

60 WORK WANTED

JOURNEYMAN CARPEN-TER available for work. Additions, renovations, new homes, sun decks, green houses, etc. Reasonable rates. Quality and integrity. Jim Anderson. 537-9124.

WORLD FAMOUS on Salt Spring! Piko Renovations Ltd. creates excellent smallto medium-sized renovations, repairs, decks, etc. Peter Blackmore, 537-4382.

109 CAREGIVERS

CERTIFIED HOME Support Attendant, mature, sensitive, warm and caring. Experienced in care of Altzeimer's, Parkinson's, palliative and more. Excellent references. For professional caregiving, 537-5837.

HOME/FARM help available. Mature, reliable. Own transportation. Cleaning, cooking, garden, errands, deliveries, pets, livestock, teens, sitting, (lambing-foot trim). 537-7111. Available anytime, incl. holidays.



117 COMMUNITY SERVICES

537-8168 pager



SALT SPRING ...your community foundation.

Help enhance the quality of

life in your Island community. You can do this by contributing to our/your community endowment fund. Even \$10 will help make a lasting difference. All contributions are pooled and preserved in the endowment fund. The interest earned on it is distributed annually to a wide range of worthy Island charitable organizations. These vary from year to year as community priorities change. You can help also by having your purchases at Thrifty's and at GVM creditted to the SSI Foundation. Further information, including latest annual report, is freely available upon request, without obligation. Phone 537-2501 (Bob Rush)

117 COMMUNITY SERVICES

DIAL-A-PRAYER - 537-4734. An interfaith recording by the United Church, 111 Hereford Ave., Salt Spring Island, B.C. V8K 2T3. The pre-recorded message changes regularly.

Canadian Cancer Society 204 - 780 Tolmie Ave. Victoria, B.C., V8X 3W4

1-800-663-7892



AND WE CARE

156 RENTALS

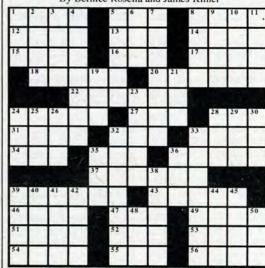
PARTY TIME RENTALS

From <u>Tents to Utensils</u> let our experience make your event spe-cial. Complete service & consultation at no extra cost. Pick ups at Love My Kitchen, downtown. Email partytimerentals@saltspring.com. Please call Susan or Joy at 537-4577 phone/fax, 537-0909 cell

Reduce Reuse Recycle

Canadiana Crossword The Nativity

By Bernice Rosella and James Kilner



ACROSS

1 Tooth 5 James, abbr. 8 Small lake

12 Zone 13 Aussie ostrich

14 Margarine 15 Metis leader 16 Rel.

17 Some socials 18 Farewell, in

Francoeur 20 The father

22 Whipper 24 Full of anticipation

27 Heart scan, for short 28 Emergency room ref.

31 Depressed 32 A kind of gallery

33 Objective 34 Prohibit

35 Civil defence org. 36 Sew together 37 Plaster again

39 One of the Magi 43 Gift of the Magi 46 Prefix denoting inside

47 Finish a cake 49 Promissory notes

51 Horse colour

53 Concerning Europe 54 The mother 55 Supplement

56 Shall we

DOWN

1 Distant 2 Operatic offering 3 Require

4 Nativity locale 5 The child 6 Friend, in Frontenac

7 Conquer 8 Small fry

9 Away from wind 10 Harvest 11 Snack

19 Auricle 21 Assn. 23 The King

24 Recede 25 Flower petals 26 Firearm

28 Runs PCs 29 Cereal grain 30 Brew

32 Canada's continent 33 The angel 35 Age

36 Accept 38 Revise 39 Microbe

40 Cape buffalo 41 Celebrity 42 Small equine

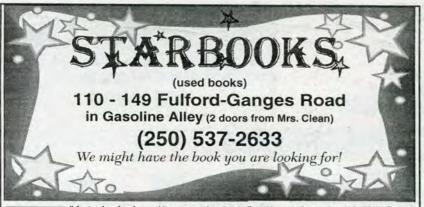
45 Injure 48 Food fish 50 Distress sig.

44 Rake

Crossword answers page 18



The Barnacle Tuesday, December 25, 2001 • 17



Astrological Call Michael O'Connor. (250) 352-2936. Gift Certificates

By Phone or in Person All Tape Recorded! "Affirmation, Inspiration, Vision".

Tip of the week:

As is the tradition with this Horoscope at the beginning of a New Year, this week's Horoscope will be devoted to a general overview for each sign for 2002. The major themes for all signs will continue to include changes in belief and shifts in perception as Saturn and the Lunar North Node transit through curious and tricky you to melt away limiting beliefs Gemini. The most striking time for these will be when their paths environment. April and May will cross in June marking a time of be particularly eventful in this excited interest at best and reac-regard. A charge to learn new tive expectations leading to disappointments at worst. The first at home or at work will begin in major challenge in general will be January. This may include your in the middle of May when Saturn makes its third and final opposition to Pluto. This will be a final breakthrough on situations that in March to mid April. Keep an are in need of release purification. open mind and trust transformation and/or renewal. Fortunately during this time Leo (Jul 22 - Aug 22) Jupiter will be flowing through Cancer where it is very auspicious. Jupiter will turn direct after months of retrograde motion in Cancer in early March (Jupiter November 2001). Jupiter will then enter playful and passionate Leo where it is also well placed, although perhaps a little self-centered, in early August where it will remain direct until early December. With Jupiter flowing through these two signs, business will pick-up and the economy in general will be much improved.

Happy New Year everyone! Aries (Mar 21 - AP 20)

2002 will be a year marked with many new initiatives for you. This trend will begin in sync with the beginning of the Chinese New Year in late January when Mars enters Aries. You have been in a process of 'unlearning' since late September and now the lights will all turn green for go ahead. Get ready to learn about a lot of new things in an accelerated pace. Your confidence will also increase advantage and catch-up on all

Taurus (Apr 21 - May 20)

The momentum of this year will begin with a rebellious start in January then switch to a determination to confront any subwill be doing just that, marching forward with a new sense of vigor and ambition that will conthrust will be marked with determination to learn new angles and techniques that assist your growth in general and your business in particular. Invest in worth. knowledge!

Gemini (May 21 - Jun 20) Last year you felt very determined in what you believe and value will

and began to take your self much more seriously, before both Saturn and Jupiter turned retrograde in the fall that is. Now, with early March, your determination and charge will return in full force. This will help you to break through any stale and restrictive fears and beliefs coming from both within and without. By late winter Finances will begin to flow more with the water melt. Late May will prove ultimately liberating. The summer will be joyful!

Cancer (Jun 21 - Jul 21)

A fresh burst of courage and optimism will be experienced by March, if not sooner. This will help and attitudes conditioned by your skills and perhaps renovate either overall sense of identity and expression in the world. Significant investments are likely

The urge to break through and experience new levels of freedom and self- expression will continue in full force in 2002. Feelings of inner peace and confidence that turned retrograde in early may have eluded you during 2001 will come to your assistance especially as you ask for guidance. Push yourself to express your desires early on in the year, but do not push others. You will need all your energy and as you act you will lead by example. April will be revolutionary, June will require courage and by mid July you will be in your stride.

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 22)

Changes in your public and professional life that began last year, but which were somewhat delayed will resume by February. A charismatic momentum that begins in January will extend to rich encounters with friends, clubs and groups of all kinds by March. With this increase in power will also come responsibility. Prepare now mentally, emotionally and actively with any needed adjustments in your lifestyle especially noticeably by March so take concerning vitality levels and the ability to focus.

Libra (Sep 22 - Oct 22)

Interests and ambitions to gain more knowledge and to travel are main focus for 2002. Connections with other institutions, countries and cultures will sions in February. By March you changing rapidly and you will feel determined to keep pace. Keeping an open mind and being willing to incorporate new ideas tinue into the summer. This and approaches are necessary for success. Theories aside, you will want experiential knowledge and will invest only in proposals that have already proven their

Scorpio (Oct 22 - Nov 22)

continue strongly in 2002. Go with this flow and do not resist. Your health is dependent upon your willingness to set pride aside and both planets turning direct by see and do things in new ways. Focus more on the person you are becoming rather than the person you think you are. Look at old photos for proof of this change. Lifestyle is the thing that needs to change the most and this implies moves of some kind. Breathe in good attitude for change.

> Sagittarius (Nov 22 - Dec 21) Reaffirming what is worthy of your time and commitment and what is not will continue in 2002. A process of clarifying your vision and subsequent priorities is at stake. There are certain attitudes and relationship patterns that need to be acknowledged and changed. This begins with perception. You will continue to go for variety, yet you will realize that a cooperative approach yields the greatest return. Get some playtime in early as you will busy all

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19)

spring. August will be a highlight

Paying attention to the quality of your thoughts and attitude in relation to the quality of your health and life in general is up for you in 2002. You will feel moved to make some deliberate changes in this regard early on. Benevolent friends and guides and coach figures will be there to assist you by March, at least. A process of 'unlearning' what you have interpreted as reality, fact and truth from your environment will continue all year. Fact is your interpretation of reality is ultimately subjective. Reflect and see the

Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 19)

The message for you Aquarius is somewhat split between those born before February 8th and those born after, due to Saturn turning retrograde on that date. For those born before, you will continue to unravel and dismantle foundations. These may be literal and/or psychological. Faith in the power of your mind, spirit and destiny rather than in the establishment is key. For those born after Feb. 8 a process of building a new foundation literally and/or psychologically will begin. In both cases, break free from tradition and the opinions of so-called authorities.

Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20)

A split call is in store for you in 2002 Pisces. Assuming new levels of responsibility in the outer pulled inward to face certain fears in order to access latent abilities This process may be easier for those born on or after March 2 when Jupiter turns direct. Yet, in all cases you will feel quite confident. Your ambition will be high through to mid April when you may feel the need to make certain changes in attitude and approach. This will last 6 weeks or so. Communication skills and cre-Changes in the way you think and ative self-expression are highlighted.

Only Barnacle delivers Island wide! Total **Total Market** Coverage Market every week! Coverage! 537-9933

160 SEWING

ALTERATIONS & SEWING -Elegant, caring, personalized approach. Consideration to changes in lifestyle, aging, health. Margie -Vesuvius Bay 537-2707.

264 STORAGE & MOVING

ALT SPRING Mini Storage

347 Upper Ganges Road

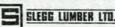
"Safer than

Someone's Old barn'

RESERVE TODAY CALL 537-5888 FOR SIZES & RATES

310 BUILDING SUPPLIES





804 Fulford Ganges 537-4978

322 COMPUTERS

COMPUTER PROBLEMS? Set-ups, Installing Software, Tutoring, Internet. Your place or ours. Yes, we make house calls days/evenings/ wkends. \$25/hr. 20 years exp. Phone Robert. 537-2888. Arvana Consulting.

magen LOCAL

Connection & Computers

INTRODUCING Scheduled

Computer Maintenance to ease your mind. repairman@imagenisp.com 120b Hereford Ave 537.1950

Ron Weisner BASC

Computer Repairs &Upgrades

- ✓ data recovery
- ✓PRINTER repairs ✓ new & used
- computer systems available

Office Equipment

- service & repair
- **✓**PHOTOCOPIERS **✓**FAX MACHINES
- **✓**CASH REGISTERS

(250)537-5058 weisner@saltspring.com

329 FARM ITEMS

ORGANICALLY GROWN Hay \$4.50/bale delivered. Phone 1-250-539-3049.

333 FIREWOOD

CHAINSAW WORK and firewood for sale. 653-4539.

335 FURNITURE

BEAUTIFUL LEOPARD tapestry sofa, circa 1895, rolled arms, no cushions. Oak frame, Wood ball feet, \$2000.

350 MISC. FOR SALE

CHRISTIAN PAUL-TATONETTI'S "17 Epic Verses" is finally available! 56 minutes. Modern piano music @ Music Emporium, Salt Spring Books, Acoustic saltspringmusic.com 653-

350 MISC. FOR SALE

FOR SALE: Kerosene heaters. fluorescent lights, large metal/ wood desk, Homelite chain saw 922 like new , Husqvarna 288 chain saw, cutting torches, axes, mauls, & wedges, 2 artificial decorated Christmas trees, truck canopies, large electrical panel, 55 gallon plastic water barrels, burn barrels, assorted glass windows & sliders. Days 537-0695 evenings 537-1660.

STUMPED FOR Xmas presents? The ever-popular Ganges Cases are available this holiday season starting at \$35. For more info, call: 537-8425 or 537-8378.

THANKS FOLKS! Your continued support is most appreciated! Vic. Toni. Dean & Cindy wish you and yours all the very best for the coming year! Our Boxing Day Sale starts today! Lots of 50% off, most at no PST, no GST. Some at no GST. Buy & Save, 9818 Fourth St., Sidney.

1 YEAR NO PAYMENTS or interest. No money down. \$31./month! 800 MHz computer, WindowsXP, colour monitor. No payments until 2003. Call 1-888-855-5527 online O.A.C. www.1buckaday.com.

351 MISC. WANTED

WANTED: FRIDGE stove, washer, dryer, freezers, reasonable price 537-1660.

379 FREE, RECYCLABLES



A LIONS PROJECT

RECYCLE YOUR OLD GLASSES

Your old prescription lenses can be a gift of sight. Boxes located at:

- ✓ Pharmasave
- ✓ Bank of Montreal
- ✓ Bank of Commerce ✓ Island Savings Credit Union
- ✓ Gulf Islands Optical Salt Spring Seniors

410 REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

COME HOME! Private. forested acreage with year round creek, walking distance to schools and Ganges. 5 bedrooms, 2 1/2 baths, new carpets and hardwood floors throughout, B & B or separate in-law suite possibilities. Call 537-4595 to view \$249,000.

SELL YOUR HOME! Use the most powerful classified system in Canada and reach millions of readers. Intrigued? Call 537-9933 for more information.

500 APT./SUITES FOR RENT

NEED VANCOUVER Place part time? Nice basement, 1 bedroom or studio apartment. home Commercial Reasonable. 604 255-1595 or email rocknrose@telus.net.

1 BEDROOM SUITE, min. to town. Seperate drive. Suitable for responsible single person. No dogs. Long term. References required. \$450/mo. Avail. January 1, 537-510

520 HOUSES FOR RENT

2 BEDROOM HOME on 5 acres near Vesuvius Bay, \$800 plus utilities. N/P. \$800 plus utilities. Available January 1, 1 604 531-4714, after 6 pm.

2 BEDROOM COTTAGE, St. Mary's Lake. Fully furnished and equipped. \$500 per month. Available Jan. 1 - April 1.537-2585.

525 RENTALS MISC.

NEED SHORT term accommodation in Vancouver? Bedroom in family home East Van. Prefer scheduled arrangement 1 - 2 persons, not drop in. \$50/ night. (604) 874-

CLASSIFIEDS 537-9933

530 SHARED **ACCOMMODATION**

PERSON TO share house in Victoria, James Bay area, \$368/ month plus utilities. 250 935-6471 (leave message) or email oceans2@hotmail.com.

535 SITUATIONS WANTED

EXECUTIVE COUPLE available to housesit Feb. 1-Mar. 7. 2002. References available Call Linda or Duane, 537-

BUSINESS WOMAN with small sweet dog seeks furnished rental, house-sit or home share for remainder of winter. Mary, 537-4665.

540 WANTED/RENTALS

MARILYN, CORY and Morgan Marshall are still in desperate need of rental housing. 537-

615 HOLIDAY ACCOMMODATIONS

TIMESHARE RESALES. Worldwide Selection. Era Stroman Since 1979. Call now! Buyers call 1-800-613-7987. Sellers call 1-800-201-0864 www.timesharelink.com.

820 BOATS & MARINE, SALES

16' MISTY RIVER aluminum boat for sale with 8 hp. Honda motor and gas tank. Brand new fish finder incl. on trailer \$2,500. Call Mark at 537-1792 (moving)

1988 FOUR WINNS 21' Powerboat with inboard engine. Incl. all covers. On trailer. Engine overhauled summer 2001 on island. Call Mark, 537-1792 for more information. \$22,500. (Moving).

822 CAMPERS & TRAILERS

1978 PROWLER 24' good shape, must sell. \$2800 obo. info 537-0736.

855 TRUCKS, 4 X 4S

1984 FORD BRONCO 4x4 Excellent shape, great body, new trans & motor. Reliable \$2800. Call John after 6:00 at

0 DOWN O.A.C." Guaranteed credit approvals. Trucks, 4x4s, crew cabs, diesels, sport utilities, cars & vans. Repo's, broken leases, heavy duty equipment. Take over payments. Free delivery. Call Lawrence Siccia BC's largest finance broker. 1-800-993-3673. Vancouver 604-327-6377.

855 TRUCKS/ 4X4"S

MUST SELL now 1977 Ford 3/4 ton. Everything works. \$1200. 537-4155

1976 JIMMY 4 X 4 project truck, 350 motor, propane. Must sell. Would trade for small car. Info 537-9312 or 537-0736.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

SEASONS GREETINGS to all our customers. A Class Act Fabric Studio will be closed December 25 - January 1. Reopening January 2, regular

ANSWER TO THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE



PLEASE NOTE OUR

NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY **SCHEDULE** CHANGE

FOR THE ISSUE OF MONDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 2001

Display Ad Deadline: Noon, Monday, Dec 24th

Classified Deadline: 5pm, Thursday, Dec 27th

Too Late To Classify Deadline: Noon, Friday, Dec 28th

SSI: different climate zones



Life in the zarden ...

with Joe Clemente

A question I've been asked many times over the years is "What growing zone is Salt Spring Island?"

For any of you gardeners that don't know, a growing zone is a region, and whether large or small, a number is given for that region's climate.

Canada is divided into many different climatic zones, ranging from "0" as the harshest to "9" being the mildest.

Each zone also has warmer or colder areas we call microclimates.

Salt Spring Island is not all that large in size yet it has at least a few different zones. Topography plays a big role in our climate and of course the distance your garden is from the ocean.

Over the years I've done a bit of homework on our climate and have even collected maps and weather records. Most books you read about the Gulf Islands like to refer to our climate as a "Mediterranean" type with mild wet winters and droughty summers.

My Canadian hardiness zone map rates our island as the mildest one, zone 9.

Well, from my observations, I know that our entire island isn't zone 9, but zone 8b would apply to a good percentage of this rock, and 8a to our coolest regions.

I believe the only zone 9 microclimates on Salt Spring are in the most sheltered seaside locations. These areas have been zone 9 for quite a few years now, or at least since the last real nasty freeze of February 3, 1989. Even when that frigid Arctic blast occurred, our mildest

regions didn't escape the wrath of Old Man Winter. A good example of a milder growing regions would be most gardens along the water's edge at Vesuvius or in Maracaibo.

There are also wonderfully mild microclimates along parts of the very south end located near the ocean. Some of our island's colder frost pockets are Fulford Valley, Cranberry Valley and, of course, the Blackburn area.

I'm no climatologist, but you don't have to be a rocket scientist to see where the frost happens first. The lowlying regions are usually the first to get hit with a fall frost, since cold air is like water as it pours down off the hillsides and settles in these pockets.

This island is very unique because not one area is alike. Just because you happen to record a below freezing temperature on a cool, clear morning, doesn't meant that your gardening friend a few kilometres away had the same reading. Temperatures can vary several degrees within our island. I've recorded a difference of up to four degrees between my location and Foxglove only 10 kilometres away. Some of the coldest winters on our inner south coast were in January 1950, February 1950, December 1968 and January 1969.

Don't let anyone make you believe our lowest temperatures have been down to -30 degrees C as a couple of people have told me.

If temperatures ever dropped that low on this rock, more than half of our island's vegetation would be wiped out! I've heard many exaggerations when it comes to temperatures and often chuckle when I hear some of the ridiculous low numbers thrown at me. The official low temperature for Ganges is -15 C (5 F), give or take, depending on your location. That extreme minimum temperature was recorded in late December 1968.

The last real nasty Arctic blast was on February 3, 1989, and a low of -12 C. (10 F) was recorded near Ganges. It felt much colder with those dry outflow winds blowing in.

Hopefully we don't see a winter like that one for some time to come. These deep freezes can cause great stress on some of our favourite plants and if you are in a wind-exposed area, even more havoc is created. So the next time you are taking a stroll through Ganges and admiring the lush plantings throughout our town, remember one thing.

Most of these species would have a tough time surviving in the Fraser Valley. Plants growing out at Grace Point are only dreamt about by easterners.

We are very fortunate to be living in such a mild growing zone and even our coldest winters are balmy in comparison to ones in Winnipeg. Cold is a matter of perspective and any easterner that I meet most often claims we like to whine too much about a cold or wet winter day. Honestly, when is the last time you've seen an islander wearing a parka and pushing a snowblower in our winter months?

A thick sweater and a good pair of gumboots should get you through just fine!

Check out our website and you'll see some snow-covered exotics in the blizzard of '96:

www.gulfislands.com/fox-



WINNER: Arlene Dashwood, far left, was the big winner in the Christmas raffle held by the Grade 4 class at Salt Spring Elementary School. Dashwood took home an overflowing basket of delectables donated by the students' families. Posing with the winner are students: Melissa Henderson, Carlie Lie, Travis Brown, Lexu Grundy and Billy Hughes. Dashwood says she is thrilled and will be donating some of the "goodies" to either the local churches or the Food Bank.

Gulf Islands Veterinary Clinic

Wishes all our "friends" and their owners



Happy Holidays

WE WILL BE CLOSED FOR: Tuesday Dec. 25

Tuesday Dec. 25 Wednesday Dec. 26 Tuesday Jan. 01

PLEASE NOTE OUR REGULAR HOURS

Monday - Saturday 8:30am - 5:00pm

PHONE 537-5334 (REGULAR HRS. & AFTER HOURS EMERGENCIES)

Don't bother dreaming of a white Christmas

Gulf Islanders can keep their scarves and toques in the closet this Christmas, according to meteorologists at The Weather Network.

"Vancouver and Victoria will be too warm to see any snow," predicts the nationwide weather authori-

Prince Edward Island and eastern Nova Scotia have the greatest chance of flurries or light snow falling on December 25. Charlottetown and Halifax have a 60 per cent chance of seeing snow, while Fredericton has a 40 per cent chance.

Based on 60-year climate records, Victoria-area residents have a 12 per cent chance of seeing snow on Christmas Day in any year.

That percentage doubles to 24 in Calgary, leaps to 50 in Edmonton, 66 in Toronto, 77 per cent for Winnipeg and 78 per cent for Montreal.

Gander, Newfoundland tops the snow-chance charts at 90 per cent.

YARD SALE

Got some sod to sell?
Advertise it in the classifieds!
537-9933

Island Business Directory



•Reverse osmosis units
•Trojan ultraviolet light disinfection

Arsenic-fluoride filters
 Iron-sulphur filters
 Water softeners

•Tannin-turbidity filters
•Hydrogen sulphide filters

PROSTAR

MECHANICAL TECHNOLOGIES
320 Mary Street Tel: 250-383-4558
Victoria, B.C. email: prostar@islandnet.com
website: http://www.prostar-mechanical.com

We Paint & Redecorate with Care

With Care

PARA
PAINTS

SPECTRA-TONE PAINT

Serving the Gulf Islands for your 10 years

Serving the Gulf Islands for over 10 years.

KEVIN C. MARKS
PAINTING & DECORATING

Ph: 537-4594 Cell: 537-7097



To advertise here call Peter or Fiona at 537-9933

Check out our service

Compu Si Trust the technology experts

Prices valid until December 31, 2001, while quantities last!





APC





APC Back-UPS 500ES





Belkin 10/100 Network PCI Card



Gravis Destroyer G-Force Tilt™ Gamepad

GRAVIS

321029/164







• 10/100Base-T Ethi

• Wake on LAN support

· Belkin lifetime warrant

. 6 watts of stereo p Headphone jack

• Extra deep bass

Yamaha M101 Speakers

• RJ-45 connecto

AMD 6 Months No Payments, No Interest on All AMD-based Desktops and Notebooks (See in store for details.)

Lean it forward, back, left, or right, and the game moves with you. G-Force TiltTM technology translate your hand movements into precise

-USB

075850

SanDisk 64 MB SmartMedia or CompactFlash Memory Cards

\$69.99 before \$20 mail-in rebate

Once-A-Year Price Breakthroughs!

O YAMAHA









ATI Radeon 7500 64 MB DDR AGP Video Card



233200

Ai















Largest Chain of Computer Stores







We reserve the right to limit quantities on all product. Subject to price change and availability. All prices are subject to applicable taxes. Products may not be exactly as illustrated. All products are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies. COMPUSMART CREDIT CARD: No minimum purchase required. Subject to credit approval. Finance/interest charges will be charged to your account from the date of purchase if plan balance is not paid in full within the deferred payment period. Minimum monthly payments are required if balance is not paid in full by due date. Required minimum monthly payment amount is greater of \$10 or 3.5% of balance. Current APR. 28.8%. Different financing options are available with your CompuSmart Credit Card. Six month deferred payment plan subject to \$49.99 administration fee.