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*North Hero News and World Review ….*

 *……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Tuesday, December 16, 2008 (Family only) /wklylt8.8wc38 (2008 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #17)

**Christmas**

 Hi Family. Christmas time again. We suppose when little ones have grown up and long departed the nest it should not be surprising that ‘*The Holidays’* seem to cycle down a bit. Also, multiple long-distance moves do not help a family’s *Christmas* artifact/treasure situation. (Wonder if all our home-made Christmas tree decorations are still in an attic crawl space in Phoenix, AZ ?) Ah, … but no need to be too regretful, enough still survive and we are bringing them into use.

 Centerpiece of our décor is the lovely creche which Lucile’s father, (Papa), made years ago in Ste Agathe des Monts. The manger still has some of the original hay. The scene is populated with unfired china figures; baby, parents,. camels, sheep, wise men, et al. We were supposed to paint and fire the set, but never did so. Ken kind’a likes the white ghostly tone they impart when the colored lights are turned on.

 Our oldest *‘Christmas’* itemis also linked to Papa. A beautiful, fake poinsettia dating back to Beckett Drive, Atlanta, 1978. Oh Boy, … this was bad. Actually, we bought the plant fully intending to send it to Papa as a ‘*Christmas’* gift. Liked it so much we kept it. Unfortunately, a neighbor in the back, Martha Koeltz, knew our original intent. Post *‘Christmas’ ’78* it was, *“The poinsettia is still here! You never sent the poinsettia to Papa! You people are awful!”*  Good Grief, … ’79 & ’80 brought forth embellished repeat performances. Martha and Papa are both gone now, but the scenario still echoes in our minds as we put the purloined plant on the mantel.

 The ‘*Christmas* ’ wreath has but been put up on the front door at 219 Atlantis. This is another Atlanta prize, Thornewood Drive, ’86. The lot in this case was wall to wall pine trees. A Vermont visitor, Theresa Higgins, was enthralled by the flora & fauna. She took home a basket of cones and whatever ground matter caught her eye. Result, … we got a beautiful *‘Christmas’* wreath, still hanging together and still beautiful. We have to be careful not to let it lie around. Bailey seems to innately know there are nuts inside those shells. Watching too many squirrels, we guess.

 Well, that’s the extent of our ‘*Christmas* ’ decorations. In the food department we are still in the big leagues. Have already been to a chauffeured 7-course dinner and are having all Ottawa family members in for Roast Beef and Yorkshire pudding on ‘*Christmas* ’ day. Doesn’t get any better than that! (Low fat diet will be dispensed with for one day.)

 Hey all, … have a blast.

 Lucile, Bailey & Ken.

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