*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review …. ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Monday, January 02, 2012 c:/outlk11, 12wc01 (2012 Letter # 1)

**2011, … the Last Hoorah!**

What is our last hoorah?

It’s … Putting away 2011’s Holiday decorations for 2012. We suppose everyone has special connections with their year-end decorations. Although winnowed down to five (well, really four, see below.) by many moves and downsizing, … so do we. In order of acquisition:

Christmas Tree Ornaments.

In the 1970’s the data processing dept. of *“SunAmerica”* would have a tree which was trimmed with ornaments made by dept. members. Post holiday, you were allowed to take your own contributions home. As the decade rolled on, the Jefferson household acquired more than enough to trim a whole tree of their own, and only the real good ones were kept. Come 1980, a move from Atlanta to Phoenix, home-made decorations went to Arizona where they decorated an assortment of cactus plants for 4 years. The Phoenix house had a storage place over the attached garage. Perfect for storing Christmas decorations. Come 1983, it was back to Atlanta. Kids that were in Phoenix stayed in Phoenix along with minimal furniture. Lucille and Ken and ‘good’ Phoenix furniture moved into an apartment on Roswell Rd. Christmas Tree Ornaments at this point in time? Right, … silently reposing in storage resting place.

We now jump to:

The Poinsettia

Lucille & Ken were married in 1977. Come their first Christmas together they thought it would be nice to send a poinsettia to Lucille’s Papa back in Ste Agathe, Quebec. They bought a beautiful fake one. Before being sent it was placed in the living room where it was seen by our backyard neighbor, Martha Koeltz.

*“Oh my! What a lovely poinsettia!”*

*“It sure is and we’re sending it to Lucille’s Papa.”*

Truth be known, it was never sendand the following year the scene was repeated, enter Martha.

“*Oh you terrible people, you never sent Papa his poinsettia!”*

She was right, and what’s more it was never sent, we grew to like it too much.

The Crèche

Shortly after our return to Atlanta, Papa died. We inherited rooms of lovely furniture and a wonderful cretch he had made. We had to give up apartment life and buy another house. This was the house on Thornewood Drive which was our home for about 10 years. The crèche was good- sized, about 1 ½ x 2 feet and had some of its original straw. (Goodness knows how old!). The accompanying cast of characters was in bad shape so we replaced them with a new set. They were supposed to be painted and fired, but this never happened. Under lights, their ghostly white figures lend a sort of ethereal tone to the assembled display. And assembled it is every year-end Holiday. Along with the purloined poinsettia which made it back safely from Phoenix, they cause us to think good thoughts about Papa. We endured Martha’s admonitions each year. Don’t think she ever “ratted” on us.

The Wreath.

The Thornewood home was nestled in Georgia pines. Not much of a lawn, more like a pine straw rug. New England friends would stop by on their way to Florida. A Montpelier, Vermont lady, Therese Higgins went berserk when she saw all the pine cones. She collected a whole garbage bag full of them. In return we received a hand-made pine cone wreath for the front door. Georgia, Vermont, Ontario, … we still have it. Sheds a few cones each year, but we just stick’em back on.if we can find them.

The Table Mat

Our board is blessed with a quilt-like beautifully stitched tapestry of a Christmas Tree. This was made by Ken’s sister Beth, a sewer par excellence. Really deserves to be on display all year.

\*\*\*\* Late update!!! \*\*\*\*

A new addition in 2011. Our mantel is adorned by a bright red airplane. Real

Holiday color. Courtesy of the Atlanta Pecks. It’s the Red Baron’s Fokker Tri-plane.

Now all we need is a *“Snoopy”* dog doll which, when squeezed says, *“Curse you Red Baron”*  Twin MGs on the plane and cursing? Not too reverent, but there’s no accounting for taste.

And, oh yes, … the Christmas Tree decorations. As some may have already guessed. They never made it back from Phoenix. For all we know they may still be over the garage in a cute little house on Montecito Ave.

Hope it is the start of a fine year for everyone, …

Lucille, Ken & Bailey.

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